

SAINT
BERNARD,

~~His~~
MEDITATIONS:
~~OR,~~

Sighes, Sobbes, and Teares,
vpon our Sauours
Passion.

In Memoriall of his Death.

ALSO
His Motiues to Mortificati-
on, with other Meditations.

All done (as they now are) by *W. P.*
Maister of Artes, in *Cambridge.*

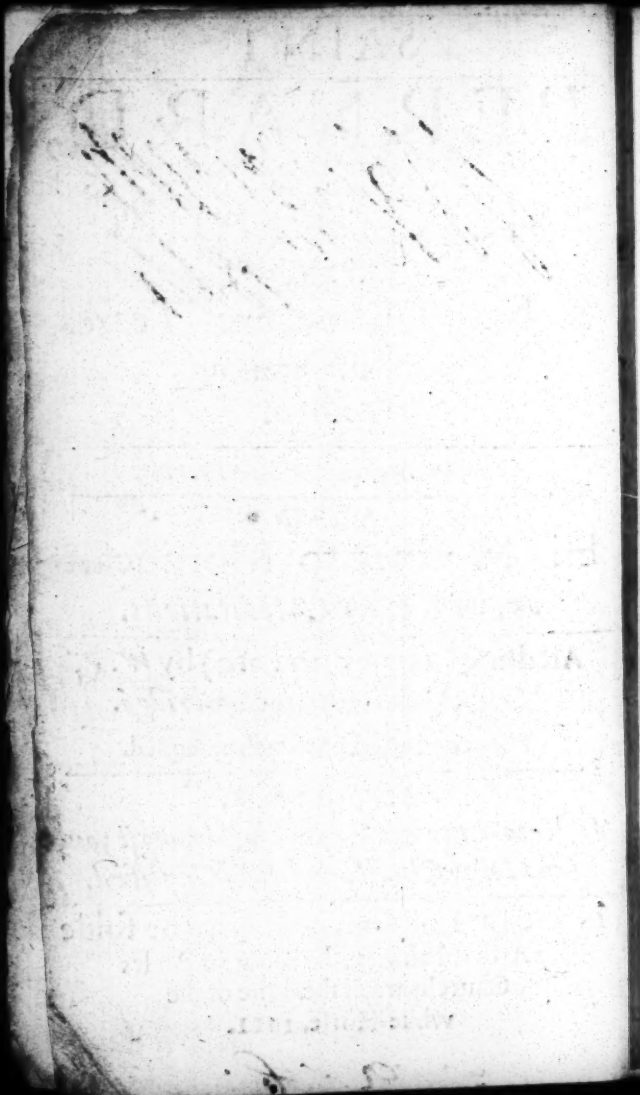
The second Edition much amended.

1. Cor. 2. 2.

*I esteem not to know any thing amongst you,
saue Iesus Christ, and him Crucified.*

Printed at London, and are to be solde
by Arthur Iohnson, dwelling in Pavles
Churchyard, at the signe of the
white-Horse, 1611.

a. b.





To the right
Worshipfull, Iohn Bul-
locke, of the Inner
Temple, Esquire.

(* *)



*I R, it was
my purpose
when I first
undertooke
to translate
these diuine
and comfor-
table Medi-*

*tations on the Lords Passion, and
Motines to Mortification, (sele-
cted out of the workes of S. Ber-
nard, and other ancient Writers,
not verbally turned into English,*

The Epistle

but augmented with such other Meditations, as it pleased God to infuse into my minde) to haue dedicated them vnto your worthie Father, who (both in respect of his neere alliance, and other reasons of moment, might by his owne right, haue challenged that dutie at my hands.

But since it seemed good vnto the Diuine Maiestie, to remoue him from earth, out of the societie of mortall men, to liue for euer, in the company of the blessed Angells in heauen, before I could attaine to the accomplishment of my wished desires: I could finde none more neere & deere vnto me then your selfe, who might vouchsafe to giue the first kinde entertainment to my well intended labours, when they should come forth into the light. For as the Lord hath blessed you with a peaceable fruition of

Dedicatorie.

your Fathers possessions : so no
doubt you are also a true heire of
his commendable Vertues.

My desire is to profite all, yet
I am obliged by many priuate re-
spectes, to commend my labours,
(such as they are) in a more speciall
manner vnto your selfe, that there-
by I might scale vnto you, a true
assurance of my gratefull affecti-
on towards you. For farre be it
from my thought, that either I
should forget your kinde speeches,
or burie your good deede in the
darke graue of Obluion, expres-
sed to mee, and extended towards
mee, at my last conference with
you.

I know you cannot but kindly
accept my small mite, if you bal-
lance it with the willingnesse of my
minde: and I am assured you will
not mislike it, in regard of the mat-
ter, though happily you may finde

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some distaste in respect of the stile.
For what can be more fit for these
times, then Motives to Mortifica-
tion? or more comfortable to the
soule of a sorrowfull sinner, then a
serious Meditatio of the bitter pas-
sion of our Crucified Redeemer,
who being God, became man
for our sakes: suffered a most
cruell death on the Crosse for
our sins: & being buried, rose
againc for our iustification?

But it is not my purpose heere
to relate what sweete streames doe
flowe from this Christall and pure
Fountaine, what wholesome frutes
may be gathered from this fruite-
full Tree, or what rich Treasure
may be found in this golden Mine.
I desire to containe my lines with-
in the boundes of Mediocritie:
especially when the Current of my
wordes turneth towards One,
whom God hath blessed with capa-
city

Dedicatorie.

is able to conceive the great commodities which doe proceede from such Christian exercises: Yet before I make a full period, give mee leave (I pray you) to let you understand, that I haue much endeoured, so to expresse the grievous Passion of our gracious Redeemer, as if it were now in present action before our eyes, that I might the better stirre up feruent motions of Pietie in the minde, and kindle the sparkes of true deuotion in the heart of the Reader. For indeed, the full scope of my desire is, to glorifie God, and benefit my bretheren. And that your owne soule, (as also the soule of euerie religious Reader,) may bee the more neererly and deeply touched, and wounded with a feeling consideration of our Saviours death, I suppose it the best way, after a due preparation therevnto by prayer (with-

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out which nothing can be sanctified vnto vs) to beginne at the first Meditation, and so taking the History of his Passion before you, to proceed untill you come vnto the yeelding up of his Ghost vpon the Crosse.

In the progresse whereof, it may please God, so to touch your heart with sorrow, that your eyes, (with those in the Gospell, who came to see his death, Luk. 24. 48.) may gush forth Teares for griefe, that so innocent a Lambe should bee so despiightfully and cruelly tortured, tormented, and Crucified. Where also you (in whose person I speake vnto all) may iustly conceiue a double griefe.

First, that Iesus Christ (the Righteous,) was killed for sinne;

Secondly, that hee was killed for our sinne.

The consideration whereof, should moue all, with weeping Penitence,

Dedicatorie.

cr, Luke, 22. 62. to shed salt
and brinish teares of contrition, in
remembrance of our offences, that
seeing therewith pricked at the
heart, Christ Iesus may say vnto
our sorrowfull soules, as sometimes
hee did vnto the Israelites, I haue
heard your groning, and will
haue compassion on you. *Iudg.*
2. 18. And may also therevnto
adde: Sonne be of good cheer,
thy sinnes are forgiven thee;
Math. 9. 2. Come hither and
ast how sweet I thy Lord am,
with mee there is plenteous re-
emption.

And as in matter of sorrow, it
more deeply pierceth the soule of
the hearer with grieffe, or in mat-
ter of delight, more affecteth the
minde with ioy, to heare the parti-
cular relation of some Tragicall e-
uent, or the parts and particles of
some delightfull accident reported,
then

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then onelie to heare a bare narr
on of either in grosse, without
pressing the parts thereof: so l
wise it cannot chuse, but more d
ly wound the soule of enery Ch
stian, to heare or reade, the spee
and severall sufferings of Chri
his Passion, then if it were o
said thus: Christ died for vs.

But least I drawe my lines
yond the limits of due measure
heere conclude, desiring the L
to blesse you, & the rest of your
thers issue, with many happy d
vpon earth, & when they are en
here in peate, to receiue you all
to his heauenly Kingdome of e
lasting Glorie.

Yours ready at
commaund,

W. P.

MOST DEVOUT

Meditations, vpon the most
holy and bitter passion of our
Lord Iesus Christ.

MED. I.

Meditation of the comming
of the Lord Iesus into Hierusalem, ri-
ding vpon an asse, and the bringing in
of him into the Citie, with songs and
praises, & of his returne into Bethany
the same day.

to a Hierusalem our Sauiour Ma.

rides (21.5.

upon an^b Asse, (a simple^b Mat. 21.7.

harmlesse beast)

the people spred their^c cloath^c Mat.

and boughes besides, (21.8.

Crying d Hosanna, d Mat 21.9.

Thou in Heauen highest.

THe time approching, which
the Diuine prouidence had
from eternitie prefixed, in

B

which

which my most kind and louing Iesus should come to his preordained passion, and cruell death of the Crosse, which he willingly came to vndergoe, being the only begotten Sonne of God, incarnated in the wombe of the Virgin, as through the whole course of his life he shewed exceeding great humilitie, so toward the hour of his Passion, comming to the place where he should endure the torments of a most shamefull and cruell death, he tooke his entrance from humilitie, when riding meekly vpon an Asse, he came to the Citie, where he should sustaine the vnderdeserued punishment of the Crosse.

Therefore when the Lord Iesus, six dayes before the Pascoer, had made his supper with his disciples in *Bethanie*, the towne of *Marie* and *Martha*, in the house
of

Med. 1. of the Lords passion. 3

of *Simon the Leaper*, which was a friend to the said *Mary* and *Mart*
tha (where *Mary* also had powred
an alabaster boxe of precious
oyntment vpon his head) the
morning following very early,
most kind *Iesus* calling two of his
disciples, said, *Goe into the towne,*
which is ouer against you, where you
shall finde a she Ass tied & her Colt,
loose them and bring them vnto me:
And if any man shall say any thing a-
gainst you, say that the Lord hath
neede of them, and straitway they
will let them goe. The lowly, and lo-
uing disciples obeying the com-
maundement of their miaster, li-
cence being freely graunted to
them by the Lord of al creatures,
they presented the she Ass and
her Colt, to their beloued Redec-
mer. Then *Iesus* riding vpon the
Ass, directeth his iourney to-
wards *Hierusalem*: And when he

came to the going downe of the
moūt *Olines*, many people which
were come thither, hauing heard
of the strange miracle of *Laza-
rus*, whom Iesus raised out of his
graue, went foorth to meete him:
And that they might do him the
greater honour, some spred their
Garments vpon the ground, o-
thers cut downe boughes from
the Trees and strewed them vp-
on the earth, & all of them, some
going before, & some comming
behind, cried *Hosanna to the Sonne
of David*, *blessed is he which com-
meth in the name of the Lord*. And
with these praises and Iubilics
they brought louing Iesus, euen
to the Gates of *Hierusalem*, fol-
lowing after him with his Disci-
ples.

And after Iesus beheld the Ci-
tie, he now fore-knowing the de-
struction of it to come (mooued
with

Med. 1 of the Lords passion. 5

with compassion) powred foorth teares ouer it, but the *Pharises* and *Scribes* inflamed with the fire of enuie, seeing Iesus to be extolled with admiration and honour, rebuked him, willing him that he should chide his Disciples that praised him. To whom kind Iesus answered, *Verily I say vnto you, if they shall holde their peace, the stones will crie.*

Then the Lord enteriug into the Citie, all the people flocked together, and so being brought in of the people, hee went strait into the Temple, where he cast out the money-changers, and the greedie buyers and sellers, where also many sicke folke being healed by him in the Temple, as the blind, lame, and many other diseased people, the Children crying out, *Hosanna to the sonne of David.* The Scribes and Pharises

pinning with enuy, and parched with anger, compassed him round about, And shewing the indignation of their hart, they heard how they were reprov'd by the praise of the children according to the word of the Prophet; and againe, taking it disdainfully that Christ should expell those things out of the Temple which they had allowed, they demaunded of Iesus, by what authoritie he did that thing? who answered them fully to their needles question.

Thus the Lord Iesus our blessed Saviour disputing all the day with them, that he might convert them, and doing many divine miracles before their eyes, that he might win them, & drawing a multitude of the *Gentiles* vnto him, turning his speech from the discourse which he made vnto them, concerning the manifestation

Med. I of the Lords passion. 7

festation of his heauenly father, foretelling them (as the *Euangelist Iohn* doth declare) the manner of his Passion, and the wonderfull fruit of the same, continued his preaching euen vnto the evening: when as hauing looked about him, vpon them all, as expecting if any one would kindly inuite him home, and giue him some entertainment; and finding not any that would scant afford him a good looke, much lesse any kind acceptance in that vngracious and vngratefull Citie, he returned meekly from thence fasting and hungrie, with his disciples (who a little before was brought into the same with such and so great glorie :) to *Bethanie*, from whence he had departed in the morning. And whereas *Matthew* declareth, he taught the assemblie of the faithfull, concer-

ning the Kingdome of God.

Alas, my poore polluted soule
how vnfit are thy impure thoghts
to entertaine any worthy medita-
tion concerning the admirable
Passion of thy sweet Saviour, who
powring forth streames of his
pretious blood, paid the price of
thy ransome, conquered thy old
and cruell enemy, and deliuered
thee from euerlasting captiuitie
yet let the greatnesse of his ex-
ceeding loue, induce thee to ad-
mire his infinite goodnesse, and
let the memorie of his bitter
panges, patiētly endured by him
for thy sinnes, moue thee to en-
ter into thy selfe, and into thy
most inward cogitations, to me-
ditate with true deuotion, vpon
the most sacred passion of thy
most sweet Iesus, thy beloued Sa-
uiour. Expel all other cares, driue
away all other thoughts which
may

Med. 1. Of the Lords passion. 9

may trouble thy minde, cōfound
thy vnderstanding, or withdraw
the affections of thy heart from
this heavenly Meditation : im-
ploy all thy sences, and incline all
thy faculties to meditate vpon
the passion of thy Lord. And if
thou desirest to raigne with him
gloriously in heauen, suffer thou
also with him willingly here vpon
earth : ruminatē seriously, search
out diligently, and call to minde
particularly, al the actions of thy
most louing Iesus; for by such de-
uout meditation, many things
shall be offered vnto thee, where-
by thou maist be incited to hate
the world, loue thy Christ, and to
suffer here with him vpon earth
for a moimēt, that hereafter thou
maist be glorified with him in
heauen for euer.

Now, oh my soule, in the en-
trance of his most blessed passi-

on, because he is receiued with
Songes and praises, let vs also
come before his sight with the
voice of melodie and exultation
let our mouthes be filled with the
multitude of his mercies: let our
tongues sound forth the worthi-
nesse of his infinite merites, and
let vs day and night magnifie his
vnspeakeable goodnesse. Let vs
goe forth ioyfully to meete our
most wise, most meeke, and best
beloued Iesus, let vs open the
doores of ours hearts to entertaine
the King of glorie, who to day
commeth like a meeke Lambe to
the place of slaughter: and let vs
say, *Behold the lambe of God, behold
the lambe of God, which taketh a-
way the sinnes of the world: Reioyce,
oh daughter of Sion, be glad oh daugh-
ter of Hierusalem, Behold, our God
shall come, and shall saue vs. Con-
sider oh my soule, what this most
meeke*

Med. 1. of the Lords passion. 11

mecke Lambe did at his cōming
towards the Citie, and let his ad-
mirable humilitie be the subiect
of thy first meditation!

He thirsted not for worldly ho-
nour, he sought not the applause
of the people, hereby intimating
how fondly we desire, & foolishly
couet to ascēd to the highest step
of worldly honour, being thē in-
deed most subiect to fall, when
we suppose we stand most sure:
seeing in a moment, our greatest
solace is changed into greuous
forrow; our sweetest pleasure into
bitter paine; & our cheefest felici-
tie into extreame miserie. Art not
thou, oh my louing Sauour,
King of Kings? is not thy Royall
Throne in Heauen? and is the
whole earth any more but thy
foot-stoole? is not the brightnes
of thy glorie vnspeakeable? and
the dignitie of thy Maiestie in-
compre-

comprehensible? yet for all that when thou didst enter into Hierusalem thy owne Citie, many nobles decked in rich attire did not attend thee, onely a small number of thy disciples homely attired did follow thee, selected out of the meanest of the people.

Are not all things contained in heaven aboue, and all liuing creatures walking here vpon the face of the earth beneath, all & euery one at thy beck? yet thou wouldst not ride into the Citie, mounted vpon thy stately Courser, adorned with sumptuous furniture, to moue the minds of the vnconstant people to doe thee greater honor, who haue their eyes euermore gazing on outward glorie, hunting after shadows, while they forgoe the substance. But among all the beastes which are readie at thy commaund, and alwayes obedient

thou wert obedient to thy will, thou diddest
Hie choose a silly Ass, to carrie thee
into the Citie, which is a poore
Beast, more subiect to labour and
blowes; more disdained, & more
contemptible then anie other. Oh
my sweet *IESVS*, how great is thy
humility! how admirable is thy
meeknes! For thou being King
of Kings, Prince of Princes, and
Lord of Lords, wert not ashamed
to sit vpon the back of so base, so
meane, so contemptible a Beast,
as could bee found out amongst
those innumerable multitudes,
which thy mighty hand hath cre-
ated, who are, and shall euermore
be subiect to thy commaund. In-
spire thou my mind, oh my most
mercifull Redeemer, with a seri-
ous and continuall Meditation of
thy gracious humilitie: Let thy
lowely meeknesse, humble mine
ambitious thoughts, & cast down
my

my loftie lookes : Let my feet treade in thy steps, and teach me to walke in thy paths : Leuell my actions by the rule of sober moderation : Keepe my heart from presumptuous thoughts, and bridle my tōgue from proud words. Let not the vaine allurements of worldly honour, nor the greedy desire of deceitfull riches, withdrawe my minde from a serious consideration of thy loue : Let it alwayes admire thy infinite Maiestie, let it alwayes meditate, that it may likewise imitate thy admirable humilitie. And now behold, O my soule, thy bridegroom commeth! let vs go forth to meeete him, let vs strew the ground with brāches, & couer the way with flowers, before Christ our heauenlie King & louing Saviour : Let vs goe foorth adorned with the ornaments of good workes,

Med. 1. of the Lords supper. 15

workes, gloriously triumphing o-
uer murdering vices, bearing in
our hands the sweet violets of hu-
militie, the beautifull Lillie of vn-
spotted Chastitie, and the louely
rose of long-suffering Charitie:
for our louing Lord and best be-
loued, doth require to be refre-
shed with these flowers, saying:
*Stay mee vp with flowers, comfort me
with Apples, because I fainte, and am
sicke with loue:* Let vs goe forth
to meete him without the Gate,
let vs goe out to him without the
Tents, that wee may be partners
with him of his humilitie, & pati-
ently beare a share of his vndefer-
ued reproches heere vpon earth,
if we desire to be made partakers
with him of his euerlasting glory
in Heauen.

But now passe thou, Oh my
soule, from the sweete meditation
of his rare humilitie, more sweete
then

then the fragrant odour of a bed of roses : for hee left the highest Heauens, and societie of the Angels, to conuerse here vpon the base earth, in the company of wicked men : hee being chiefe commander of the Heauens, and gouernour of the whole earth, Took upon him the forme of a seruant, suffered innocently for our transgressions, died a cursed death on the Crosse, and not with corruptible siluer and golde, but with his most precious blood, payd the deare price of our Redemption.

Oh let vs imitate the mildenes of his words, and make the meeknes of his deedes, the patterne of our actions : let his humilitie euermore dwell in our hearts : let it neuer depart out of our minds : and let it not grieue thee, oh my soule, let it not bee tedious vnto thee, let it rather bee thy chiefe delight and onely solace, to medi-

tate

state vpon those things which happened at the wonderfull comming of the Lord Iesus, to that vngratefull Citie : and weigh euery circumstance with serious deuotion. For all the actions of thy most sweet Iesus, are worthy of thy zealous Meditation : and although they are not all fit for thy imitation, yet none of them are vnfit, but all of them may serue for thy instruction.

Now so soone as he entred into the Citie, he first visited the Temple, and did driue the buyers & sellers out of it : hereby manifesting the aboundance of his exceeding goodnesse ; For hee went not to the Princes Pallace, to his royall Throane or seate of iudgement, to execute vengeance vpon his sacriligious murderers, who already had slaine him in their hearts, and killed him by their resolute and wicked

wicked determination, but he went
to the Temple, where most kind
lie he made the blinde to see, the
lame to walke, and healed manie
afflicted with diuers infirmities.

And heere let vs pause a while
to wonder at his exceeding might
and admirable power, who alone
vnarmed without anie weapon
expelled those sacriligious wret
ches out of the sacred Temple,
the holy Sanctuarie of the Lord
and house of prayer, so powerfull
lie, that none of them was found
so audacious (althogh all of them
were impudent in their boldnes)
as to make anie resistance. For
some fierie and glistering beames
of Maiestie (as *Hierome* saith) com
ming from his glorious face, da
zeled their eies, and daunted their
courage.

Oh horrible impietie, that co
uetousnes shuld enter into the ho
lic

ed. Med. 1. of the Lords Passion. 19

the Temple! that the house of pray-
er should become a denne of Theeues:

and the Sanctuarie of the Lord, a
market-place for buying and sel-
ling, chopping and changing.

Purifie our heartes oh Lord,
cleanse our mindes, and driue out
the venemous swarmes of euill
cogitations, that thy holie spirite
may vouchsafe to dwell in our
earthly Temples.

Beholde thou also, thy louing
Lord Iesus weeping, (oh my sor-
rowfull soule) for seeing the deso-
lation of that vnthankfull Citie,
and lamenting with teares, the
vtter ruine & destruction of that
gracelesse people, who knewe not
the day of their visitation, who
could not, nor would not shed
one teare, to wash away the spots
of their sinnes, or seeke by true
repentance to saue their foules.

What did moue thee to weepe,
Oh

Oh my milde and mercifull Iesus
but the greatnes of thy exceeding
loue? what did moue thee to shed
teares, but the bowells of thy ten-
der compassion? when thou did-
dest foresee the heapes of lamen-
table woes, that should suddainly
fall vppon the head of that hard-
hearted Nation, and foreknow the
streames of violent miseries, that
should drown & ouerwhelme that
carelesse people, who liued in se-
curitie without any feare of perill
& spent their pleasant dayes, drea-
ding no daunger; thou, oh my
sweet Sauour, still offering, and
they wilfullie refusing celestiall
Manna to feede their soules.

Alas for me poore wretch, that
I cannot weepe, and that my
cheekes are not bedewed with
brinish teares, because hardnes of
my heart hath dried vp the foun-
taine of my loue: I find, oh sweet

Iesus,

Jesus, that thou hadst much matter to make thee often to weepe, but no occasion at all, so much as once to make thee to laugh : Thou diddest weepe for the death of *Lazarus* , thou wepst at thy Passion, thou diddest weepe being an infant laide in a manger. Oh kinde teares full of compassion, true tokens of true Loue ! for it is manifest that thou diddest vouchsafe *Marie* to taste the sweet fruit of thy perfect loue, because shee kindly washed thy feete with her vaineined teares, and vsed the haire of her head, for a towell to drie them : and because she stood weeping at thy graue for the death of her louing Lord, whose gracious presence shee accounted her chiefest pleasure.

Haue mercie vppon me most sweet Iesus, graunt that my teares may be my bread in the day, and
nou-

nourish mee in the night :
teares be my continuall meat :
teares be my vsuall drinke.

Moreouer, let vs take a view
the extreame pouertie, and wo
derfull patience of our loue
Lord Iesus : for although in the
morning hee was receiued with
great honour by the multitude
entertained with great applause
the people, and had laboured
day for them, expecting no re
ward of them for all his paines
yet so great was their vile ingrat
tude, and so base was the account
which they made of him, that
there was not one found among
so manie, that was so kinde, as to
offer him a cup of cold water, but
he returned hungrie with his Disci
ples into *Bethanie*, from whence
he came in the morning.

Oh monstrous ingratitude, to
ward so bountifull a Sauour ! O

: I unworthie people of the presence
at: of so gracious a Prince, that would
make no prouision to welcome so
iew: inde a Guest, who desired not va-
wo: rietie of dishes to delight his pal-
ouin: at, or store of pleasant wines to
in: please his taste: for if we looke on
wi: his diet, his fare was but homely,
rud: neither was his Table furnished
use: with store of meates: for com-
ed: monly a piece of broyled fish was
o: his chiefeft foode, vnlesse he were
ne: quited (which happened sildome)
grat: to better cheare: For wee knowe
ou: the number was so small that did
th: entertaine him with a curteous
on: welcome home to their houses,
as: or that did kindly bid him wel-
bu: come to their table.

Oh how great is thy meeknes!
Di: how miraculous is thy patience!
ne: how vnspeakable is thy pouerty!
to: howe grieuous and miserable is
O: thy necessitie, my most deare and
lo-

louing Sauour? The Foxes haue
holes, birds of the aire their nests
yet thou oh my sweete Sauour
haddest not where to rest thy
wearie head.

Learne heere-hence, oh my
soule, to abide with patience, and
to endure with constant perseuer-
ance, hunger, thirst, colde, pin-
ching pouertie, banishment, or
any other grieuous necessitie, by
the example of thy beloued Je-
sus: Oh that my head were a foun-
taine of water, that mine eyes
might gush forth riuers of teares
to bewaile and lament my horri-
ble sinnes, that compelled my
gratious Lord, to descend downe
from Heauen (the sure Hauen of
true felicitie) to conuerse here
vpon earth; nothing else indeede,
but a very troublesome Sea of
continuall miserie.

Thou seest, oh my soule, what
great

great pouertie he meekly endu-
red for thy sake, what extreame
morrow he patiently sustained for
thy finnes, what scornfull indig-
nities were proffered to him by
ingratefull men, when as in so
large a Citie, stored with riches
and great abundance of all things,
either commodious to supplie
want, or delightfull to procure
pleasure, none, no not one a-
mongst so many, was found so
kind as to invite him to supper,
had it bene neuer so meane; or
that would offer him any lod-
ging had it bene neuer so home-
ly: but he was constrained to re-
turne to a litle village where kind
Jehazarius dwelt, who was alwaies
willing to bid him welcome.

Hereby thou maiest see, that thy
kinde Saviour, whilst he lived a-
mongst sinfull men, had many
deadly foes, fewe faithfull friends:

a colde welcome, worse acceptance: much hatred, and little loue.

Why was not I there then, my louing Saviour, which possessest this little cottage, wherein I might haue entertained thee? Peraduenture thou wouldest not haue deigned to haue entered into the house of me a poore Publican and a greiuous sinner: thou wouldest haue said to me (my most louing Lord) *I must tarrie to day at thy house, and saluation is come to this house.* But (alas) for me poore wretch, doe I not see thee daily presented vnto me in thy blessed Sacraments & holy word? Therefore I may yet receiue thee into my house: but I am afraid (my sweet Iesus) when thou shalt find my house to be sluttish, vnclean and polluted with noisome filthinesse, that thou wilt refuse to en-

Med. 1. of the Lords passion. 27

ter, & wilt not come neare mine
vnwholsome dwelling. But haue
mercic vpon me (oh gracious
Loro) respect me a poore misera-
ble sinner, with thy wonted pit-
tie: turne away thy face from
mine iniquities; wash away the
spots and staines of my vgly
sins, with the plentifull streames
of thy mercie: for thou (O Lord)
art onely able, and when thou art
heartily desired, art alwaies willing
to scowre away the filth of our
diseased reines, and to purge the
corruptiō of our polluted hearts,
that they may be fit to receiue
thee. *For that house is alwaies bles-*
sed for euer, into which so worthie a
Guest doth vouchsafe to enter. Ther-
fore (oh my most kinde and mer-
cifull Sauour) turne thou thine
eyes of tender compassion to-
wardes me thine vnworthy ser-
uant; let the bright beames of

thy mercie, pierce into the dark
corners of mine obscure vnder
standing, that I may see to imi
tate the steps of thy humilitie
and to follow thee as my perfect
guide, in the safe and sure pathes
of a lowly minde, for thou being
a Prince of infinite maiestie, and
a Lord of eternall honour, didst
vouchsafe to shew thy selfe milde
in words, and more humble in
deedes, towards those who neuer
ceased to reuile thee with their
back-biting tongues, and to raile
vpon thee with ignominious re
proaches. Let the eyes of my
soule, often looke into the mecke
course of thy lowly life, being in
deed a true Christall Glasse, where
in it may see the chearefull coun
tenance of thy gracious humili
tie, and view a perfect pattern of
thy gentle patience in thy extr
emest aduersitie.

Teach

Teach me my louing Lord Ie-
sus, by thy example, to passe
through the tedious iourney of
my earthly pilgrimage, with
meekenesse; & to arme my selfe
with patience against the sud-
daine assaults of worldly aduersi-
tie: also to imbrace any affliction
or miserie, and to be willing to
forgoe all earthly pleasure, and to
renounce all worldly honour,
that I may be accepted as worthy
of thy loue, who diddest vouch-
safe to descend from thy pallace
of euerlasting pleasure, into a ve-
ry Prison of comfortles miserie,
to set vs poore cōdemned soules
at free libertie, yea to seale vs a
free Pardon with thy pretious
blood, of all our haynous Trea-
sons committed against thy hea-
uently Father, and by thy infinite
mercies to restore vs againe to the
ioyes of euerlasting life, who by

the iust sentēce of his most righteous iudgement, were all worthily condemned to abide the horrible paines of eternall death. Oh let the sweetnesse of this thy vnutterable mercie be the onely solace of my repentant soule, and the continuall meditation of my ioyfull heart: Open my lippes that they may shew forth thy most worthy praises: vntie the stringes of my tongue, that it may euermore sing ioyfull songs of this our great and miraculou deliuerance. It is thy vnspeakeable mercy, it is thy incomparable goodnesse that we are not utterly consumed, our most mercifully Redeemer, when as the nearest and dearest of thy Brethren, cannot pleade any merite to deserue at thy bountifull hands, no, not so much as a Cup of colde water.

A MEDITATION

concerning the returning of the Lord Iesus into Hierusalem after *Palme-sunday*, and concerning his frequent preaching in the Temple, and also of the Councell held by the Iewes how they might put him to death, and lastly of the offer made by Iudas to betray him into their hands.

MED. II.

At a Table as our Saviour Christ did sit, a Mat. 26. 7.

A Woman^b poured Oyle upon his head: b Iohn. 11. 2.

Iudas the Traitor, much^c repined at it, c Iohn. 12. 4.

And^d sels for money, the eternall bread. d Mat. 26. 14. 15. e Ioh. 6. 48. 51.

BLessed Christ Iesus that immaculate Lambe, knowing that the day of his painfull death,
C 4 whereby

whereby she should restore mankind to eternall life, was neere at hand, determined from euerlasting by Gods secret counsell, although it was his daily care and greatest delight to accomplish the wonderfull worke of our saluation: yet in the last weeke, he employed his chiefeft endeouours, & shewed most manifest tokens of his ardent desire, to declare the fruites of his exceeding loue, and to performe the will of his Heauenly Father: when very early in the morning, returning into the Temple in Hierusalem, where the day before he had bene receiued with such great ioy of the multitude, and applause of the people; he busied himselfe the whole day in preaching, in bestowing many benefits, in working strange miracles, and in expounding the holy Scriptures: which

Wied. 2. of the Lords passion. 35

which did testifie, that he was the true Messias, promised from the beginning; and the very Sonne of God euermlasting. He heard the Sophisticall, and subtil questions of the Scribes and Pharisees, and taught them to see their errors, but they were wilfully blinde, and reiected his wholesome doctrine: and least he should seeme vnto them to checke them in a fit of his furie, and to reprehend them in the heate of his chollor, hee confuted their grosse infidelitie and venemous malice, with great lenitie, and much patience, vttering many Parables vnto them, and making many heavenly exhortations to his chosen disciples, and to the people that came to heare him: whereby that saying of the Prophet *Daniel* was fulfilled in that weeke, when as he said, *He consummated and performed*

med the covenant to many in one
weeke. Verily the covenant which
he made with vs was performed
when he tooke vnto him our na-
ture, and became our whole and
sole redemption, to deliuer vs
out of the bondage of eternal
death, and from the intollerable
paines of euerlasting damnation,
to be made coheires with him of
a most blessed life in the King-
dome of Heauen.

Learne therefore (oh my soule)
to imitate thy blessed Sauour,
who abstained from meate to
doe the will of his heauenly Fa-
ther, by seeking by all meanes to
win their soules, who being voyd
of all humanitie, sent him fasting
out of their Citie. Oh hard-hear-
ted Iewes, to giue such vnkinde
entertainment to my bountifull
Lord and louing Iesus! But be
thou kind) oh my soule) like La-

Med. 1. of the Lords passion. 35

carus, and readie like *Mary* and
Martha to receiue thy Sauour,
that he may giue thee *eueralsting*
bread for thy foode, and *water* of e-
ternall life for thy drinke. Come &
suppe with me (my sweet Sau-
our) vouchsafe to enter into my
simple cottage: I confesse I am
vnworthie that thou shouldest
come vnder my rooffe, yet I
knowe that thou art alwaies wil-
ling to come, where thou art
kindly and friendly inuited. O-
pen thou the doore of my heart,
that thou maist enter and dwell
with me for euer: then *Saluation*
shall come to my whole house, then I
shall lie downe to sleepe in peace,
and rise againe without any dread
of danger. For I shall be safely co-
uered vnder the shadowe of thy
wings, and remaine in peaceable
securitie vnder thy mightie pro-
tection.

Consider

Consider (Oh my soule,) and meditate often in thine inward thoughts, of the strange ingratitude of the stony-hearted Iewes toward thy Sauour *IESVS*, who would not affoorde him so much as a meales meate at night, for his great paines hee tooke with them all the day; but hee was constrained to retorne hungrie with his Disciples, from so oppulent & populous a Citie, to *Bethany*, a poor and small village, there to refresh his wearie & weake bodie: where he made so small a supper, that he returned hungrie to *Hierusalem* the next morning; and spying a figge-tree, which had onely faire leaues, but no fruite to slake his hunger, or to affoord him any refreshing in his iourney, he was so highly displeased, that it made so faire a shewe, and bare no fruite, that hee *curst* it, and so it withered.

Beware
of by-
sacrifices

red, and became barren for ever.

Wert thou (Oh my gracious Lorde) so highlie displeased with this fruitlesse Tree, and wert thou not grieuousslie offended with the vnthankfull Iewes? No doubt but thou hadst iust occasion to haue cursed that vngratefull Nation, whose hearts were so barren, that they did beare no fruite, and their mindes so deuoyd of all common humanitie, that although they euer stode in neede, yet they did neuer deserue anie droppe of thy sweete and comfortable mercie.

Oh Lorde, who can worthilie laude the immeasurable largenes of thy infinite mercie? who can thoroughly taste the sweetnesse of thy most excellēt bountie? It was thy desire to haue wonne them by mildnes: it had bene thy delight to haue conuerted them by kindnes: thou diddest curse that barren
ren

ren tree which had store of leaues, but no profitable fruite: to teach that gracelesse Nation, what thou diddest expect at their hands, and what thou mightst haue iustly inflicted vpon them, for the hardness of their harts, whose mouths were often filled with Religious words, their hearts and hands being euermore emptie of charitable workes.

Be thou wise therefore (oh my soule) thinke not that thou hast done enough, if thou vtterly condemne those inhumane and hard-hearted *Iewes*, who had not so much kindnes, as to offer thy Saviour a crum of bread, or a cup of colde water, vnlesse thou thy selfe make some prouision to entertaine thy louing Iesus, whensoever he shal vouchsafe to come in to thy Cottage, to visite thee in kindnesse: Oh how happie shalt thou

thou bee, if thou art provided to
 welcome so good a Guest, whose
 acceptance shall bring thee eter-
 nall blessednes, & who is so kinde,
 that he will dwell with thee fore-
 ever: and where hee remaineth,
 their store is alwayes increased,
 their riches are multiplyed in a-
 bundance: he cannot, he will not
 be chargeable vnto thee, if thou
 wilt shew him infallible tokens of
 thy true loue, and make anie pro-
 uision, be it neuer so meane, to re-
 ceiue him with cheerfulness: hee
 expecteth no sumptuous prepara-
 tion, hee longeth for no daintie
 cates, hee regardeth no magnifi-
 cent pompe, hee hateth vaine o-
 stentation and outward glorie, he
 can neuer abide to make anie a-
 bode in that house which is not
 furnished with true humilitie. Oh
 happie is that soule that is not un-
 provided at his coming, but stan-
 deth

deth alwayes readie at the doore, to open it unto him, whensoever hee knocketh, and is willing to enter.

Consider also O my soule, the great paines, and diligent labour of thy industrious Sauour, who continued the day time in the Temple, preaching and teaching the people, and in the night, praying or instructing his Disciples, therefore if thou wilt shew thy selfe a faithfull servant to so good a Lord, and a louing Disciple to so kinde a Maister, set him alwayes before thine eyes, as a perfect patterne and liuely example, to imitate him in the carefull execution of thy lawfull calling.

Weare not out the moment of thy poasting life in carnall delights, fulfilling the leaud desire of the wanton flesh, accompting worldly pleasure thy chiefest treasure, and making thy bellie thy
God

Med. 2. of the Lords Passion. 41

God, for the ende of such is eternall
damnation.

God hath giuen man an vpright
countenance, that hee should lift
up his head, and looke towardes
Heauen, therefore derogate not so
much frō thy dignitie, as to haue
thine eyes, and thy thoughtes,
still fixed vpon the earth, like vn-
to the brute beastes, neuer well
pleased, but when (like a mole)
thou art turning ouer thy siluer
and golden heapes.

Thou seest (oh my soule) that
thy louing Sauior Iesus, did seeke
by all means to benefit the *Ienes*,
his vnnaturall country-men, and
to doe them all good, but they
were alwayes so froward, that they
were euermore forward to do him
nothing but mischief and hurt,
who hauing exiled tender pittie
from their eyes, and all humane
compassion from their harts, had
not

not onely so much kindnesse,
to offer him a morsell of meate
refresh his wearie bodie at night
when hee had laboured all day
feede their soules with spirituall
bread: but most vnkindly the
chiefe Rulers and the Scribes, by
a councell against him, plotted many
strange inuentions, forged many
dious calumniationes, and imagined
many false crimes; cruellie to deprive
him of his harmeles life, and to accelerate
his speedy death: because the
good deeds which Christ did day
lie to the people, were vnwelcom
newes to their eares, and bred nothing
else, but sorrow in their con
uious mindes.

Therefore they raged with fu
rie, and conspired in bitternesse
their malice, how they might
trap Christ Iesus by craft and subtil
tie, and so like an innocent Lambe
lead him away to the slaughter: so

so fell was their hatred to the life
of our Sauour, & so greedie were
they to hasten his death, that had
they not feared that the people
would haue hindred their wicked
purposes, interrupting the course
of their malicious practise, they
would haue vented their swelling
spite, and disgorged their full sto-
macks, surcharged with malice a-
gainst him on the feast-day: but
they suspected, their cruell deede
at that time, would haue stirred
vp greater tumults amongst the
people, which did reuerence Iesus, as
a Prophet: for if they might haue
had their owne will, and satisfied
the longing of their enuious hu-
mour, they would haue spared
no day, nor regarded any place, so
they might haue spilt his inno-
cent blood.

Oh with what damnable coun-
sell, and diuellish deuices, doe I
heare

heare thy furious enemies conspi-
ring against thee, my innocent
sus, thou Lord of eternall glorie

What false imaginations, what
monstrous inuentions, what he-
lish stratagems, what forged ac-
sations, did they coyne against
thee, their hearts burning, and
their hands itching, to cut off thy
blessed life, to stain the earth with
thy precious blood, and to worke
(as they wickedly wished) thy
nall destruction?

How cruelly doe these faithlesse
Iewes conspire against thee? thou
impious wretches saide with
themselues (carried away with the
violēt current, of their ireful im-
aginations) *let vs oppresse that righte-
eous man, let vs swallowe him vp
our rage, let vs suddenly deuoure him
in our madnes, let vs set traps to
him, and lay snares to entangle him*
Let vs roote him out from the land

Med. 2. of the Lords Passion. 49

and living, that his Name may neuer
be remembred any more, because he
is obstinate in contradicting our
wordes, and peremptorie in car-
rying at our workes. We cannot,
because we may not tollerate his arro-
gance, we will not brooke his op-
positions.

First He layeth open our sinnes to in-
crease our shame; hee professeth
that hee hath the knowledge of
our sin, and nameth himselfe the
sonne of God: He discloseth our
secret thoughts, he is loathsome
to our eyes, we cannot abide him
to our sight, the course of his life
is opposite to our lawes, hee is an
open aduersarie to our decrees,
he abstaineth from our wayes, as
though they were wicked, defiled
with uncleannesse, and polluted
with vices.

We are reputed of him as men
of no worth, hee standeth not in

awe of our authoritie, hee este
meth our threatnings of no mo
ment, and he arrogantly boaster
that he hath God for his Father

Let vs see if his protestatio
be faithfull, and if his speeches
true: and let vs assaye and ma
triall, what things will happen
to him.

If he be true *Sonne of God*,
will receiue him into his protection;
liuer him out of the hands of his fa
and keepe him safe from danger: Let
vs examine him churlishlie; and
torment him cruelly, to make
all of his meeknesse; let vs co
demne him to a most shameful
death, that we may proue his pa
tience.

Such were the bitter wordes
the cruell Iewes, who sat in coun
sel to kill my Sauior Iesus, the
Lord of life, whose good deed
were so odious to their vicio

sigh

ght, and his sweet breath so noy-
m vnto their stinking nostrills,
that they would not suffer him to
be any longer.

Oh that hellish enuie should so
peruert the vnderstanding, and
rage the mindes of men to doe
such mischief!

Why did the Iewes so furiously rage
together? why did they imagine a vain
thing against the Lord and his anoynt-
ed? saying, let vs breake their bonds
vnder, and cast away their cordes
from vs: But the Lord had them in
prison: hee spake vnto them in his
rath, and vexed them in his sore
pleasure, and placed his King
vpon his holie Hill of Syon, for e-
uer.

Now although the bloody min-
ded Iews longed for the death of
my innocent Iesus, yet they were
that hee should suffer on the day
of their Feast, not for any fauour
they

they bare vnto him, but for fear
of the people.

But thou my louing Lord, didst
make choise of that time, to offer
vp thy selfe a Sacrifice for our
sakes, that thou mightest receive
greater reproach, and that thy
death might be acted with more
shame, suffered onely for our sinnes.

Thy righteous life being
onely alwaies free from any euill
action, but euermore so pure
that it neuer was tainted with
will cogitation. And also, that thy
death might be knowne vnto
many, (although lamented by
few which did behold thee) the
concourse of people being great
that flocked from many bordering
ring townes and villages, to Hierusalem,
at the day of that great
solemnitie: who seeing with their
eyes, had not grace bin wanting
might haue vnderstood in the

heaven

hearts, that thou wert the true
substance, whereof the Paschall
lambe was but a figure.

*Oh Lambe of God which takest a-
way the sinnes of the world, sprinkle
my soule with some droppes of
thy pretious blood, that althogh
I haue lien long buried in the
dunne of sinfull iniquitie, yet at
last it may be reuiued and liue a-
gaine by vertue of thy quickning
mercie.*

Now the bloodie Iewes hol-
ding a wicked consultation, how
they might depriue my beloued
Saviour of his life, euen then
came cursed Iudas, and offered
them (for money) to betray his
longing maister to death: saying,
*What will ye giue me and I will deli-
uer him vnto you?*

Nor was he a more greedie
paytor, to set his kinde maisters
blood to sale, they readie chap-
men

men to entertaine so bloodie offer, seeing one of his owne milie so forward to deliuer him vp into their hands, whom they had alreadie murdered in their hearts : So they profered him thirtie peeces of siluer; Oh curse Iudas to make such an offer ! O execrable Iewes to accept it. O most damned Iudas to performe it.

Had malice (oh ye bloody Iewes) so hardned your hearts had furie so blinded your eyes had enuie so fired your grudges and affections, that contrarie to the law of God, & Nature, you should animate such a damnable Traitor to perpetrate so horrible treason, against your *Messias* your maister.

For what could be more hateful to God, more odious to good men? what more opposite to his be-

ure? what more contrarie to
good nurture, then that one of a
mans owne household, should
prooue so vnfaithfull, as to sell at
so vild a price the dearest blood
of his louing Lord? or that any
men should be found so mon-
strous, as to allow & like of such
a damnable offer? Oh thou most
wicked Traytor! oh thou most
ingratefull & gracelesse seruant!
Oh ye generation of vipers, cur-
sed Iewes, damned Iudas! Oh
thou dissembling Disciple by
name, but indeed a most bloodie
enemie! are these the thanks
thou dost giue to thy maister for
his kindnes? is this the requitall
of his loue? are these the most
worthie rewardes that thou canst
pay him for his liberall boun-
tie? are these the best arguments
of thy gratuitie, for all his bene-
fits bestowed vpon thee? Oh thou

Sonne of perdition, execrable Traytor, and damnable Marchant, to sell the sacred blood of thy faithfull Maister! Had my kind Iesus committed any offence against thee? or had he discontented thy minde, and vexed thy heart, that thou shouldst treacherously betray him into the hands of his foes, to be tortured and put to most cruell and shamefull death? nay rather what large liberalitie had he not vsed towards thee? what store of benefits had he not heaped vpon thee? Oh thou vngatefull wretch! Oh thou hateful Traytor! my louing Iesus made thee one of the little number of his Disciples: admitted thee into the blessed societie of his elected, and made thee steward of his familie, to keepe the bagge, and bestowe the money which was giuen to him and his Disciples.

Med.2. Of the Lords passion. 53

ples: and doest thou in requitall of his fauourable loue, and in recompence of his extraordinarie kindnesse, doest post to the cruell Jewes, (whome thou, thoult say knewest did alwaies prosecute him with deadly hate, and eagerly sought his innocent life) to offer them open sale of the blood of thy louing Maister, allured with the vnsatiabie desire of money, (a pleasant baite to take a couetous minde) bewitched with Sathans enticemēts, and instigated with the vnquenchable thirst of damnable lucre, that distempered thy vnderstanding, and cleane put out the eye of thy naturall reason?

Oh how doth couetous lust tyranize ouer our soules, & captivate our senses, if it once seaze vpon our hearts, and take possession in our breasts! it maketh vs

violate our faith towards God
our fidelitie towards men : it ma-
keth parēts vnkind to their chil-
dren, and children vndutifull to-
wards their Parents : it armeth
the wicked to commit bloodie
murder : it maketh Subiects dis-
loyall to their Prince, it eggeth
and edgeth them to attempt the
vtter ruine of their countrie :
kindleth the fire of ciuill and in-
testine seditions : it bloweth
the sparkles of horrible Treason
it excludeth kinde hospitalitie,
is the cut-throate of Christian
charitie ; it pampereth all vices,
starueth all vertues. What is it but
a hellish furie, the author and au-
tor of humane miserie ? Oh how
happie is the heart that is not af-
fected to it ! Oh how peaceable
the conscience that is not infe-
cted with it ! Tell me thou bloudy
die Traytor *Indas*, diddest thou

Med. 2. of the Lords passion. 55

not see many wonderfull miracles done by thy louing maister before thine eyes? diddest thou not heare many Diuine speeches vttered by his blessed mouth? didst thou not attend vpon him preaching in the day? didst thou not accompany him praying in the night? hadst thou so soone forgot his blessed Sermons? went all in at one care and out at the other? didst thou remember no better his heauenly exhortations? hadst thou quite raced out of thy memory his general compassion towards all, and his particular goodnesse towards thee? why was thy soule starued for want of foode in the midst of plentie? why were thy spirits dried vp with thirst, being so neare a pure fountaine? It was because thou haddest no grace to taste of that sweete celestiall *Manna*, or

to drinke of that rocke of liuing
water. Couldst thou esteeme so
rare a Iewell, as my Saniour Iesus,
at so base a rate? wouldst thou
sell his pretious blood at so lowe
a price, what was sufficient to pay
the greatest price of our redemption?
What base opiniō mightest thou
think the high Priest would haue
of thee, prouing so vile a Traytor
(although to serue their owne
turnes they allowed thy Treason?)
Diddest thou not thinke
the whole world would deadlie
hate thee, when being a Disciple,
thou haddest so vilely betrayed
thy louing maister, and craftily
plotted the death of thy gratiouse
Benefactor? But woe be vnto
thee, and to all of thy condition:
it had bene better for thee thou
haddest neuer bene, then being
to haue bene an instrument of
such haynous, such detestable

such

Med. 2. of the Lords passion. 57

such horrible treason : Keepe my soule (oh Lord) set a Watch before the doore of my heart, that no couetous desire may haue passage into my bowels, or enter into my brest to get dominion ouer my reason, to wound my conscience, to inflict my minde with noysome lusts, and to confound my vnderstanding with greedie desires. Let the memorie of this sorrowfull day, wherein thy couetous and damnable Disciple Iudas sold thee, my innocent and louing Sauour Iesus, vnto the murmuring and murdering Iewes, draw out floods of teares from mine eyes, and fetch out sorrowfull sobs and deepe sighes from my repenting heart, to bewaile the horror of my transgressions, and to lament the innumerable multitude of my many most monstrous iniquities,

D 5 which

which brought thy most sacred bodie to the market, there to be sold, and from thence to be led to the slaughter, cruelly to be slaine, that with thy most pretious blood thou mightest pay the price of my redemption, which am a most wretched and sinfull creature: yet let the sweete recollection of thy immutable loue, and the ioyfull remembrance of thy immeasurable mercie, so comfort me in the midst of my miserie, that although I finde much matter in my selfe to make me feare, yet that I may neuer despair, knowing that thou art alwaies willing to apply a *soueraigne salve* to a wounded soule, and *sweete consolation* to a *wofull conscience*, whensoever (oh blessed Sauour, we acknowledge our *maladie*, and faithfully desire thy sauing help in our miserie.

OF THE PREPA-
 tion of Christs last Supper
 by the disciples on Thursday,
 of the washing of the disciples
 feete, performed by Iesus
 himfelfe, and of many exem-
 plarie actions of Iesus at the
 Supper.

MED. III.

*Christ Iesus^a washeth his Disciples
 feete,* a Ioh. 13. 5.

*They loath, b refuse, but he enfor-
 ceth it :* b Ioh. 13. 8.

*For c supper done, to Symon thus
 said he,* c Ioh. 13. 2.

*Vnlesse I doo's, thou hast d no part
 with me.* d Ioh. 13. 8.

THe first day of the sweet bread,
 that is to say, the fift day of
 the weeke, in the euening of
 which day the Pascall lambe was
 slaine;

slaine, and sweet bread was eaten according to the custome of the Iewes, the Disciples came to Iesus, seeing it was the time of the Feast, and that their Maister had no *resting place* of his owne, where he might *lay his head*, and said vnto him, *Where wilt thou that we prepare for thee to eat the Paschal Lambe?* Teach mee heere (my sweete Sauour by thy example) so to liue in the world, that I may be prepared euery day to leaue the world, esteeming my selfe as a Pilgrime, still traouelling, and euery day remoouing, and not to build my Pallace of pleasure heere in this transitorie world, where all thinges are vncertaine, subiect euery moment to miserie, changes, and mutabilitie.

Let neither the pleasant baites of prosperitie, nor the bitter brunts of aduersitie, hinder me in

my

d.) *Med. 3. of the Lords Passion. 61*
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my iourney, whilst I trauaile to-
ward the heauenly *Ierusalem*.

Let thy humilitie be my grea-
test honour in time of prosperi-
tie; let thy pouertie be my chic-
fest riches in time of aduersitie;
and let thy patience be my onely
comfort in the sorrowfull day of
affliction: Let thy quiet content-
ment calme the tumultes of my
grudging minde, and barre out
all repining thoughts, seeing thou
the Lord of all, hadst not so much
as a Cottage, to couer thy head
from the *dew of heauen*, or to sha-
dow thy face from the beames of the
Sunne. But my sweet Sauour, al-
though thou wert poore in respect
of thy *humanitie*, that thy pouertie
might be our consolation in time
of our distresses, & to teach vs to
beare with patience y^e heavy burde
of our afflictions, yet thou didst
shew the bright beams of thy *Di-*
uinitie

unitie to thy Disciples; when they
saw that performed indeed, which
thou hadst told them in word, when
they met with the man in the Ci-
tie, a meere straunger vnto them
whose heart thou hadst prepared
to make prouision for thee & thy
Disciples, to celebrate the Feast
of the Paschall-Lambe.

O happie man (whome thou
didst vouchsafe to choose for thy
Hoste!) Oh blessed house prepa-
red to receiue such a guest! Send
thy holy spirit (my louing Sau-
our) as a Harbinger, to prepare
lodging for thee in my heart, and
so furnish my mind with thy hea-
uenlie graces, that I may be able
to giue thee such entertainment
that thou maiest like and loue to
dwell with mee for euer. Now
when the Table was prepared, the
Paschal Lambe made readie (with
other necessaries) at Euening, lo

he came thither with his Disci-
ples, & when the houre was come,
he sat down to the Table. Oh hap-
py feast! blessed are they (my lo-
ving Sauour) which sit downe to
meate at thy Supper. Most happy
& blessed are they (oh most mer-
cifull Iesus, who are so dearely be-
loved of thee, and so highly ho-
noured by thee, as to bee made
worthy to sit at thy Table.

*Thou wilt giue them euerlasting
foode for their meate, & water of life
for their drinke, so that after thy boun-
tiful Feast, they shall neuer knowe a-
ny hunger, nor feelee any thirst.*

Graunt mee (Oh bountifull
Lorde) to taste of that heauenly
foode, and to drinke my fill of
that Celestiall water, so that my
bodie may be thy holie Temple,
& my soule thine euerlasting ha-
bitation. Behold (oh my soule)
how thy louing *IESVS* sitteth a-
mongst

amongst his Disciples, a meeke
Lambe, among meeke sheepe, ex-
cept cruell *Iudas*, who although
hee were a deuouring Wolfe, sat
downe to the Table in their holy
societic. Oh most holie societie
of thee, & thy faithfull Disciples.
Oh most glorious companie of
all but one, who had a Diuell

These thy children, my most
louing Iesus, do sit like *Oline branches*
round about thy Table: They
sat downe with thee lincked toge-
ther with γ bond of perfect loue,
the mindes of all them beeing
faithfull vnto thee, and all their
affections longing after thee, on-
lie *Iudas* was an odious Traytor,
and thou knew'st well enough
that he should betray thee.

They all eat with thee the meate
set before them, and they eat the
pure Paschall Lambe, after the
manner of the *Iewes*.

Oh

Oh blessed house, oh happie
supping-parlour, worthy of great
honour, in which my gracious
Lord, vouchsafed to make his
blessed Supper.

Wherefore was not I there
then, my sweet Sauour, to attend
upon thee, and thy faithfull Dis-
ciples? I would haue esteemed it
as my greatest honour, to haue
done thee any seruice. Certaine-
ly, I would haue gathered vp
some of the crummes, which fell
from the Table of my Lord.

Oh how ioyfull would it haue
bin to my heart! Oh how would
it haue pleased mine eyes, to haue
had but a viewe of thy amiable
countenance! I would haue fal-
len downe flat at thy feete, & with
Marie Magdalene, I would haue
washed them with my teares: And
thou oh my most merciful Lord,
which didst not despise the teares of

a sinfull, and a sorrowfull Woman
wouldst not haue reiected mee
poore Publican, and grievous
ner: and as thou wert compassi-
nate towards her, so thou wouldst
also haue bene mercifull to mee

Oh how comfortable would thy
most pleasant speeches (my sweet
Saviour) haue bin to my sorrow-
ful soule? how quickly would thy
most wholsome words wherewith
thou diddest refresh thy louing
disciples, haue healed the wound
of my grieved conscience? What
my Lord begin to speake? and
were thy first wordes when thou
wert set at the Table? Thou saidst
haue earnestly desired to eate this Pas-
souer with you, before I suffer: O
how great is thy Charitie? how
immeasurable is thy loue, my
uing Iesus? Thou didst earnestly
desire to eate with thy disciples, but
it was not to slake thy hunger,

to refresh thy feeble nature: thou
hadst no such neede of corporall
foode, but it was *thymeate to do the*
will of thy Father: thou wert desi-
rous to leaue some tokens of thy
exceeding loue, with thy louing
Disciples, before thy departure,
and to scale them an *Euerlasting*
assurance of thy continuall provi-
dence ouer them.

Vouchsafe, my louing Sauour,
to be present, & President at our
Feasts, sanctifie our friendly mee-
tings, let malice find no harbour
in our mindes, let hate be exiled
from our societic, let perfect loue
bee our pleasant mirth, let all
things be done to thy glory: if a-
my *Indas* sit downe at our Table,
discover the secret malice of his
heart, so that thy Children may
be free from his mischieuous in-
tentions.

Was it not a true signe of thy
sin-

sincere loue, and an euident argument of thy extraordinarie kinnesse, that thou heeing so great Lord, shouldst vouchsafe thy seruants to *sit downe with thee at the Table*: yet so gracious was thy humilitie, and so great was thy loue, that thou didst not *disdain* to be their *seruant*, and to *wash their feet* when *Peter* was loth (that thou being his Master, should doe him any such seruice, when gentle entreaty would not serue, thou didst vse threatnings to moue him, telling him, that *hee should haue a part with thee; vnlasse thou didst wash his feete*: who then being terrified with thy threatening wordes, and also loth to loose the seruice of so gracious a Lorde: hee cried out *Wash not onely my feete, oh Lord, but my hands also, and my head*: And *Peter* cryed then, so I crie now *Wash my hart*, oh Lord, that it may

Med. 1. of the Lords Passion. 78
be no more corrupted with euill ca-
ritations: wash my hands, that they
may be no more stained with wic-
ked workes: Wash my tongue, that it
be no more polluted with vngodlie
words: wash and cleare mine eyes,
that they be no longer blinded with
worldly vanitie: wash & purge mine
eares, that they may no longer li-
sten to the voyce of iniquitie: Wash me (oh Lord) and make me
cleane, for from the crown of my
head, to the sole of my foote, all
and euery part of mee is infected
with horrible corruption: & indeed
there is nothing to bee found in
mee, but loathsome pollution: yet if
thou wilt (oh Lord) thou canst make
me cleane, so that I may appeare in
thy sight wth confidence, & approach
unto thy glorious presence with boldnes
Oh let thy will worke with thy
power, for thee to will, is to work
that my soule being clesed from
her

her finnes, I may enter into the
Sanctuary, and dwell for euer with
thee, in *thine everlasting Tabernacle*.

The more I meditate, the more
I meruaile, Oh my sweet Sauiour
at the excellencie of thy *humility*
my thoughts cannot measure the
greatnes of thy loue, which thou
diddest beare to thy faithfull disci-
ples, thy loue is not subiect to
mutabilitie, it is grounded vpon
a Rocke, no Tempest can shake
the foundation: thy mercy is with-
out meane towards thy Brethren
thy bountie is without measure
towards them that loue thee.

What shall I doe poore wretch
to shewe my selfe thankfull vnto
thee?

Behold (oh my gracious Lord
thou hast giuen an example to
thy Disciples, and to mee which
shall bee also thy Disciple, if
I shall keep thy commandements

If I shall abide in thy loue: thou
hast giuen an Example, that e-
uen as thou hast done, so I should
doe.

What then hast thou done my
most louing & deere Lord? thou
hast loued mee with exceeding
loue: most wretched I, if I loue
not thee againe.

Therefore by thine example,
oh most sweet Iesus, my gracious
Redeemer, I will wash thy feete, I
will cast my self downe at thy feet
with *Mary Magdalene*, I will wash
them with my teares, as tokens of
my sorrow, & signes of my loue.

I will also wash the feete of my
disciples, that is, the staines of my
corrupted senses, the deformities
of my vnbrideled appetites, and
the blots of my rebellious affec-
tions: they verilie haue bene my
disciples, they haue kept my car-
dall commandements, they haue
ful.

fulfilled the lusts of my miserable
flesh, they haue satisfied her wa
ton desires: Therefore I will wa
these my senses with streames
teares, flowing from the fountaine
of a true repenting heart, that
heretofore, they haue *serued*
flesh, so now they may *learne to*
bey the Spirit.

I confesse, Oh my powerfull
uiour, mine owne weaknes, I
knowledge, & disability of my
ture, I can thinke no *good thing*
without thee: I am not able to per
forme any *deuout action*, but on
by thee: let thy mercie succour
miseric: let thy might subdue
malice: that my hart being mou
fied by thy supplying grace,
may receiue a deep impression
thy loue. Teach me, my Sauiour
to follow thee in the steps of
sincere humilitie, leade me in
paths of thy perfect sinceritie

Gra

Graunt me not onely a will, to
meditate often vpon thy Passion,
but also a feruent desire to suffer
thy affliction for thy sake & thy
loue, who wert willing to lay
downe thy life for me, and all other
pericious sinners, to deliuer vs
from the paines of eternall death :
and so vnite and combine all my
affections vnto thee, that I may
desire nothing but thee, nor e-
steeme of any thing but thy loue:
that my minde may be wholly
affixed to thee, and the cogitati-
ons of my heart euermore fast-
ned vpon thee, and let the Medi-
tation of thy bitter passion be as
my glasse alwaies set before mine
eyes, that taking a daily view of
thy miserie, which thou diddest
offer in thy humanitie for the
consequents of mine iniquitie,
I may truly sorrow for my sins,
and may be loth and euermore

Grate
E
loath

loath to offend so louing a Sa-
our, so that hauing finished the
short race of my *mortall life* in the
transitorie world, where I can ex-
pect nothing but miserie, I may
receiue a *Crowne of eternall glorie*
laid vp for all those that constan-
ly loue thee, where is nothing
else but endles felicitie.

A M



A MEDITATION

concerning the institution
of the blessed Sacramēt of the
bodie and blood of our Lord
Iesus, after he had washed his
Disciples feete, and of the wor-
thines of it.

MED. IIII.

*The time neere come that Christ
should^a be betrayed, ^aLuk. 22. 21.*

*The ^b Phascall Lambe prepared
where he thought fit: ^bMat. 26. 18.*

*Vnto the ^c twelve our Saviour
Christ thus said, ^cMat. 26. 20. & 27.*

*This ^d Cup my blood containes,
drinke all of it.*

ILift mine eyes vnto thee, which
dwellest in heauen. Behold I
come vnto thee with an humble
minde and lowly heart, oh my
most mercifull Iesus, and falling
E 2 downe

downe before thy Throne, I adore thy Maiestie : haue mercie vpon me, my most mercifull Lord, let the precious blame of thy soueraigne mercie, heale the deepe and deadly woundes of mine iniquitie: Oh my God open thy *pittifull eares* to heare my *petition*, answere me *grationfly*, and despise not my prayer.

Commaund my wandring hart to come out of the broad way that leadeth to *Hell and damnation*, and to returne into the *narrow path*, which conducteth to *Heauen and euerlasting Salvation* : so that being once againe returned into it, it may neuer hereafter wander out of it.

Shut all worldly cares and wicked cogitations out of my heart, that neither the heauie burden of them may so depresse my minde, that the *denotion* of my prayer: cannot

Mied. 4. of the Lords passion. 77

cannot *ascend* vp vnto thee, nor
so stop the *passage* of my soule,
that the comfort of thy *grace*
cannot descend downe vpon
me.

Drawe me vnto thee, my most
louing Iesus, thou which art
mine *assured saluation*, in the day
of my greatest *miserie*, and my
onely comfort and consolation
in the last and latest houre of my
deadly agonie: for I am wound-
ed, and my heart is *consumed*, be-
cause I haue forgotten to eate my
bread, which should haue nourish-
ed me to euerlasting life.

Indeed, I haue bene altogether
forgetfull of thee, my beloued
Iesus, for I haue not called to my
minde thy most holy *Passion*
with any zealous or serious me-
ditation: I haue had no deligh-
to thinke vpon thy pretious
wounds, which thou didst suffer to

heale my soares : neither haue
found any comfort in the p
streames of thy innocent blood, p
red out to wash away my finnes, a
to purge my corrupted soule
haue not looked after my beloved
the day, I haue not longer for
Bridegrome in the night.

I confesse my gracious Lord
haue not bene mindfull of the
my thoughts haue bene wa
dring abroad, my minde ha
not bin exercised with any sw
meditation of thy mercie :
spirt hath not bene troubled w
sorrow for my finnes, mine ey
haue shed no teares, nor my he
sent forth any sighes for my
nifold transgressions. Therefo
what shall I doe? I will returne
the Lord my God, and I will
vpon him, I will not cease to
terate the most holy name of
sus, vntill thy voice sound

haue mine eares, there, there. Come
e p herefore (oh good Iesus) and
l, p haue mercie vpon me. Heare (oh
s, a sweete Iesus) the prayer of thy
oule truant : infuse and dippe my
one heart in thy blood, and diffuse
or thy grace into my soule oh most
mercifull Iesus: let my heart (oh
or most louing Iesus) be like waxe
f the melting in the midst of thy blood
w die side. Cloath my minde with
h the mourning Garment of thy
fwe passion, & let my zealous affecti-
: ons burne like fire in my serious
d w meditation.

e ey Leade me (oh my most milde
he and kinde Iesus) to thy most ho-
y n ly supper, where I may heare thee
e f speaking to thy Disciples, sitting
ne at thy table after thou haddest
llo washed their feete.

or "Tell me (oh my soule) if thou
of hast read what the Lord my Iesus
ad did when he sat downe againe

to the Table, after the washing
his Disciples feete. Verily, when
they were yet eating, Iesus tooke
bread, and giuing thanks, he ble
sed it, brake it, and gaue it to his
Disciples, and said : *Take and eat this
this is my bodie which is giuen for you,
doe this in remembrance of me*
And when he had giuen euery
one a morsell, he tooke the cup
and powring wine into it, giuing
thanks, hee likewise gaue it to
them saying : *Drinke ye all of this
for this is my blood of the new Testa
ment which is shed for you, and for
many, for the remission of sinnes, and
they all dranke of it.* Let vs pause
while (oh my soule) and with deu
uout Meditation ponder in our
mindes, and treasure vp in our
hearts, the wonderfull things
which our blessed Iesus hath
done for vs ; for our mercifull
and gracious Lord hath made a
memoriall

memoriall of his wonders, he
hath giuen meate to them which
fear him. Oh wonderful supper,
in which so many admirable
things were done and effected!
This was thy last supper (oh most
sweete Iesu) which thou diddest
make when thou wert about to
depart out of the world to thy fa-
ther. How many admirable won-
ders of thy exceeding loue? how
many miracles of thy infinite
mercie, are presented vnto vs in
this thy blessed supper? but thou
hast most specially ordained this
misticall, sweete, delightfull and
heauenly Sacrament of thy bo-
die and blood, that the memorie
of thy passion might remaine for
euer in the minds of the faithfull:
Oh wonderfull Sacrament, in
which is contained such aboun-
dance of all kinde of sweetnes!
No sweetnesse be it neuer so deli-

cious can come neere it in goodness; no pleasure, be it neuer so incomparable, is worthy to be compared vnto it.

Oh most sweet Iesu, how pleasant, how sweet art thou, if I might haue a true taste of thy exceeding sweetnesse? In this wonderfull Sacrament, thou dost feed vs with corporall bread, but after a spirituall manner. Wherefore can I want to satisfie my desire? what may I wish to augment my ioy, if I haue my Iesu present with me? Though now I see thee *darkly through a glasse*, hereafter I shall *see thee face to face*. I cannot satisfie my minde (in my most bountifull Iesus) with admiration of thy vnmeasurable liberalitie: I cannot wonder enough at the exceeding largeness of thy bountie.

What greater gifts couldst thou

Mat. 4. of the Lords passion. 83

God thou haue bestowed vpon vs?
What more excellent benefites
couldst thou haue deriued vnto
vs? For in this thy blessed Testa-
ment, thou hast bequeathed
if great and pretious legacies to all
thy Bretherē that faithfully loue
thee, and constantly beleue in
thee: In verie deede thou hast
left them a rich inheritance, we
cannot estimate the price, we can
make no true account of the
greatnesse. Some at their death
leauē to their heires Cities and
Townes, great possessions, and
store of money: some builde
for them sumptuous houses, and e-
rect stately Sepulchers, that their
name might remaine among men, and
their memorie continue vpon
earth. But thy bountie my most
kinde and louing Iesus, doth farre
exceed and surmount them all,
For thou hast left thy owne selfe

vnto

vnto vs, that wee should haue
continuall spectacle of thy mo
holy passion in our mindes, and
often thinke vpon thy innoc
death in our repenting harts. And
in thy blessed Sacramēt, which
so highly to be honoured of
& most reuerently to be celebr
ted by vs, thou dost giue thy self
for food to be receiued of vs by
faith, which may nourish vs to
uerlasting life, & deliuer vs from
the doome of eternall death. O
my most bountifull Lord, oh ex
ceeding, admirable, & incompre
hensible loue of my louing Sauour
my beloued Iesus ! But how odious
is mine ingratitude, my kinde
& louing Iesus, how great & grie
uous is my forgetfulnesse, that
I doe not continually remember
the panges of thy passion, & euen
more meditate on y^e pains of thy
bitter death, when I participate
thy

thy wonderfull Sacrament, and
celebrate thy blessed Supper, see-
ing by thy death thou hast meri-
ted for mee euerlasting life, and
by thy Passion hast purchased for
me eternall redemption.

Why do I not remember that
thou wert *wrongfully accused, scorn-*
fully derided, spitefully reuiled, cru-
elly scourged, and Crucified as a hai-
nous malefactor, and put to a
shamefull death, as a wicked doo-
er: & how patiētly thou didst en-
dure the bitter pains of the crosse,
to deliuer mee a most wretched
sinner, from the curse of eternall
death, iustly pronounced against
me; and readie to be inflicted vp-
on mee, if thy obedience had not
appeased the wrath of thy heauē-
lie Father, & thy gracious mercie
salued the woundes of my miserie.

Oh my drie head, why doest
thou not draw water with ioy out
of

of the fountaines of thy Sa-
our, for hee is a Well of liui-
water? Oh teares, why do
yee not streame forth in great
abundance, with exceeding ioy and
exultation, while I call to mind
the exceeding sweetnes of mine
euerlasting libertie, and meditate
vppon the greatnesse and good-
nes of my eternall Redemption
in this most sacred, holie, and
wonderfull Sacrament represen-
ted vnto mee? Why doe not my
spirits fainte with exceeding ioy
and why is not my mind raiſhed
with exceſſiue mirth, when I con-
ſider the immeaſurable greatnes
of thy loue, & the incomprehen-
ſible largeneſſe of thy bountie
whereby thou haſt bene moued
to giue vs thy ſelfe for Euerlaſting
meate, to nourish vs to eternall life
Haue mercie vpon mee (oh my
moſt mercifull Lord) becauſe by

reason of the imbecilitie of my
dull vnderstanding, and by the
hardnes and drincesse of my hart,
I am not able to relish the good-
nes, nor taste the sweetnes of the
wholesome fruit of thy holie and
blessed Sacrament: yet I (most
vile wretch) presume to come to
thy Table, and to receiue this ho-
lie food, though most vnworthie
of so great a mercie.

But woe bee vnto my consci-
ence, & horror vnto my wounded
soule, because I haue approched
vnto thy holie Table, and taken
of thy *Sanctified meate*, with pol-
luted handes and vnwashed feete,
and yet I haue not blushed for
shame, nor bewailed the follie of
my *intollerable presumption*. For
I consider, my most sweete Ie-
sus, that in this thy most glori-
ous Supper, before thou diddest
institute the most blessed Sacra-
ment,

ment as a memoriall vnto vs
thy bloodie Passion , thou the
true Christall-glasse of humili
tie, taking the shape of a Seruant
didst wash the feete of thy Disci
ples , saying moreouer vnto Pe
ter , *If I shall not wash thee , thou
shalt haue no part with mee.* Shall
not therefore bee my great pre
sumption, and shall I not incur
the daunger of a most grieuou
offence against thee , if I would
haue anie part with thee , when
I approach vnto thy holic Table
with vnwashed feete , and partici
pate thy blessed Sacrament with
defiled handes ?

I know therefore (my gracious
Lorde) who , and what a one I
ought to be, when I come to such
an excellent Sacrament.

I knowe my louing Lord, that
I should first wash my feete, haire
and hands, and purge all my cor
rupted

rupted affections, befoſe I ſhould
preſume to receiue thy pure and
holie Sacrament. I knowe my
good and gracious Ieſus, that it
is needfull for mee *euery night to*
wash my Bed, and water my Couch
with my teares: Yea, and to waſh
my feet with teares of a true com-
punction, and with ſtreames of
ſorrowe flowing from the inward
deuotion of a relenting and re-
penting heart.

But woe be vnto me (moſt vnhap-
pie wretch) becauſe that I a moſt
wile creature, doe not feare to ap-
proache vnto ſuch an excellent
Maieſtie, infected from the
croune of my head, to the ſole
of my foote, with ſoares and
loathſome diſeaſes, and being a
moſt wicked ſinner, whollie o-
uerſpread with corruption, and
ſtain'd with filthie pollution: do
not bluſh to come into thy pre-
ſence,

fence, but presume to intrude
 selfe into thy blessed societie,
 to sit downe at thy holie Table
 which art a diuine spirit, alwaies
 pure from the spots of sinne,
 staines of iniquitie. I come
 to thee my mecke and louing
 Iesus, puffed vp with pride, and
 lifted vp with rebellious thought
 and I presume to eate with
 hands, and *unwashed feete*.

Notwithstanding my most
 pitifull *IESVS*, I know that thy
 mercie is farre greater then my
 indignitie, & thy mercie farre
 exceeding my miserie. And there-
 fore confident in thy great benedi-
 ction, & relying whollie vpon thy
 immeasurable mercie, I am bound
 to receiue thee, and beeing in-
 fested with so manie dangerous
 deadlie diseases, I come vnto
 thee, beeing a *skilfull* and long
Phisition: that I may bee cured
 from

Med. 4. of the Lords Passion. 91

ude to my greuous maladies, by thy
tic, oueraine medicines. For by how
T much the more weake I am, & by
l w how much the greater the mala-
ne, ic is, which doth afflict mee, by
me so much the more I stand in need
ing of thy helpe, that the infinite-
and ellc of thy mercie, may appeare
ug he clearer in the cure of my grie-
imous maladic, and the beames of
thy glorie shine the brighter by
st my deliuerance.

nyo Therefore I will come confi-
a mentlic vnto thee (my most milde
re and mercifull Iesus) because thy
the mercies are infinite, that I may
benioy with thee, the euerlasting
on delights of the blessed.

a bo Giue me therefore thy heauen-
infle bread, oh my good Iesus, thou
s which art the *life of the world*, and
vgraunt (oh bountifull Lord) that
le I may be enabled by thy grace, to
cuate worthilie, that I may remaine
fro
in

in thee eternallie, and thou in me
euerlastingly : for I desire
one thing, it is the ioy of my heart
and the contentment of my long
ging affections, that, I may dwell
inseparably with thee for euer
and I will cleave vnto none other
but only vnto thee, (oh my sweet
IESVS, because with thee is the
fountaine of life, and in thy light
I shall see light.



MEDITATION

how the Lord Iesus fore-
tolde his Disciples that hee
should be betrayed by one of
them that same night.

MED. V.

Amongst the ^a twelve, as Iesus sat
meate, ^a Mat. 26. 20. 21.

At his ^b last Supper, thus to them
he saide. ^b Mark. 14. 14.

Who ^c dips his hand in dish, and
eateth meate. ^c Luke. 22. 22.

By ^d him the Sonne of man shall be
traide. ^d Ioh. 18. 5.

After our most louing and
most gracious Iesus had fed
his Disciples with his preci-
ous Bodie, and refreshed them
with his Blood, hee was troubled
in spirit, and saide to his Disciples:
Verily, verily, I say unto you, that
one

one of you shall betray mee, which
teth with me, that the Scripture
bee fulfilled : hee which eateth
bread, shall lift up his heele ag
me : Oh how hard is this saying
my blessed and bountifull Sa
our ! Oh how harsh and bit
meates hadst thou reserued
thy Disciples, at the end of
supper ? Thou didst feede the
with sweet milk in the beginni
and thou gauest them delicio
honie in the middle, when thou
didst wash their feete ; and res
shedst them with thy precious
bodie for their meate, & with
royall blood for their drinke.

But now in the end, thou ha
reserued Gall, and Wormewood
sowre sauce for their sweete me
when these sorrowfull words
passe out of thy blessed lips,
that dreadfull speech was vtter
by thy honie-flowing mouth.

Woe is me (my sweet and louing
Ius) I seeme to see the cheerfull
countenance of thy deare Disci-
ples suddenly chāged, their harts
ouerwhelmed with floods of sor-
row, their mindes perplexed with
cessiue griefe, the heate of their
fires quite extinguished, and all
their hopes whollie dashed, so
one as those fearfull words had
passed through their eares, and
pierced their heartes; who of so
sudden a beginning, little expected
sowre a conclusion.

Had they not much matter of
mourning, and was it not a world
of sorrowe vnto them, that thou
their Maister, Captaine, Go-
uerneur, Guardian, and Ruler,
shouldst be betraied to death? and
did much more augment the
matter of their woe, and increase
the heapes of their griefe, that
some of them should contriue this
hor-

horrible Treason, and be the
thour of this bloodie attempt
The first was a violent motive
moue them to exceeding sorrow
because they so dearily loued,
were so entierly beloued of the
louing Master : But the latter
so horrible to their eares, & so
rible to their harts, that it quite
mated all their former ioy, &
terlic amazed their perplexed
minds, maruelling in their trou-
bled cogitations, who among
such a little flocke of Sheep
should proue so woluish, as to
uoure so good a Shepheard :
miring that any one in their
society, should so farre degenerate
frō his faithfull fidelitie, as to
tray the life of so bounteous,
mild, & so merciful a Master.
heare oh my soule, what his faith-
full Disciples answered, whē they
heard those lamētable words pro-
nounced.

they looked one vpon another, their
 faces being pale with feare, and their
 hearts full fraughted with sorrow,
 and scarcely could their tongues
 utter any part of their inward
 griefe, the flood of their woes did
 grow fast, and rise to so high a tide
 in their hearts, and they said with
 trembling voice, what sorrow-
 full wordes are these which our
 Maister doth vtter? Who
 amongst vs shal proue such a cur-
 sefull wretch, as once to imagine, or
 to be a horrible Traytor, as once
 to complot such a detestable deed,
 or to do such a detestable fact?

Such a haynous intention said
 every one of them was farre from
 their thoughts, such a hellish mo-
 tion did neuer enter in my brest.
 For how should such a diuelish
 agitation enter into our minds,
 to find any harbour in our harts?
 For our Lord cannot be decei-

ued: wherefore euery one of them
turning to the Lord, said: *My
Rabbi* to whom blessed Iesus
swered, *One of the twelue, who
dippeth his hand with me in the
shall betray me.*

But peradventure many
them shewing their hand in
dish at that time, they were no
ble to discerne who it should be.

Wherefore Iudas said: *What
I Rabbi?* But louing Iesus, oth
wise not discovering him, an
red, *Thou hast said:* as though
should say, thou hast said and
I: for we may thinke truly, tha
my louing Iesus had plainly
couered that cursed man to
rest of his louing and belo
disciples, they (if we should co
pare their affections with o
mens passions) had not bene
to haue tonteined their hand
but with one accord would ha

thou failed that most wicked Tray-
 or, and haue ended his hatefull
 Maies, with a speedie death, who
 lured with the baies of the di-
 ell, went about to make sale of
 the blessed life of their deare and
 best beloued Maister. For how
 wouldst thou haue bene able, Oh
 bolde and couragious *Peter*, to
 haue cooled the heate of thy fu-
 rie, and to haue held thy hands
 from taking vengeance upon
 such a damnable Traytor, when
 thou didst not feare to make
 resistance against a great band of
 soldiers in the defence of thy
 beloued Maister? For as their
 loue toward Iesus, was
 without meane, so their hatred
 toward hateful Iudas would haue
 bene without moderation, if his
 treacherous plot had bene open-
 ly discovered vnto them. But I
 pray thee stay heere a while, (oh

my soule) and ponder within thy inward thoughts, with deuout meditation, the sacred words and diuine speeches, more sweet then hony, & the hony-combe, which my most sweete Iesus vttered to his faithfull disciples, as he went to the place of his vniust apprehension, which the Euangelist *Iohn* retaining in his memorie through the holy Ghost, hath faithfully recorded in his heauenly and most sacred Gospell. Meditate there seriously vpon the wonderfull loue which hee had towards his loyall disciples: hee was their Lord and Maister, yet he did not disdaine to eate meate, conforing with the meanest of them: he washed their feete, he gaue his bodie and blood vnto them: and after all these things, did not cease to teach them the way of truth, and to feede their
soules

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soules with the spirituall foode
of his celestiall doctrine.

Oh most mercifull and blessed
Iesus, thy words are spirit and life,
which thou doest speake to thy
disciples: And that knew thy ser-
uant *Peter*, when he said; *Thou hast*
the words of eternall life: For thy
words are pure and sweete to the
taste of them that loue thee, yea
more sweete then hony, and the
hony-combe. They also knewe
that those who were sent by the
chiefe rulers, to lay hands vpon
thee, were taken with such won-
derful admiration at the gracious
words which did proceed out of
thy blessed mouth, that they were
constrained to proclaime thy
worthy praises, telling them, *That*
neuer any man spake so grationfly: Oh
most eloquent Orator! streames
of sweetnesse doe flow from thy
lips, hony and milke are euer

plentifull vnder thy tongue : O
how powerfull , how eloquent
how wonderfull, were the words
which my Lord vttered to his
disciples in the end of his sweet
Oration ! He exhorteth them to
sowe the seedes of true loue in
their hearts, and to shew forth the
fruites thereof one to another.

After, he admonisheth them
that they should be constant in
their loue, & permanent in their
faith towards him their louing
Saviour.

For he that is destitute of the
former can neuer be possessed of
the latter. And after those things
he foretelleth them what great
dangers they should passe, what
tribulations, troubles, afflictions
and calamities, they should suffer
after his departure, that being
forewarned, they might be better
armed.

Lastly

Lastly, he powreth forth his prayer vnto his heauenly Father for them, that they might not shrinke backe like cowards in the day of their tryall, nor their faith faile them in the bitter stormes of affliction, but aboue all things oh my most sweete Iesus, I am not able to wonder enough at thy earnest exhortations, which thou diddest vse to kindle the sparkes of feruent loue towards thee in the hearts of thy faithfull disciples, thou doest specially aboue all things, charge and commaund thy disciples, that they loue thee, & couet after nothing but thee ! Oh how great is the excellencie of true loue ! Oh how feruent is the vehemencie of a deuout spirit ; Oh how forcible is the preheminance of a charitable affection ! Thou diddest commend, and leaue loue (my belo-

ued Iesus) as a most rare and precious Jewell to thy deare Disciples.

Therefore this is highly to be extolled of vs, and chiefly to be desired by vs, as our greatest riches, and onely treasure: Let him oh louing Iesus, be abiectioned out of thy gracious fauour, let him haue no taste of thy kindnesse that doth not honor thy name and possesse his heart with thy loue.

Truely, many riuers of water, haue not bene able to put out the fire, nor quench the flame of true loue: for *loue is as strong as death.*

Verily if I should giue all my substance were it neuer so great, would regard it as nothing, rather then I would want, or forgoe my true loue: for he that loueth thee faithfully my (most louing

Sauour

Sauour) will leaue all thinges willingly, take vp his Crosse chearefully, and follow thy steps constantly.

Therefore, who shall separate me from thy loue, Oh my most sweet Lord? What shall diuert the current of my affections from thee?

Shall *tribulation*, or *anguish*? Shall *persecution*, or *hunger*? But because I can doe nothing without thy grace (my gracious Iesus) nor performe any thing without thy power, set such a deepe stampe of thy loue in my heart, that the print of it may neuer be raced out, but abide in it for euer, yea so wound my heart with thy sweetest loue, that all my desires may be turned towards thee, and that I may finde no ease, but when I think vpon thee, that I may loue thee with all my heart, with all

my soule, with all my strength;
and that my whole will, desires,
and affections, may couet no-
thing but thee.

Let all my cogitations be one-
ly occupied in the meditation of
thy loue, Separate, and remooue
from me all other desires of the
flesh, oh my sweet Iesus, that my
whole heart may be solelie con-
ioyned to thee in the day, my
soule humbly attend vpon thee
in the night, and that my spirit
and body may chearefully seeke
after thee when I awake early in
the morning: for my soule thirsteth after thee, Oh God, which art
a living fountaine, oh when shall I
come before thy face? when shall I ap-
peare in thy presence?

And I doubt not oh most mer-
cifull Lord, but that I shall be lo-
ued of thy Father, if I shall loue
thee as thou hast taught thy disci-
ples;

ciples ; and that thou and thy Father will come to me, & make your dwelling place with me !

And what doe I craue more, what doe I couet so much, as that my Iesus may dwell and remaine in me ? Oh how happie were my state, how blessed were my condition, if I could truely say, *my beloved (as a bundle of Mirrhe vnto me) will remaine betweene my breasts.*

If I could imbrace my beloved Iesus, I would hold him fast betwixt mine armes, I would neuer let him depart any more from me, his presence should be my pleasure in the day, his societie should be my solace in the night: kindle my reynes, Oh most louing Iesus, with the burning sparkles of thy loue, inflame my hart with the fire of an ardent deuotion towards thee, so that I may
long

long after thee alone, my deare
beloued Christ Iesus, and euer
more search for thee, and neuer
cease to seeke thee, vntill I finde
thee, which by the vehemencie
of thy loue, and compassion of
thy mercy, wert willing to be cry-
ellie crucified for my grieuous
transgressions, and to *die a shame-
full death for my sinnes* : Ingrau-
the memorie of this thy great
loue, so deepe in the Table of my
heart, that it neither decay by
length of daies, nor be worne out
by the iniquitie of the time.



A MEDITATION

concerning Iesus his going vp into Mount. Oliuet, and of his praying thrice in the Garden.

MED. VI.

My^a soule is heauie, euen vnto death, ^a Mark. 14. 34.

Mans sinne doth^b blood and water from me draine: ^b Luk. 22. 44.

For sinne I feelee my fathers angrie^c wrath, ^c Mark. 14. 35.

For sin I drinke this cup^d of a deadly paine. ^d Luk. 22. 42.

IT was the custome of our louing Iesus, to ascend vp often vnto the Mount Oliuet, which was distant the space of a mile from Ierusalem,

Ierusalē, that he might pray. There also was a Towne named Gethsemani, where there was a Garden, scituated on the Mountaines, into the which, beloued Iesus was accustomed to enter, specially at night time, with his Disciples to pray.

Wherefore after he had ended his glorious and blessed Supper, and also his sweete and comfortable exhortations, made to his beloued and faithfull Disciples, hee resorted towards this place late in the night, accompanied with them.

Heere (oh my soule) beholde thy Iesus, looke vpon that innocent Lambe, which goeth of his owne accord to the slaughter.

Take a viewe of his Disciples which follow him, hauing their faces pale with feare, their mindes perplexed with doubts, and their hearts drowned with floods of sor-

sorrow.

Oh that thou mightst be so happy as to haue a little taste of the sweetnesse of his wordes, and to haue some rellish of his comfortable admonitions, which hee made by the way to his sorrowfull Disciples, to refresh their fainting spirites, and to establish their doubtfull minds.

What plentie of bitter teares, did the Apostles powre downe by their cheekes, when they saw and heard their Lord and Master speaking so gentlie vnto them? Hee propounded vnto them (as I suppose) all things which hee had done with them at his last Supper, and the wordes hee had spoken vnto them, and also after what manner hee should be deliuered to death that night.

Beholde, his Disciples amazed at his wofull wordes, and hearing

ring with attentiuē cares, the sweete admonitions of their careful Maister: They all gaue heedie attention to euerie word that came out of the mouth of their beloued Lorde, communicating so gentlie with them.

Oh woefull leparation! Oh lamentable departure! Nowe a most kinde and louing Maister shall be separated from his beloued Disciples, a wakefull Shepherd from his harmlesse sheepe, yea, a louing Father from his beloued children.

What maruell is it then if their mirth bee chaunged into mourning, their ioy into sadnesse, and their solace into sorrowe? They knewe well by experience, how ioyfull, how pleasant it was to remaine with their beloued Iesus, and to enioy his blessed societie: therefore they had good cause to be

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be amated with sadnesse, and to be wounded with sorrowe, for the losse of their louing Reddeemer.

Oh what pittifull wordes (as I suppose) what lamentable voyces did they vtter, saying: Wilt thou leaue vs (our most gracious Maister) like sillie Orphanes de- priued of comfort? Wilt thou leaue vs in a Sea of sorrow, without a Pilot?

Where shall we hope for consolation? where shall wee seeke for helpe in thy absence?

And as they could not refraine theselues from sorrow, so he their most louing Shepheard, was ready to giue them sweete comfort, chearing vp their drooping mindes, with assured hope of his powerfull helpe, and comforting their sorrowfull heartes, with his neuer-failing promise, of his euer-
lasting

lasting loue ; telling them, that although hee were *absent* from them in *Bodie*, yet hee would alwaies be *present* with them, by his *holy Spirit*.

I thinke our most mercifull Lorde could not containe his teares, hee had such tender compassion towards his sorrowfull Disciples: so kind was his affection towards them, so great was their reciprocall loue towards him.

Cleauethou also (oh my soule) to this most holie and heauenlic companie, and followe thy Lord, weeping and sighing, sorrowing, and lamenting for him which goeth to die for thy transgressions, and to be sacrificed for thy sinnes: say vnto him faithfullie, *Lorde I will followe thee wheresoeuer thou goest, I am readie to goe with thee into prison, and to death.*

Now alas, (oh my louing Iesus) thou

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thou doest arme thy beloued Disciples with spirituall weapons, and doest labour by comfortable exhortations, to expell cowardlie feare out of their hearts, and to settle a constant courage, in their doubtfull mindes, that they might not bee dismayed in the day of perill, nor falsifie their Faith, for dread of anie worldlie affliction :

But most wicked *Iudas*, was busied to furnish the Iewes with deadlie weapons, that they might wrongfullie apprehende thee, and cruellie condemne thee to a shamefull death.

What damnable deede hast thou done thou detestable Traytour? What infernall phrensie possessed thy minde? What hellish furie peruerterd thy vnderstanding?

Thou didst leaue a most gentle

the Maister, sitting at the Table with his Disciples, friendlie eating, and familiarlie talking with them (the *KING OF HEAVEN*, and soueraigne Lord of the whole earth) who was able to haue made thee partaker of his eternall Kingdome, where thou mightest haue liued in happines without measure, and ioy without ende: And thou didst followe the Diuell, who led thee to the *Jewes*, to bargain with them, to betray into their handes thy gracious Lorde and bountious Maister.

And as thou hast bene obedient to his will, so shalt thou bee partaker of his reward, who abideth in the prison of euerlasting darknesse, tormented in the fire, whose flame is neuer slaked, nor shall euer be extinguished.

But now (oh my soule) let vs
leave

leaued damned *Iudas*, a fearefull
spectacle for all horrible Tray-
tors, and let vs returne to inno-
cent *IESVS*, entring into the
Garden with his Disciples, where
hee exhorted them to watch care-
fullie, and to pray earnestlie, that
they might not fall into tempta-
tion, nor runne into daunger.

Heere my Sauour began to
taste of the bitter Cuppe of sor-
row, & to feele the pangs of hu-
mane affliction, his spirites wea-
ried with heauines, and his minde
tyred with sadnes, so that he cra-
ued comfort of his Disciples, say-
ing: *Can yee not watch with me one
houre?*

Stay here (oh my soule) straine
forth teares from thine eies, and
throng forth sighes frō thy hart:
drawe neere, and expresse thy
compassion towardes thine afflic-
ted Iesus.

Be-

Behold how his countenance is chaunged, and his face couered with paleneſſe, hee is ſcant able to vtter in words, the ſorrowe of his heauie heart. And what doeth hee ſay? *My ſoule is heauie, euen vnto death.*

Thy words (oh my moſt mercifull Ieſus) doe not a little amaze my minde, and affright my perplexed thoughts. For what doeth thou feare? why art thou touched with ſorrowe? why art thou preſſed with heauineſſe? From whence (oh my louing Lorde) doth ariſe the cauſe of thy ſadneſſe? doeſt thou feare anie imminent danger? Doeſt thou dread the puniſhment which thou art about to ſuffer?

But for what other thing (oh ſweete Lord) diddeſt thou come into the world? For what other ende (moſt bleſſed Sauour) diddeſt thou

thou assume flesh vnto thee, in
the wombe of the blessed Virgin,
but that by thy death thou shouldest
destroy our death, and saue
that which was lost?

What benefit had we reaped by
thy birth? how could we haue re-
ioyced for the happie day of thy
blessed Natiuitie, if our *condemned*
soules had not bene redeemed to
life by thy most precious death?
If thou (oh my louing *IESVS*)
hadst refused to die for mee, who
should haue satisfied for my
sinnes? what could haue cured
my loathsome Leprosie, but the
dropes of thy Blood? What
could restore mee to life, but thy
innocent death?

What did moue thee to die for
mee, but thy exceeding mercie?
Whereas (my louing Sauiour) thou
wert subiect to feare, and heauie
with the terror of death: there
ap-

appeared vnto vs the veritie of
thy Humanitie , not exempted
from the passions of our nature
yet alwaies free from the infecti-
on of sinne , and cleare from the
spottes of iniquitie.

Wherefore wee may the more
boldlie, bee most earnest sutor
vnto thee , to obtaine thy suc-
cour in the time of our necessity
and to call for thy sweete mercie
in our bitter miserie , because wee
are assured , that thou in thy hu-
manitie , hast had a sense of our
sufferings.

Beholde also now my soule
his faithfull and sorrowfull Dis-
ciples ! looke vppon them , and
viewe what store of teares doe fall
from their eyes: heare what pite-
full sighes & grievous grones doe
come frō their hearts, while they
see their louing Maister vexed in
his bodie, & afflicted in his soule

suffering the wrath of his father
for the guilt of our sinnes. After
my louing Iesus had tolde his
sadfull Disciples the heauineſſe
of his ſoule, preſſed with the pon-
derous weight of our sinnes, he
departed frō them about a ſtones
caſt, and kneeling on the earth,
prayed vnto his heauēly Father,
ſaying: *My Father, all things are*
poſſible to thee, if it be poſſible, re-
move this cup from me, yet not my
will, but thy will be done.

Learne, here (oh my ſoule) of
thine afflicted Sauour, where to
ſeeke a ſaluc for thy woundes, and
from whence thou maiſt hope
for helpe: When any fearefull
danger doth hang ouer thy head,
or any preſent anguiſh torment
thy heart, powre forth thy pray-
ers in his holie ſanctuarie; let
thy deuotion aſcend vp to him,
that his benediſtiō may deſcend

G

downe

downe vpon thee : learne alwaies to submit thy wish to his will, for if it be not his wil to deliuer thee, it will be his will alwaies to comfort thee, if thou continue thy prayers with perseuerance, and attend his appointed time with patience.

Consider how thy Sauiour prayed three times, vttering the same wordes when his panges in his agonie were so grieuous, and his paines so dolorous, that his sweate ran downe, like drops of blood : so heauie was the displeasure of his father against him for our sinnes, so great was the burden of our iniquities imposed vpon his shoulders.

But in the extremitie of his passions, and sorrow of his soule, his Heauenly Father sent downe an Angell from Heauen to comfort him, for the Lord will neuer

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leauē them forsaken in their sorrow, that cal vpon him faithfully: he hath commaunded vs to call vpon him in our trouble, and he will deliuer vs, & as he hath commaunded the one, so he wil neuer faile to performe the other.

Draw me (oh my louing Lord) to the garden where thou wert, that I may see thee praying, and suffer with thee in thy afflictions: call me and say, *Come into my garden my sister, my spouse*: make hast oh my soule to come to thy beloued, because thy *beloued is gone up into his Garden, to his bed of spices, that he may feede there, and gather Lillies.*

Let vs consider, oh my soule, and meditate attentiuely vpon al things which our Iesus hath don, let vs ruminatē his seuerall actions, which may afford vs consolation, & tend to our instruction.

G 2

For

For we may take many examples from our louing Maister, which should euermore be proposed before our eyes, that wee might all waies imitate them in the course of our life.

Thou seest how our most gentle Maister hath commanded his Disciples to linke their hearts together with the bandes of true loue, and to arme themselves with patience against the dayes of danger, went to the Mount *Oliuet* to pray. Wherefore being about to enter into a fearfull fight, to beginne a daungerous battaile, and to encounter manie deadlie foes, he animateth his courage, and armeth himselfe with prayers.

Learne thou also by this example, in the day of thy tribulation, and houre of thy affliction, to haue thy speedy recourse vnto prayer: Wee can finde no better

weapon wherewith to offend our
foes. We can vse no better shield
wherewith to defend our friends.

Thou seeſt alſo my ſoule, how
thy Sauour Ieſus preparing him-
ſelfe to prayer, did leaue the com-
pany of his diſciples, and he one-
ly ſelected three out of his num-
ber, ſo that they three which be-
fore had bene ſpectators in *mount*
Tabor of his glorious *transfiguration*,
might now be *companions* and
eye-wiſneſſes of his *griuous Paſſi-*
on: that in the mouth of *two or*
three, *euery word might be eſtabli-*
ſhed.

Learne thou alſo to leaue the
ſocietie of men, when thou doeſt
addreſſe thy ſelfe to talke with
God: Whē thy Sauour did pray,
he aſcended vp into a mountaine,
to teach vs, that although our bo-
dies doe remaine vpon earth, yet
our cogitations ſhould mount

and soare vp into Heauen by the wings of deuout prayer: He powered forth the compassion of his hart, he being a good Shepheard doth diligently watch ouer his flocke: the extreamitie of his owne passions doe not make him forgetfull of his bretheren.

Oh great loue! how constantly euen vnto the end did he tender and loue the *little flocke of his faithfull disciples*, being indeed their most kind & louing Pastor, when in the most grieuous fits of his heauie Agonie, and greatest panges of his passion, hee was carefull to procure their rest in that little time which was limited vnto them.

Teach me (my mercifull Iesu) not onely to be tender-hearted towards my poore Brethren, in the bright daies of my flourishing *prosperitie*, but breede all within

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within my bowels, such a feeling compassion towards them in the hard time of my *clowdie aduersitie*, that I may not onely wish mine owne ease, and labour for mine owne cause, but also that I may be mindfull of others afflicted, and doe for them what I may, which are in the like wofull case.

Attend also to the lowly demeanour and humble gesture of thy gentle Lord when he prayeth, who *kneeling meekely on his knees, and falling flat on the earth with his face, Luk. 22. 41. Mark 14. 35.* Doth plainly discover by the submissiue humiliation of his bodie, the sincere humilitie of his minde.

Oh great, worthie, and wonderfull humilitie! when as he being equall and coeternall with God, doth prostrate himselfe to

the earth, when he praieſh his father, as though he were a moſt baſe and wretched creature, and ſubmitteth the iſſue of his petition, to the pleaſure and will of his Father.

Oh how ſhould I learne to humble my ſoule, and proſtrate my bodie, which am indeed nothing elſe but a ſinke of ſinne, & an *unſauorie lump of iniquitie* ! When I addreſſe my ſelfe vnto holy prayer, and come to put vp my petition to a God of ſuch infinit glory, ſhould I not caſt downe my high lookes, ſhould I not curbe mine *aspiring thoughts*, ſhould I not lay aſide my *proud attire*, and put on the *mourning garment* of ſorrowfull and true repentance ?

Oh how ſhould I which am but duſt and aſhes, yea indeed nothing elſe but a very maſſe of gricuous miſeric, humble and caſt

cast downe my selfe, when I approach to speake to such a *glorious Maieslie*? I confesse, I must stand a loofe off with the poore Publican, terrified with the horror of my sins, which lie so heauie vpon my head, that I cannot lift vp mine eyes vnto heauen. Teach me (oh Lord) for none but thou can teach me, to learne this hard lesſſo of true humilitie. This is the Ladder, by which my prayers must ascend vp vnto thee, & thy graces descend downe vpon me: I cannot enter into the pallace of thy most ioyfull and *glorious Eternitie*, vnlesse I passe through the straight doore of selfe-debasing humilitie.

But now (oh my foule) turne thine eyes from thy Sauours humilitie, and take a suruey of his bitter panges in his grievous Agonie; whose heart was

inflamed with heat, and all the partes of him so vexed with paine, that *streames of sweate mixed with drops of blood, ran downe from his sacred bodie.* Luke. 22. 44. Oh would my head might be turned into a fountaine of teares, and my bowels melt with tender compassion in this my sorrowfull meditation, when I think vpon the dolorous panges, and dolefull paines which pressed drops of blood out of the innocent flesh of mine afflicted Iesus.

Oh how was thy body pained? how was thy minde perplexed? how were all thy sences tired in this great worke of our Redemption? How heauie is the weight of my sinnes, that dissolueth the blessed bodie of my Lord vnto such a wonderfull sweat? How is the *beantie of thy face*, which
the

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the *Angels* doe behold with ioy
and gladnes, changed with red-
nesse through excessiue heate?
how immoderately is it moist-
ned with shewres of watrish and
bloodie sweate? Thou diddest
but speake the word, & thy word
was a worke at the first creation.
Gen. 1. 3. But now I see thee swea-
ting, toyling, yea thy heart aking,
while thou art acting the worke
of our Redemption.

Oh wretched man, why am I
so carelesse of the health of my
soule, when it cost thee so deare
a price to redeeme it? What
shall I say? what shall I doe (my
good Iesu?) my heart is as hard
as yron, and my bowels no softer
thē brasfe, I haue no sense of ten-
der compassiō, nor any feeling of
sorrowfull cumpunction: mine
eyes are as drie as the Pumise
stone, I cannot shed one teare, to
weepe

weepe for my sinnes, which were the source of thy sorrow, and the cause of thy passion: Indeed, my hart should distil drops of blood, & mine eies should trickle downe teares when I meditate in my minde on the intollerable paines which thou didst suffer to satisfie the Iustice of thy Father for my grieuous sinnes, and to saue my guiltie soule. Oh how can I excuse, nay rather how should I but accuse my wretched and vile ingratitude?

Where shall I hide my head for shame? where shall I shrowd my selfe from thy presence? my conscience is a continuall witnesse against me, that I am an vncleane & polluted creature: I may not, I dare not approach vnto thee, vnles thou wash me in the sacred liquor of thy pretious blood, for then I dare & may appear before thee.

Wherefore,

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Wherefore, haue mercie vpon mee, shewe me some pittie, my compassionate Iesus: giue me a *Fountaine of teares, that I may weepe for my forgetfulness towards thee, all the day: and water my bed for mine ingratitude, with my weeping all the night*, and so deeply imprint in my mind the paines of thy Passion, that I may account all the time ill spent, and the day quite lost, wherein I doe not meditate on them: teach me to immitate thee, my mercifull Iesus, that with bended knees, and an humble heart, I may make my earnest prayer before thee, inspire my minde with thy holie spirit, and then teares of true Repentance shall flowe from mine eyes.

Send thy Angell (oh Lord) to bring mee consolation in the distressfull time of my tribulation, for thou hast ordained them to
assist

assist vs in our prayers, & to comfort vs in our sorrow.

And as thy Angell appeared to comfort thee, *Luk. 22. 43.* so also thou wilt neuer faile, to sende thine Angell to comfort vs, if we pray vnto thee with true humilitie of the minde, and sue vnto thee with heartie sorrow for our sinnes.

Instruct mee also after thine example, my blessed Sauour, not to dispaire of thy mercie, although it bee long before I receiue any comfort.

Thou didst pray three times before thou hadst any consolation in thine agonie, or any answer from thy heauenlie Father; and as the fiercenes of thy grieuous Passion was augmented, so the seruencie of thy most holie prayer was increased. *Mat: 26 44.* that by thy patience, our courage might be better

1.6. *Med. 6. of the Lords Passion.* 133

better be cheared, and our Christian magnanimitie more firmly resolved to tollerate Famine, Nakednes, persecution, or any affliction whatsoeuer, with constancie and meeknes: building our hope vpon a firme Rocke of a stedfast resolution, that wee shall either haue deliuerance out of trouble, or comfort in our tribulation, all in good time, day, houre, yea, minute and moment, which the Lord hath appointed.

It is thine owne worke, it is thy onely mercie, my mercifull Saviour, to corroborate our mindes, and confirme our heartes, with this constant and Christian resolution.

Wherefore I beseech thee for thy bountifull mercie, for thy mercie is my onely merite, to worke such a resolute constancie in mee, that in the bitter brunts
of

of affliction, I may depend vpon
thy wakefull prouidence , and
wholie submit my selfe vnto thy
diuine will , knowing that no-
thing can happen to thy Chil-
dren , but that which thou hast
determined to bee most expedi-
ent for them, whether they
liue at rest in prosperi-
tie, or be tryed like
golde, in the fire
of aduersitie.

A Me-

A MEDITATION

how *IESVS* arising from prayer, went to meete *Indas*, and of the multitude which came to apprehend him, and how *Peter* cut off one of their eares.

MED. VII.

The Prince of peace, the Lambe of God^a betraid: ^a Math. 26. 47.

Exposed to murderers, by a traytors^b kisse: ^b Mat. 26. 49.

Indas^c restores the price the Priests had paid: ^c Math. 27. 3.

Dispaireing^d hangs himselfe, traytors marke this. ^d Math. 27. 5.

After *IESVS* had receiued consolation by his prayer, hee went forth to meete false hearted *Indas*, who had solde him for

for a praie to the blood-thirstie *Jewes*, for he knewe that the time did approach, and that the houre drewe neere, wherein hee should *glorifie his heauenlie Father, and accomplish the wonderfull worke of our Redemption.*

Heere (oh my soule) the first matter of our meditation, is the monstrous ingratitude of a gracelesse Disciple towards his gracious and louing Maister: how odious is his deede vnto my thoughts? how doth his hellish madnes torment my minde?

Oh that my tongue might bee more bitter then gall to exclaime against the dissembling hypocrisie of such a deceitfull Disciple: and my speech more sweete then honnie, to proclaime the singular sinceritie of so louing a Maister, that our soules might abhorre the infidelitie of the one,
and

and our hearts for euermore, imbrace the faithfullnesse of the other.

Oh thou most wicked wretch, thou wretched, stubborn, and obstinate Traytor, thou *childe of the Diuell*, thou *sonne of perdition*, what furious malice hardned thy heart?

Howe wert thou brought to such raging madnesse? howe could the light of thy reason bee so darkened? how could'st thou bee so grosely seduced, that thou should'st betray thy most louing Maister, and my most gracious Lord?

Was there no sparke of gracesse in thy breast? had impudence so blinded thine eyes, and crueltie taken such sure possession in thy heart, that nothing could change thy bloody minde, and stay the rage of thy franticke moode,

moode, wherewith the Diuell ha
bewitched thy soule, and poy
ned thy affections?

Thou goest about in thy mor
strous madnesse, and vnbrid
led furie, to kill the immorta
Lord, who is Truth it selfe,
direct vs: and life it selfe, to qui
ken vs: and to bring him to the
slaughter, who onely is able, an
none but hee, to bring all me
to death, and to restore all me
to life.

Tell mee (I pray thee) thou
wicked and foolish madde-man
wert not thou also, as well as the
other Disciples, with the Lord
Iesus, when hee reuiued the ma
den which was dead: when hee
red the Sonne of the Ruler: when
hee raised Lazarus out of his graue
when hee cleansed the Lepers: hee
led the man sicke of the Palsie: de
liuered them which were possessed

with

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with Diuells : when hee made
him to see, which was borne blinde,
and restored manie others to their
sight.

Tell mee I pray thee, had hee
bene able to haue done these mi-
racles, if God had not beene with
him? What *Egyptian* darknesse
had blinded thine eyes, that thou
couldst not see his *Diuinitie*?
What *ignorance* had *blind-folded* thy
understanding, that thou couldst
not knowe him to be the Sonne
of God, by his admirable works?
Where wert thou, when at two
sundrie times, he fed a great mul-
titude of people, with a little
bread, and a fewe fishes?

But to let these mercifull and
miraculous workes passe, which
hee did for others, why did not
those gracious and charitable
deedes which hee performed to-
ward thee, so mooue thy minde,
that

that although thou hadst imagined, yet thou might'st not haue practised thy *horrible intended mischief* against him?

Remember thou most wretched creature, and vngratefull Disciple, how thy humble Maister washed thy feete. Ioh. 13. 5.

How should this wonderfull humilitie of so great a Maister haue humbled thy mind, being so base a Seruant? Remember how hee alwayes extended the tokens of his loue to thee, as hee did to the other Apostles, yet no kindnesse could restraine thy wicked will, nor change thy couetous minde.

Consider thou most vngratefull and cruell Traytor, how often my louing Iesus did mildly admonish thee, that thou should'st retire from thy wicked purpose, whose all-seeing eye was able to penetrate into y^e darkeſt corners

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of thy heart, and to search the secrets of thy inward bowels."

It might haue checked thy guiltie conscience, when he saide (after hee had washed his Disciples feete) *Yee are cleane, but not all:*

Ioh. 13. 11. And againe, I speake not of all of you, I knowe whome I haue chosen : Ioh. 13. 18.

But although these generall reprehensions were motiues of small moment, to mollifie thy stonie heart, yet hee spake vnto thee particularly, saying: *Doe that quickly, which thou art about to doe: Iohn. 13. 27.* Diddest thou not cleerely see, that hee knew thy inward thoughtes, and the secret plot of thy wicked counsell?

And who but God is able to knowe the secrets of the heart, and to discouer our hidden cogitations?

But was not thy heart as flintic

tic as an Adamant, that it did not
relent with sorrowe ? Was not
thy forehead as hard as brasle, that
thou didst not blush for shame
Were not thine eyes more durable
then a rock, that they could shed
no teares, when thy louing Ma-
ster, and my beloued Lorde, said
mildely vnto thee, *What Iudas*
doest thou betray the Sonne of man
with a kisse? Luk. 22. 48.

Oh great humilitie ! exceed-
ding meekenesse ! most admir-
able clemencie of my Sauour Je-
sus ! Yet neither the mildenes of
his wordes, nor wonderfulnes of
his workes, could soften thy ob-
durate heart, or reclaime thy ob-
stinate mind, oh thou pernicious
Traytor ! My Sauour called him
friend: Mat. 26. 10. whom he knew
to be a direfull foe, that the meek-
nes of the name, might haue a lit-
tle calmed the furie of his nature

but the diuell had sowed such
oughtie seede in the furrowes of
his couetous heart, that he be-
came a wicked guide, to deliuer
his louing Maister into the hands
of his bloodie enemies, who ha-
ving his *innocent life*, had longed
for opportunitie, to put him to a
ruell and shamefull death.

Tell me thou damned Iudas,
what brought thee into such a
hellish Phrensie, that thou didst
complot with the bloodie Iewes
to betray thy gracious Lord, with
broken of kindnesse? Had thirstie
couetousnesse so inflamed thy
minde, that thou didst run head-
long to sell thy soule for a little
peece of money?

If thou hadst come like a foe,
thy crime had not bene so hay-
nous, nor thy crueltie so odious:
If thou like a consuming hypo-
crite, didst cunningly maske thy
H deadly

deadly hate with the vizard
counterfeit loue.

M Thou didst salute my loue
Iesus, with no friendly, but a dea
ly kisse, that with this token
peace and kindnesse, thou mig
test cast a mist before the eyes
his faithfull disciples, that the
might think thou hadst nothing
to doe with those wicked persons
who came to apprehend the
Lord & Maister: thou thought
thou haddest plotted so cu
ningly, and contriued thy ma
ters so carefully, that all shoul
haue bene hidden in darknesse
and no man haue knowne
damnable practise, but onely
cursed crue of thy confederates
but the diuel who was the author
to allure thee to this mischief
did beguile thee with a deceitful
imagination, and so he will doe
others that follow thy crooked

steps, & walk in thy cursed waies:
Such ingling hypocriticall tricks
may often be whoded from the
dim sight of men, but they can
neuer be hidden from the all-see-
ing eye of almightie God: thou
camest with a word of peace in
thy mouth, when thou didst pre-
tend nothing but war in thy hart:
thy speech was as soft as butter,
but thy inward thoughtes were
more sharpe then a railor: thou
didst presume to offer a traytors
kisse, Math. 26. 49. to my blessed
Saviour, when thy lips were full
of poison, and thy throate an o-
pen sepulcher: thou camest like a
subtill Foxe to salute him with a
word of health, when thou wert a
wicked guide to a band of cruell Soul-
liers, who ment him nothing but
hurt, so strong was the desire of
filthy lucre, to hale thee to mis-
chiefe, so eager was thy greedie

appetite to bite at this pleasant baite, that thou couldest not see the killing hooke. For whē thou didst sell the pretious life of thy louing Maister, thou diddest giue thy *damned soule* to the *diuell*, to be tormented with him for euer, in the fire which flameth continually, & burneth so extreamely, that the paines of the least sparke of it are more then intollerable: wherefore my sweete Iesu, so mollifie my heart, and moderate my minde, which am thy most vnworthy seruant, that I may not giue such direfull & deadly kisses vnto thee, which art my most kinde and louing Maister. And graunt vnto mee by thy gracious clemencie, that I may offer vnto thee the sweete kisses of loyall obedience, and constant loue, that my soule may say vnto thee, *Kisse me with the kisses of thy mouth.*

Ca. 1. 1. *for thy loue is better then wine.* Run (oh my soule) and neither let the baites of terrene pleasure, nor the brunts of worldly sorrow, hinder thee in thy way, when thou goest to kilse thy sweet and louing Iesus. But first of all kilse his blessed feet, and *bathe them, as Mary did,* with the teares of true repentance, sighing and groaning with sence of thy sin, that the comfort of his mercie may be extended vnto thee, whē such welcome tokens of thy loue are bestowed vpo him. Prostrate thy selte oh my soule, on the earth, that thou maist cease to be wretched. Imbrace the secte of thy Iesu, pacifie them with thy teares, who spared not to powre forth blood out of his *feet, hands, heart, and side,* to clense thy pollution, and to wash away thy sinnes: so that after thy sorrowfull con-

trition, thou maiest heare him
pronounce vnto thee, the ioyfull
word of saluation, saying; *Thy
sinnes are forgiven thee*: And now
my soule, after wee haue fallen
downe before the Lord in true
humilitie, and haue powred out
before him the teares of an vn-
feined contrition: let vs arise
with a comfortable heart, to kisse
his blessed hands. And then doe
we kisse his gracious hands with
a reuerent and lowly heart, when
our mouthes are filled with his
worthy praises, for his bountifull
benefites freely bestowed vpon
vs, proclaiming his wonderfull
mercy, and disclaiming our vn-
worthy merit, whose hand ha-
th raised vs vp out of the mire, and
hath aduanced vs to euerlasting
honour. Lastly, after wee ha-
reuerently *kissed* his hands,
may more boldly approach

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kille his blessed mouth, to behold the glorie of our Creator, that the bright beames of his countenance may illuminate our obscure vnderstanding, and that his sweet *breath* may so *inspire* our soules, that all our cogitations may be consonable, and our actions conformable to his most holy will.

Shew vs the light of thy countenance, oh my louing Iesus, and then our hearts shalbe filled with gladnes, and we shall be satisfied with the abundance of thine euerlasting goodnes: for to see the beautie of thy face is our chiefest felicitie, and to be banished from thy face, is our endles miserie. *Therefore kisse the Sonne least he be angrie, for if his wrath be kindled (yea but a little) blessed are all they that trust in him.* Psalm. 2.

2. Thou hast heard, oh my soul,

H 4

how

how trayterous Iudas betrayed my innocent Iesus : consider the crueltie of the one, wonder at the mildnes of the other.

Oh that all treacherous persons and bloodie minded Traitors, might haue a view of desperate Iudas, strangling himselfe with a Halter, that the horror of his cursed death vpon earth, and the terror of his continuall paines in hell, might stay the rage of their furious mindes, and manacle their bloodie handes: For although desperate Iudas was so tormented with horror of a guiltie conscience, that hee could haue no peace in his fearefull thoughts, nor chuse but cry in his tormenting miserie, deprived of all hope of comfortable mercy, *I haue sinned in betraying the innocent blood.* Math. 27.4. and could finde no other medicine

meine to cure his desperate maladie, but the helpe of a halter, being his owne hang-man, to shorten his woefull daies vpon earth, that hee might make the more hast to abide euerlasting torments in hell: yet there are many whose hearts are so sore infected with his venemous humour, and their thoughts so poysoned with greedie desires of vnlawfull gaine, that they make no conscience to betray their Prince and countrie, to proue disobedient and cruell to their naturall Fathers, and faithlesse to their dearest friends: yea to sell Heauen, their soules, and themselves, for a base peece of money: but woefull is their inheritance which buy hell for their purchase. Yet let me not so bitterly inueigh against the monstrous fact of cursed Iudas,

that I forget the mildnesse of my mercifull Iesus, who did not rate and reuile him, calling him in name (as he was indeed) a damnable Traytor, saluting his maister with a kisse as a token of his loue : but (alasse) it was onely to betray him.

My patient Sauour Iesus called him by the name of a friend, Mat. 26.50. whom hee knewe to be a deadly foe, that the mildnesse of the name might haue bred remorse in his heart, but that the diuell had taken full possession in his minde and ruled powerfully ouer his thoughts.

But why did my *louing* Saviour vse such affable words to such a *detestable* Traytor? It was to teach me to repress mine affections from raging furie, when any of his wicked brood lie in

waite

waite to take away my life, and secretly seeke to contriue my death.

Teach mee my Iesu, to imitate thy patience, when my curtesie is rewarded with crueltie, when supposed friendes proue faithlesse, and when my kindnesse is recompenced with bad words, and rewarded with worse deedes. Thou hast willed vs to *blesse them that curse vs*, and to *pray for our persecutors*. Matt. 5. 44. But our flesh is wayward, and it cannot away with this doctrine, wherefore I beseech thee my gracious Lord, to lend me thy helping hand, it is thine owne worke to conforme my minde to thy blessed will, that I may bee made obsequious, and obedient to thy sacred law.

But now (my soule) turne aside thine eyes from hatefull Iudgements
dare

das, to looke vpon louing *Peter*, who began to be touched with the heate of true loue, when he saw his maister attached by the hands of his enemies, and did boldly obiect his owne life vnto danger, that he might deliuer his harmeleffe Maister out of perill, and that he might performe indeed that which a little before he had professed in word: *Mat. 26. 35* *John. 18. 10*. As his loue was much, so his courage was great in the defence of his dearly beloued Maister, hee regarded not the multitude that came against him, he respected not how well they were armed, his true heart dreaded no danger.

But so soone as hee saw his dread Maister Iudasly betrayed and cruellie apprehended by his malicious Foes, he drew out his sword and laide about him, and

cut off *Malchus* his eare.

Thy loue was strong, louing *Peter*, although thy strength was feeble, to resist so manie, so ill-minded, and so well armed: I cannot but commend thee for thy loue, although thy louing Maister doth not praise thee for thy deede; thou didst shewe a token of thy seruient loue and affection, although (alas) hee stood not in neede of thy weake protection: my louing Saviour came to fulfill the will of his Father, to suffer death; yea, to suffer a cruell and shamefull death on the Crosse, that wee might be restored to life, be freed, and deliuered from the curse.

It was the seruencie of thy loue, that had inflamed thy aged heart with courage, thou couldest not holde thy hands, when thou diddest see thy beloued Maister so violently

violently apprehended, so cur-
rishly handled, and haled to the
slaughter.

For whosocuer, (my louing Sa-
uiour) hath his heart knitte vnto
thee with bands of true loue, hee
dreadeth no danger for thy sake,
but will bee more willing to for-
goe his life, then to leaue his true
loue. But thou didst not desire
(my louing Iesus) nay, thou didst
not allowe that *Peter* should shew
his manhood, or attempt by anie
force, to rescue thee out of the
handes of thy cruell foes: thou
didst disclose vnto thy faithfull
Disciples, the daungerous dayes
that were to come, and tell them
of the bitter afflictions which
were to ensue, and that they should
be like sheepe scattered without a
Shepherd. But it was not that
they should arme their bodie
with weapons, but their heads
and

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and soules with patience. So indeed the loue of thy Apostle was full of zeale, but yet it was barren and voyd of knowledge, who had bene often fore-warned, that thou shouldst suffer a cruell and shamefull death, to fulfill the Scripture, and to doe the will of thy Father.

Wherefore (oh my most mercifull Iesus) so inflame my heart with thy loue, that I may freelic confesse it with my mouth, and so performe it with my heart, that I may not onely bee prepared to loose my libertie, but to forgoe my life, for the name of my Lord Iesus, who is blessed for euer.

A Me-

A MEDITATION

how the Lord Iesus taken
and bound, was led to *Annas*
his house, where hee was buf-
feted, and how all his Disci-
ples fled from him.

Ioh. 18. 13.

MED. VIII.

To ^a *Annas* first, is Christ in ^b fet-
ters led, ^a Ioh 18. 15. ^b Io. 18. 12. 20

From thence ^c to *Caiphas*, where he
beaten is: ^c Ioh. 18. 24.

And ^d scourg'd, and mockt, spitte on,
and almost dead: ^d Mat. 26. 67.

(Mar. 18. 2.

*All which hee endured, to bring vs
vnto blisse.*

SO soone as false hearted *Judas*
had saluted his faithfull Mai-
ster Iesus with a deadlie kisse, the
hard

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hard-hearted Souldiers laide violent handes vppon my kinde Sauour, and did cruellie binde him.

Oh vngentle cords ! oh cruell hands, and cursed hearts, that did binde my Lord Iesus !

Come hither therefore (oh my soule) and with inward sorrowe of heart, and with weeping eyes, lament with tender compassion for the currishnesse in wordes, and crueltie in deedes, vsed against thy mercifull Sauour, which patientlie suffered so manie bitter wordes and cruell blowes, for thee and thy sinnes : for it was now the houre of darknesse, and they beganne to acte with their mercilesse hands, that which was conceiued in their malicious mindes, reuiling him with blasphemons speeches, and afflicting his precious bodie with deadly

lie blowes.

And thus they neuer ceased all that night long, both with their venomous tongues, and villanous hands, to torment my meeke and patient Iesus.

Tell mee, (my sweete Saviour) what were the contumelious wordes, what were the outrageous deedes which thou diddest suffer of those dogged Souldiers, when they had layde their tormenting hands vpon thee?

For truly *the wicked rose against thee, and the Synagogue the mightie, they sought thy life and set not God before their eyes.*

They compassed thee about like Bees, and burnt with furie against thee, like fire among the Thornes.

Oh let some spectacle of their barbarous crueltie bee presented vnto mee, that mine eyes may

waxe

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waxe dimme with weeping, that my heart may bee wounded with sorrow, and all my senses afflicted with mourning: for my guiltie conscience doth tell mee, that my sinnes were as fewell, to kinde their rage, and mine iniquities, like wood to maintaine the fire of their furie.

Beholde, Oh my soule, with attentive deuotion of minde, and with store of teares, flowing from thine eyes, howe furiously they rush vppon thy louing Sauiour, and how cruellie with their bloodie hands, they torture and vex his blessed bodie.

One tuggeth him by his garment, another haleth him by the armes: one taketh holde of his necke, another pulleth him by the haire: and least he should get from them, they binde him, and drag him, like an vntamed Bull
to

to the shambles.

Oh most meeke Lambe ! oh most milde sheepe ! how curishlie, how cruellie art thou handled, like a wicked Theefe?

Yea, was euer anie common theefe, so inhumanely and shamefulie vsed, although his life was odious, and his deedes neuer so desperate?

Some hale him on this side, some thruste him on that side, some buffet him on the face, others thumpe him on the backe. After they haue reuiled and railed against him, with most opprobrious words, they passe from diuellish words to deadly blowes, so that they neuer cease by word nor deede, to grieue and vex mine innocent Iesus, but imployed all the faculties of their minde, and all the forces of their bodie, to doe him all hurt, who

ne-

neuer meant them anie harme.

I am not able to tell thee, my
sorrowfull soule, one halfe of the
odious wordes, nor one moytie
of the horrible deedes, which
those damned wretches vsed a-
gainst thy harmlesse and louing
Saviour: my tongue doth falter
for griefe, and my specche doth
faile mee for sorrowe, for all of
them bitterlie cursing him, and
cruellie beating him, voyd of all
mercie, and raging with hellish
furie, they hale him, (like a most
innocent Lambe) to the slaugh-
ter,

And amongst all that curssed
crewe, there was none so softe-
hearted, that either would pittie
the woefull case, or speake in the
cause of my gracious Lord.

Oh how should mine eyes haue
beene watered with teares, and my
heart haue beene wounded with
sor-

sorrow, to haue seene my mercifull Iesus, so vnmercifullie abused, so ignominiously, and hatefullie misused, whiles they hurry him in their madnesse, and hale him in their furie towards Hierusalem? *who went as an innocent Lambe, among a companie of deuouring Wolves, not once opening his mouth, to reprocue them for their barbarous crueltie, but did willingly sustaine the extremitie of their malice, with a patient minde, sometime haled by one, and sometime thrust forward by another, thinking the time long till they might bring him where they would haue him: so greedy was their desire to doe a badde deede, and they made such post-haste, to hasten the death of the Lord of life.*

Oh my most sweete Iesu, what hast thou done? What hast thou

deserued, that thou shouldest endure the sting of their malice, and abide the tempest of their madness?

Verilie my Lord, thou didst neuer offende them in thought, but thy exceeding loue did moue thee to suffer all things with patience, that thou mightst redeem mee a most wretched sinner, and all others, that with a contrite heart, and a broken spirit, sue vnto thee for grace, hauing an assured hope in thy blessed worde, and confidently belieuing in thy gracious promises.

I am that wofull man, which haue bin the occasion of thy torments, and the cause of thy grievous passion. *The wicked man hath sinned, and the righteous is punished. The guiltie hath trespassed, and the innocent is tormented. The ungodly hath offended, & the godly man is condemned.*

Oh

Oh my most louing Lorde,
haue eaten a sowre & ape, & thy teene
are set on edge. I haue committed
the trespasse, and thou hast suffe-
red the punishment.

Blush therefore (oh my soule) for
shame: smite thy hart for sorrow
let thine eyes bee dissolued into
teares, and sacrifice thy selfe vpon
the Altar of true repentance, be-
cause thou hast bene so forgetful-
lie vngrateful towards thy louing
Iesus, for his meruellous kindnes,
and so excesssiuely vnmindfull of
his excellent loue.

Oh my (good Iesu) what shall
I render vnto thee, for thy great
bountie? What shall I yeelde
vnto thee, for thy gracious mer-
cie?

I haue nothing, O Lorde,
thou knowest my pouertie; I ac-
knowledge my needie necessitie, I
haue confessed my most hainous
sinner

sinnes and grieuous offences, before thy face.

I haue not hidden mine vnrighteousnesse out of thy sight.

Wherefore (oh my most bountifull Lord) supply that by thy infinite liberalitie, which is wanting by reason of my vile ingratitude: And thou which art onely able, create a thankfull heart in me, thy poore vnworthy seruant, that it may euermore be delighted with the remembrance of thy goodnesse, and still be ioyfull with the sweet meditation of thy mercies.

But now, oh my soule, meditate a while, how suddaine feare had quailed the loue of the disciples of my distressed Sauour. For being terrified with his vnexpected and cruell apprehension, and dreading their owne danger, they fled away, *leaving their Lord*

I

and

and beloued Maister. Mark. 14. 50.

Then thou mightest truely say
(oh most sweete Iesu) *They which
saw me, fled from me, I am forgotten
as a dead man out of minde.*

And againe, *Thou hast put my
friends, my Neighbours and acquaint-
tance, farre from me.* Also that was
verified which the Prophet had
fore-told, *All my friends haue forsa-
ken me, and they that lay in waite
haue preuailed against me, He whom
I loved hath betrayed me.* For so
wert thou left alone my louing
Iesus, and they which were neare
vnto thee made halt to be gone,
and would tarrie no longer with
thee.

Consider further, Oh my soule,
the disciples of my Sauour, fly-
ing for feare, and lamenting with
sorrow, when they saw their most
beloued maister trayterously be-
trayed, ignominiously abused, and led
like

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like an innocent Lambe to the shambles.

Attend to their sighing and groning, to their weeping and moning, for loth they were, to leaue so louing, and so well beloved a Maister.

But why should feare of danger haue bin so violent, or dread of death so strong, as to pul them from so deare a friend?

They professed they would remaine constant, and that no affliction should abate their courage, but their words proued no deedes, and all was but vaine presumption: Selfe-loue of their owne securitie, made them forsake their distressed Maister in his captiuitie.

But tell me bold-hearted Peter, why didst thou like a coward forsake thy faithfull Maister? Didst thou professe so much, and

performe so little? Was thy manhood so soone quailed, whē thou was put to thy triall? I know thou didst shew some signe of courage, & thou beganst to play the man when thy Maister was first apprehended, but it was but done in a fit of thine anger, and thy heate was soone cooled : thy promise great, and thy performance little: When thou wert in mount Tabor, and saw but some beames, yea rather some sparkles of the eternall glory of thy blessed Maister, then thy senses were so ravished, and thy minde so amazed, that thou didst crie out, *Bonum est esse hic*. Math. 17.1. Marke. 9.2. Luk. 9. 28. It is good to be here, let vs build three Tabernacles : but now thou doest not say, *Bonum est esse hic* : It is good to tarric heere with my poore disgraced Maister.

Say

Say thou didst loue thy Master well, yet it appeareth thou diddest loue thy selfe better: Oh why diddest thou make such a vainecontentation of thy courage, and yet afterwards shew thy selfe such a coward?

But take heed, oh my soule, that thou doest not so vehemently inueigh against faint-hearted *Peter*, & the rest of his fearfull fellowes, that thou forget thy selfe, and passe by thine owne infirmitie.

We all loue Christ, when our cups may ouerflow with wine, and our bellies be filled with the finest weate, but the heat of our loue is quickly cooled, if but a small blast of stormie persecution, doe bluster gainst vs.

We all desire to dwell with him, as did rauished *Peter*, when his eyes were dazeled with the beames of his glorie, appearing

vnto him on mount Tabor.

But all of vs flie from him, or follow him a loofe off, when we see him going to Golgotha : We dare presume to say with forward *Peter, Lord, if all leaue thee, I will not forsake thee.* Mat. 26.33. Mark. 14.29. Ioh. 13.37. But alas when we come to the triall, we are ready to flie and leaue the field, at the first alarme.

We could all bee content to *eate pleasant hony, and to feede our selues with sweete milke :* but our mouthes are filled with *murmuring*, and our hearts with *grudging*: the time is long, and the iourney tedious, while we trauell in the wildernesse of this world, towards *Heauenly Canaan.* Exo. 17.2.

Alas, were the disciples of my Sauour, so fearefull at the first encounter, who had bene so often foretold

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setetold of that day, and had bin so well instructed by their loving maister, to arme themselves against the assaultes of affliction?

Then how can I poore worme boast of my strength, and vaunt of my manly courage? How should I holde out vnto the end, when such *stout Soldiers* begin to shrinke at the beginning of the battell?

I know mine owne imbecilitie, my *powerfull Lord*, I confesse mine infirmitie, I feele my heart quake, and I perceiue my courage to quaille, so soone as I see but a darke cloud of affliction, and stand in dread of euery storme of persecution.

Strengthen my heate, Oh Lord, with *Christian Fortitude*, that my minde may not bee dismayed with feare, nor my senses

I 4 drowned

drowned with the streames of *immoderate sorrow*, whensoever I must drinke of the bitter waters of affliction for the profession of thy name, or feele the pricking Thornes of persecution in my sides, for the confession of thy truth.

Teach mee to take vp my Crosse, and to follow thee, and that I may not bee ashamed of this noble badge of true Christianitie.

Instruct me to know that affliction is the lot of thy Children, and that thou wilt haue their faith tryed in the fierie furnace: and grant mee (oh Lord) such a plentifull measure of thy quickning grace, that although my fraile flesh beginne to tremble, and my weake heart to faint at the first assault of danger, and seek a corner to hide my head in

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in the time of trouble, yet that I may not flie so farre from thee, but that I may quickly returne to thee as *Peter* and *Iohn* did, who loued, and were so dearly beloved of thee, and as the rest of thy disciples did, after thy glorious resurrection, and in the sorrowfull time of calamitie, trouble and persecution, so mitigate the dolor of my passions, that I may endure all extremities with Christian patience, knowing that all the afflictions of this world are but momentarie, and that the ioyes prepared for the faithfull after this life, are innumerable, and shall endure eternally.

Now let vs leaue the sorrowfull disciples, and come to our louing Iesus, who being bound, was presented to *Annas* by the wicked Iewes, who examined him concerning his disciples, and concer-

ning his doctrine. Iohn. 18. 19.
And although the humilitie of
my Sauour was great, and his
modestie no lesse in returning a
gracious answer vnto him : yet
Malchus (whose care he had a lit-
tle before restored, which *Peter* cut
off) gaue him a blowe on the face,
saying, answerest thou the high
Priest in that manner? Iohn. 18.
22.

Here my soule, thou hast good
occasion to cate thy bread with
teares, and to mingle thy drinke
with *weeping*, when thou dost me-
ditate of this cruell blowe, giuen
by a most wicked vngratefull
wretch, to my *innocent Iesus*.

And here thou maist admire
at the incomporable mildnesse,
and wonder at the wonderfull
patience of my gentle Sauour,
who did modestly beare so great
an iniurie, that he gaue not him

an euil world, who had done him
such a *cruell deed*, but said to him
mildly: friend, if I haue spoken euil-
ly, beare witnes of euill: but if I haue
said well, why smitest thou me? Iohn.
18.23. Oh how great was thy hu-
militie alwaies my good Iesus?
how exceeding was thy patience
in all things euen vnto death?

But what shall I say, oh thou
barbarous & vngratefull wretch,
how shall I speake bitter enough
of thy monstrous crueltie, which
diddest smite him on the face
contrarie to all humanitie, who
of his owne accord did speedily
heale the hurt, and salue the
wound which his disciple had gi-
uen thee? Oh monster amongst
men, vnworthie of any pittie,
whose name shalbe odious to all
that are good, when they heare
of thy crueltie! Behold, oh my
sweet Iesus, what plentifull mat-
ter

ter is offered vnto me, to breed a
serious meditation in my minde,
& to engender a sincere *compassiō*
in my heart, when I remember
(oh that I could continually re-
member it) what *clemencie*, what
benignitie thou hast vsed towards
me, what *calamitie*, what *indignitie*
thou hast suffered for me: for
thou wert so *trecherously* betrayed,
so *wrongfully* apprehended, so *in-
iuriously* bound, so *currishly* ha-
led, so *cruelly* tormented, and so
unmercifully beaten for the sinnes
of my guiltie soule. Bnt I pray
thee, my mercifull and gracious
Iesus, that as thou didst yeeld thy
selfe a captiue to the Iewes, so
thou wilt graunt me thy grace to
subingate all my senses to doe
thy blessed will, and to keepe
them in true subiection, to o-
bey thy holy law, and that I may
captivate all my *understanding*,

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to performe the duties of thy
happie seruice , which shall Re-
deeme mee from *bondage* , and
bring mee an *Euerlasting free-*
dome, as thy faithfull Apo-
stle hath taught me.



A Me-

A MEDITATION

how the Lord Iesus was
ledde from the house of *An-
nas*, to the house of *Cayphas*,
and also of the derisions, ray-
ling speeches, & cruell scour-
ging done vnto him there by
the Iewes.

MED. IX.

To ^a *Cayphas house* (where *Scribes*
assembled are, ^a *Math. 26. 57.*
And ^b *Priests, and Elders*) *Iesus*
Christ is led : ^b *Marke. 14. 55.*
Where bee ^c *derided is, yet meckely*
bare ^c *Luk. 22. 63.*
Their scoffes, and ^d *thornie Crowne*
upon his head. ^d *Ioh. 19. 2.*

A Wake now, (oh my soule)
 sleepe no longer in the bed
 of wanton sensualitie, drie away
 drow-

drownesse from thine eyes, and carelesse slothfulnesse out of thy minde, and turne thy selfe wholly to thy most sweete *IESVS*, disdainefully despised, scornfully derided, cruelly tormented, and unmercifully scourged. Oh how should thy hart be fraughed with sadnes, and thy minde be filled with sorrowe, when thou shalt finde the Lorde thy God subiect to paines and afflictions, blowes, and reproches? For he was whipped all the night, and hee was chastized in the morning.

Therefore let thine eyes waxe dimme with weeping, let thy ioy be turned into mourning, and the voyce of *Melodie*, into woefull *Lamentation*, when thou doest meditate vpon the sorrowfull *miseries*, and *scornefull reproaches*, which thy innocent Sauour did suffer for thy sake.

Let

Let all vaine cogitations, and idle thoughtes bee chased out of my minde, by which it may bee fondly distracted, and vainely shiuered in this godlie meditation, so that it may bee whollie reflected towards thee, and thinke vpon nothing but thee, my most mercifull Iesu.

Let it thinke vpon the *continuelious reproches*, *odious raylings*, and *griuous blowes*, which thou didst suffer, being vnder the hands of the wicked Priests, as a harmelless sheepe, amongst rauinous wolues, or in the midst of deuouring Lyons.

And graunt mee, oh my sweete Lord, that while I ponder these things in my minde, teares of true repentance may fall from mine eyes, and sighes of vnfained sorrowe arise from my heart, to bewaile the horror of my sinnes, which

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which were as cruell tormentors to afflict thy bodie, and as sharpe-pointed needles, to enter into thy tender flesh.

Lastlic, let vs meditate deuoutlie (oh my soule) how my kinde Iesus was posted ouer vnto *Cayphas*, after hee had bene derided and buffeted in the house of *Annas*.

Beholde howe this innocent Lambe was haled to the shambles, by the hands of those bloodie butchers!

Beholde thy beloued Iesus, brought with his handes bound before *Cayphas* the high Priest, enuironed with a great multitude of Scribes and Pharises: all crie out against him, the base people raile vpon him, with vile and odious words: banning, and cursing him for his blessed deedes, they maliciously accuse him, & wrongfully

fully charge him, but their testimonies were found to bee false, and their witnesses vntrue.

Truely thou maiest say that which the Prophet spake of thee, *They deliuered mee into the hands of the vngodly, & they cast me forth among the wicked, and they haue not spared my life. The strong were gathered against me, and they stood like Giants against mee.*

But although their demeanour towards thee (my loving Sauour) was without all pietie, and their words and deedes without all pitie, yet thou didst not open thy mouth, to vtter anie word of re-proofe, but thou didst heare their spitefull taunts with patience, and answered their malicious calumniationes with silence: and therefore the high Priest beganne to bee displeased: and rising vp from his seate, asked thee in his
an-

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anger, why thou diddest not answer to those things which were objected against thee? Matth. 26. 62.

Attend (oh my soule) and consider the vnspeakable mildenesse of my sweet Iesus; how patientlie, how humblic hee holdeth his tongue, as one that were dumbe, and could not speake, and remaineth as one that were deafe, when they reuile him in their madness, and raile vpon him in their furie, sustaining with patience their false calumniationes, and forged objections.

And therefore his wonderfull patience, did make them more mad, and his silence did the more exasperate them in their furie, when they saw him so meekely to digest the venome of their virulent tongues, and so mildely to suffer the blowes of their violent fists,

fists, so that being transported with choller, beyond the limits of modesty, and carried with rage, beyond the boundes of reason, they belched out such impious and clamorous speeches against him, *Hast thou no tongue, thou most wicked wretche? Bebolde, art thou dumb, and canst not speake one word?* What is become of thy babling? Where are thy *long discourses*, and *plausible speeches*, which thou diddest make to the multitude in the Temple, and to the seditious people in the streetes?

Then thou wert full of words, and thy tongue did not cease to prattle, when multitudes did flock after thee through the Cities, and when the base people did swarme after thee, through the villages and desarts.

And art not thou hee which preaching to the rude multitude

in the Temple, and pleasing their giddie humour with thy long orations, was so impudent to inueigh against vs *Pharises, Doctors of lawe*, and Rulers of the people, calling vs hypocrites? checking vs rudely for our manners, and reproouing vs rashly for our doctrine, neither *respecting* the dignitie of our persons, nor *dreading* the force of our *authoritie*?

Now beholde, wee haue thee sure enough, thou canst not escape our handes, thou art bound for feare of starting, wee are no babes, to bee wonne with faire words? Now we haue thee, thou wretch, as thy wicked deeds haue deserued, such shall be thy recompence.

Wee are none of the rude and base multitude, thou canst not gull vs with thy *flattering speeches*, nor beguile vs with false *apparitions*.

Sup-

Suppose (oh my wofull soule) that thou doest heare the cruell Jewes, *bellowing* out such bitter taunts against my *harmlesse* and *innocent Iesus*, in the heate of their rage, adding more cruell deedes, to their cruell words, for all of them like madde-men rush vpon him in their violent furie: Some thumpe him with their handes, some spurne him with their fecte, some strike him on the necke, and as their handes were nimble to load him with blowes, so their tongues were not idle from *rayling* and *neuling* him, with *scornfull words*.

Oh how *wonderfully* is my Lord *derided*, how *unworthilie* is he *scorned*, ! Yea some (so barbarous was their mindes, and so brutish was their manners) doe spitte in his face: Who euer did see such grosse inhumanitie? who doeth

not abhorre such *beastly incivili-*
ty ? They all strive who should
doe him most hurt, and contend
one with another, to doe him
most mischief, seeking by *spite-*
full wordes, to vex his minde, and
by cruell blowes, to wound his
bodie.

Oh my loving *IESVS*, how
bitter are their speeches, direful-
ly breathed out against thee ?
How terrible are their practi-
ces, so bloodily inflicted vpon
thee ?

Why are not my vitall spirits
damp'd with woe ? why are not
mine eyes drowned in a flood
of teares ? and why is not my
soule over-whelmed with the
waves of sorrow, in this my sadde
meditation of thine afflictions,
and deuout contemplation, of
my humane miseries ?

Wherefore gush forth, oh yee
teares,

teares from the inward fountaine
of my heart , and ouerflowe
mine eyes with your plentifull
shewers.

But art thou made of flint,
Oh my harde heart , that thou
doest not breake into pieces ? Is
thy substance of marble , that
thou dost not cleaue asunder,
when I meditate vpon these cur-
sed inuectiue reproches, and wic-
ked deedes, done to my innocent
Iesus , by the stonie-hearted
Iewes.

Alas for me a most wretched
sinner, that my Lorde should suf-
fer such great and grieuous afflic-
tion for my sake , and yet , that
I should still remaine senselesse in
my sinnes, and haue no remorse
of conscience for my hainous of-
fences ?

Haue mercie vpon mee, most
mercifull Lorde , because I call

all these things to minde, & haue
them in my meditation: but for
want of true loue, I am deprived
of true deuotion, and my hard
heart is without all sense of sor-
rowfull contrition. Therefore
wound my heart, my louing Je-
sus, that I may bee grieved with
thee, and suffer for thee, that thou
maist vouchsafe to shew me mer-
cie, and that I may with more
boldnesse approach vnto thy Ma-
iestie. Thou wert humbled, and I
disdaine my brethren with pride:
Thou wert *pinched* with hunger,
& I surfeit with *aboundance*: Thou
wert afflicted with *torments*, and I
spend my daies in *wanton pleasure*.
Thou didst weepe, to thinke vp-
on the wofull *destruction* of Ieru-
salem, but I am not touched with
any tender affection of mercie,
when I see thousands oppressed
with miserie.

I can finde no place, my sweete Iesu, to hide my face from *confusion*, I can finde no remedie for my *deadly maladie*, but in the vertue of thy comfortable *mercie*.

Oh cure my disease with this excellent medicine, and saue all my woundes with this pretious Balme, that all mine affections may be so kindled with thy loue, that I may *reioyce to suffer*, and *suffer with reioycing*, for thy glorious name, who wert content to be *scorned and scourged*, to be accounted as an abiect amongst the vile and wicked, that I might be raised out of the pit of *endles miserie*, to be *exalted* for euer with thee, in the Pallace of *eternall glorie*.

A MEDITATION

how *Peter* denied his Maister three times in the house of *Cayphas*, and of his weeping for the same.

M E D. X.

*Trembling with feare, caused by a
silly a maid,* a Iohn. 18. 17.

*Once, twice, yea b thrice, Saint Peter
doth deny* b Luk. 22. 60. 61.

*His blessed Lord : c Remembring
what Christ said,* c Mar. 14. 72.

*Goes forth, repents, and d weepes most
bitterly.* d Mat. 26. 75.

NOW let vs cease a while to meditate on my Sauiour, and consider how *Peter* carried himselfe in the afflictions of his maister.

He was loath to leaue him, because he did loue him, and therefore although at the first he fled, yet he returned againe with the other Disciple, who by frendship brought him into the Pallace of the high Preist: & as *Peter* stood there by the fire, a maide looked vpon him, and saide to them that were by, This man also was with Iesus of *Nazareth*. But *Peter*, who not long before had made such great bragges of his loue, was now so daunted with feare, that he flatly denied his seruice, saying: *I know not the man*. And a little after, another said vnto him, *Art not thou also one of his Disciples?*

So that now *Peter* was not content simply to denie him, but he began earnestly to forswear him.

Now within a while after, another

ther came and said: *Verily thou art one of them.* And then Peter began to curse and sweare, saying: *I know not the man whom thou speakest of, and immediately the Cocke crew.* And the Lord who stoed not farre off in the hands of the wicked, looked backe vpon Peter, not refusing faint-hearted Peter to be his seruant, although hee had denied, and abiured him for his maister.

Then Peter remembreth the words which Iesus had spoken to him, and hee went out and wept bitterly. Mat. 26.

Now let vs seriously meditate on the frailtie of Peter, that seeing so stout a Souldier so soone daunted with feare, we may take heede, not to presume too much vpon our owne weakenesse, least we play the cowards, and start backe as he did, when we are put

to our tryall.

Consider (oh my soule) the feruencie of his loue, and greatnes of his feare, the willingnesse of his minde, and weakenesse of his might.

I dare not say but that *Peter* did loue his Lord, and was sorie for the distressed estate of his maister, although his heart fainted, & his stomacke failed in the time of danger: he thought he should haue bene able to haue performed in deedes, that which hee had so boldly boasted in wordes: but alas, hee did not knowe his owne imbecilitie, his eyes were blinded that he could not see his owne infirmitie, the spirit indeed was willing, but the flesh was weake.

Hee began to shew some courage when he drew his sword, and cut of *Malchus* his eare, but alas,

it was soone abated, and hee fled from his Maister, when he sawe him in the hands of his enemies, and surprised by his cruell foes. And albeit hee was so bold spirited then, that hee durst resist a multitude of men, yet hee was so timorous now, that being terrified with the voice of a maide, hee did renounce his gracious Lord, and flatly denie his louing Maister, so soone were his boasting wordes turned into cowardly deedes, and the professed constancie of his loue found most inconstant in the day of tryall.

So we may note, that *Peter* presumed, he was able to haue done great exploits while he was with Iesus, but wee see the vigor of his courage was soone diminished, and the heate of his loue cooled when he was separated from his Lord Iesus: so long as he did en-

ioy peaceable his blessed societie, so long he dreaded no danger, he liued in securitie. In time of peace, he thought of no warre: In time of calme weather, he feared no suddaine storme: But when he entered into the house of the high Priest, where he sawe his poore Maister spitefully derided, mocked, and cruelly scourged, then his courage was cooled, his haughtie words prooued no deeds, and he became a starke coward.

Learne thou also (oh my soule) by the example of *Peter*, to loue thy Lord Iesus, but so to loue him, that no affliction or calamitie may compell thee to leaue him. But say with the Apostle, *Who shall separate me from the loue of Christ? shall tribulatiō or anguish? shall persecution or hunger? I am ready not onely to bee bound, but also*

to die in Hierusalem for the name of the Lord Iesus. Learne likewise by the example of Peter, not fōdly to vaunt of thine owne courage, or to boast of thy strength: let the remembrance of his fall, be as a bridle, to restraine thee from running headlong into the like fault.

Say not in the prosperous time of thine *abundance* (when all thinges succeed happily according to thy wish, and nothing faileth out contrarie to thy desire) *I shall neuer bee mooned*, least afterward thou be constrained to change thy note, weeping with bitter teares for thy follie, and lamenting for thy *presumption*, with sorrowfull sighes: saying, *Thou didst turne away thy face from me, and I was troubled.*

Teach me oh Lord to know mine owne weakenes: open the

eyes of my vnderstanding, that I may see the *frailtie* of my *flesh*, and *sicklenesse* of my minde, when any cloud of persecutiō, doth appeare ouer my head, or any dread of future affliction trouble my heart.

I often presume with *Peter*, that I could goe to prison with thee, abide any torment for thy sake, yea lose my life for thy loue, my louing Sauour: but (alas) I see by the frailtie of thy beloved disciple, that I should proue but a dastard, when I come to fight thy battell, and begin to seeke some *couerture*, to hide my head from danger.

For how can I boast of my *valour*, or brag of my manhood, when as one of thy stoutest Soldiers, who had bene so long trained vp vnder thee, and had receiued so many encouragements by thee, began to faint, at the word of

so weake anemie, that he did
denie the seruice of so good a
maister, onely for feare, before he
felt the bitternesse of affliction:
What is man that hee may boast
of his strength, or be proud of his
vertue, when the best is so vnable
to performe a good action, that
he is altogether vnable to conceiue
a good motion?

Lighten thou (oh my grati-
ous Lord) my darke and obscure
vnderstanding, that I may not
fondly runne into the snares of
temptation, through a vaine con-
fidence of my owne power, or
through a fond presumption of
my owne strength, seeing I am so
weake that I cannot conceiue any
good thought in my heart, nor
doe any good deede with my
hands, vnlesse thy diuine grace
doe gouerne mine affections, and
direct the course of my actions.

But

But oh my most mercifull Saviour, although the allurements of the flattering world should so intice me, the pleasures of the wanton flesh so overcome me, & the feare of persecution so terrifie me, that I should be ashamed of thy liuerie, and denie so gracious a Lord : yet vouchsafe oh my sweete Iesu, to turne thy fauourable eies towards me, that my faith may not vtterly faile, though it begin to quaille, & that thou wilt neuer leave me when I begin to shrink from thee. Oh let me not presume of thy loue, nor dispaire of thy mercy.

Let remembrance of thy words wound my hart, & awake my sleepe conscience, that my soule may be cast downe with true sorrow, and that I may weepe, yea weepe bitterly with sorrowfull *Peter*. Luk. 22. 62. for my sins, that I may
be

be made partaker of the benefit of thy comfortable mercie, and obtaine remission of my gricuous transgressions, by true Repentance as hee did.

Thou hast left this example of the fall of thy louing Disciple, recorded in thy holie word, not to animate vs to commit the sinne of presumption, but to comfort vs that we runne not into the pit of wofull desperation, when wee are overtaken with the like fault, and haue committed the like follie: therfore teach me (oh Lord) so to presume of thy mercie, that I may alwaies stand in awe of thy Iustice.

I am not assured that thou wilt turne thine eyes towards mee, as thou didst towards him, so that my hart may be smitten with sorrow, and mine eyes stream forth bitter teares of true Repentance, and that thou wilt receiue mee in-
to

to thy blessed service againe, as thou didst him, after I haue denied thee to be my Lord & maister.

It was thy free mercie to afford vnto him such an vnspeakeable grace of thy extraordinarie loue: he could pleade no worthines of words, nor merit of workes to deserue thy fauour.

But (oh most gracious Lord) if my guiltie conscience doe at anie time tell mee that I haue or doe commit the same offence, yet vouchsafe, that I may resort to the euerlasting fountaine of thy plentifull mercie, that there my thirstie soule may bee refreshed with the sweet waters of comfort, so that it may neither be drowned in the Sea of excessiue sorrow, nor wounded with the dartes of curelesse dispaire.

Nowe consider thou, (oh my soule) the place where *Peter* was,
and

and the conditions of the people who were with him, whē he made such a fearfull defection, from his gracious Lorde, and failed in his loue, towards his kind and louing Maister: He was in the Palace of the high Priest, *who sate in counsell* with the *Scribes and Pharises*, against the Lord & his annointed, amongst a wicked crewe of these cruell ministers, whose mindes were incensed with furie, & hands armed with crueltie, to torment my innocent Sauour.

Marke how soone he was infected, by their wicked manners, how soon his soule was corrupted with their naughtie conditions: for now hee beganne to protest with swearing, and to affirme with cursing, that he knew not his louing Maister, to whome not long before, he had made a solemne vow, not onely to forgoe his libertie, for

for his cause, but also to loose his life for his sake. *Luk. 22. 33.*

Oh fearfull downfall, of so great an Apostle ! for if his louing master, & mercifull Sauiour, had not bene more constant towards him in his loue, and tenderly compassionate towards him by his mercie, he had neuer recouered himselfe, but had perished for euer.

No man can touch pitche, but hee shall be defiled : no man can tread upon thornes with bare fecte, but he shall be pricked, nor any man hold his hands amongst fiery coales, but they will be burned : Euen so, no man can remain amongst leaud persons, and conuerse in the companie of the wicked, but his minde shall be stained with the spottes of impietic, his conscience wounded with the thornes of sinne, and his soule made lothsome with the botches, and blaines of iniquitie.

BUT

But so soone as my beloued Iesus had turned his eyes towards Peter, and with his lookes had awakened his *drowfie memorie*, then perplexed Peter remembered the words of his Maister, so that his heart being surcharged with sorrow, and his eyes flowing with teares, hee left that wicked companie, and went out and wept: yea he wept bitterly. *Luk. 22. 62.*

Teach mee oh Lord, to leaue the dangerous societie of the wicked: neither

let me desire, or delight to dwell in the Tents of the vngodly: Let mee also learne, by the example of thy sorrowfull Disciple, to go into some secret place, & withdrawe my selfe from the people, when I call my selfe to reckoning for my transgressions, (but alas, I am negligent in casting vp this account) & begin to sorrow for my sinnes, and to shed teares for my grie-

uous

uous offences , that all impediments may be remoued frō mine eyes, and as much as is possible, all vaine and wicked cogitations out of my heart, when I come before thy presence (oh Lord) to prostrate my selfe before thee, in submissiue humilitie , desiring thee to passe ouer mine offences, and to forgiue mee my sinnes , through thy infinite mercie.

Then (oh my good Lord) so deeply wound my conscience with horror of my detestable sinnes , that I may offer vp a broken and contrite heart vnto thee , because thou art alwayes well pleased with such a Sacrifice , and it sendeth vp a sweet saueur into thy nose-thrils.

Now consider (oh my soule) that as the trespasse of *Peters* deniall was great, so his sorrow was grievous : as the remembrance of his fall

fall was *sowre*, so the streames of his teares were bitter : yet they were not so bitter vnto him for feare of punishment, as they were bitter, because hee had denied so sweet and so louing a Maister : the remembrance of his horrible ingratitude was more bitter vnto him then gall, and more vnpleasant then worm-wood : his teares were bitter vnto him, in respect of his presumption, who promised so much, and performed so little : and they were bitter vnto him, when hee thought vpon the sweete loue of his Maister, and the great benefites hee had receiued of him.

And yet their bitternesse was mixed with sweetnesse, because they were signes of his hartie sorrow, and tokens of his true repentance, *for where true repentance goeth before, remission of sinnes alwaies*

waies followeth after. Ezc. 33. 19.

Thou seest also, that the looks of the Lord, did drawe out teares from *Peters* eyes ; Neither is it anie wonder, for the eyes of the Lord were as a flame of fire, and the eyes of *Peter* as yce, which beganne to melt into teares, by the influence of their heat, as true tokens of his sorrowfull, relenting, and penitent heart.

Oh happie are thine eyes, my blessed Sauiour, which doe so warme the coldnesse of our harts, that tley may bee able to haue some sence of thy loue, and doe so illuminate our dimme vnderstanding, that we may see our errors, and seeing, may sighe and weepe for our transgressions. Oh how soone doe they dissolue the yce, and melt the frost of our harde harts, and turne it into the waters of bitter lamentation, and sorrowfull

full deuotion !

Oh my most bountifull Iesu !
oh my most mercifull Lord, haue
mercic vpon mee, pittie my woe-
full case, shut not the dore of thy
compassion against mee; oh let
metaste of the sweetnesse of thy
wonted clemencie, which haue
so often, so stubbornly renoun-
ced thee, through the peeuishnes
of my will, so often denyed thee
by my wicked words, and most
often forsworne thee by my wret-
ched deeds.

Haue mercic vpon me, oh my
most sweet Iesus, let the beames
of thine eyes make their reflec-
tion towards mee, that mine eyes
may melt into teares, as the *rocke*
did gush forth water, when *Moses*
smote it with his rod: Exo 17. 5. that
I may weep for my sinnes, and be-
waile my transgressions, which
haue so often refused thy seruice,
be-

because I was loth to leaue the vanities of the wicked world, or to forsake the pleasures of the wanton flesh.

Heale mee (oh Lord) for I am full of soares, and my boanes doe rotte away with corruption. Stay mee vp (oh Lord) when my feete begin to slide, and lifte me vp when I am downe: vnlesse thou support mee I cannot but slide, and vnlesse thou doe lifte me vp, I cannot rise againe when I doe fall: I can doe nothing without thee, thou only doest heale those that are bruised, and thou alone dost raise them vp that are fallen.

Therefore looke towards mee, and haue mercie vpon mee, for I am desolate and poore.

Neither turne away thy face from me, but let thine eyes be fixed vpon me. If thou wilt vouchsafe (oh my most kind and louing Lord)

Lord) to shew me this mercie, and to regard the wofull state of me a most wretched creature, then oh Lord, I shall call my transgressions to remembrance, & mourne for my grieuous offences that I haue committed against thee.

Raise mee vp (oh Lord) out of my dead sleepe of carelesse securitie, as thou didst *Lazarus* out of his graue: Ioh. 11. 43. 44. open the eyes of my vnderstanding, that I may see to tread in the paths of thy commaundements.

Bee thou as a strong Pillar, to support and stay me in my weaknes, for I am so feeble that I cannot stand without thy helpe, and euery moment I shall bee ouerwhelmed, vnles thy strong hand do support mee.

Let thy eyes (oh my louing *RESVS*) be euermore turned towards mee, that I may euery day
re-

returne vnto thee , by true and hartie repentance, sorrowing for my sinnes that are past, and endeavouring by thy grace to take better heede to my wayes in time to come, so that I may do that which is agreeable to thy sacred law, and acceptable to thy holy will.

Oh my *GOD* , let thy seruant *Peter* his falling, put me in continual minde to take heede to mine owne standing , and his Repentance, arme mee with strong confidence in thy mercie, against desperation. Amen.



A MEDITATION, how Iesus was sent vnto *Pilate*.

MED. XI.

Like an offender Iesus Christ is
^a bound, ^a Math. 27. 2.

And ^b sent to Pilate. Pilate doth
confesse ^b Mark. 15. 1.

That Christ is ^c guiltles: Nothing
could be found ^c Math. 27. 24.

To proue that Christ their ^d law,
did erre transgresse. ^d Luk. 23. 14.

NOW let vs returne from wee-
ping *Peter*, to meditate vpon
my louing Iesus, who remai-
ned all night in the house of Cay-
phas, where he was scorned with
probrious wordes, and buffeted
and beaten with cruell blowes, no
L man

man spake in his cause, no man pleaded his case, hee sustained their iniuries with meeknesse, he did beare their intollerable reproches with mildnesse.

Now in the morning, my innocent Iesus was brought before the high Priest and others, who sat in counsell, to examine him as a pernicious traitor, not worthie to live, but worthie of a most cruell death.

And after they had reuiled him with proud words, and baled him to and fro with cruell hands, they cried out in their madnesse, and roared out in their furie, he is worthie of death, let him be led bound vnto Pilate, that he may pronounce iudgement against him, to die a most shamefull and cruell death.

Oh how was my sweet Sauiour molested for my sake! how was his soule afflicted for my sinne. I was the cause that thou wert

conuented before the counsell of
the high Priest, and my sinnes
did send thee to *Pilate*.

Oh let me weepe in the mor-
ning when I awake out of sleepe,
and make my bed to swimme
with teares, when I lie downe to
rest, because I haue bene deligh-
ted with that, as my chiefest feli-
citie, which caused thee to abide
the bitternes of all their crueltie,
and will bee the cause of mine
owne endlesse miserie, vnlesse
my wounds be healed, and my
soares salued with the pretious
balme of thy sauing mercy.

Teach me oh Lord, to suffer
any affliction for thy sake, with
alacritie, & to sustaine the malice
of persecutiō with cheerful humi-
litie, which shalbe by sathā raised
against me, or by his instruments
inflicted vpon me for thy cause.

Let the patterne of thy perfect

L 2

hu.

humilitie, be alwaies placed before mine eyes, let the memorie of thy patience, neuer depart out of my minde. Oh ye wicked **Iewes**! Oh ye false accusors! oh ye lying caluminators! oh ye periured wretches! How maliciously, how vniustly, how spitefully, how impudently doe ye accuse my Lord? yee raile vpon him as if he were a most damnable traytor, ye reuile and curse him, as if he had plotted some horrible treason, or inuented some notable mischief, when as his hands were neuer stained with any euill action, nor his heart tainted with any wicked cogitatio, his words were nothing but veritie & truth, and there was no guile to be found in his mouth: who alone is good, the author of goodnes, and the fountaine of euerlasting happines. Tell mee ye deceitfull and
spitefull

spitefull accusors? what euill hath he done? what wicked deed hath he committed? Enquire of them whom he deliuered from the vn-cleane spirits wherwith they were miserably tormented? aske the blind whom he had made to see? demaund of the deafe whom he made to heare? aske the Leapers whom he clenfed, and the dead persons whom he reuiued? let them answere your false accusa-tions, and ouerthrow the forged testimonies of your criminall ob-jections? are ye so wilfull that ye will not acknowledge his mercy? are ye so blind that ye cannot see his miracles? If an vngodly man can performe such mercifull deedes, then you may iustly ac-cuse him as a wicked doer, and condemne him as a dangerous malefactor. Thou seest my soule, what cause thou hast to water thy

cheekes with continuall teares, and to ouerwhelme thy heart in deepe streames of wofull sorrow, when thou dost thinke vpon the afflictions of thy blessed Sauour, and meditate on the cursed torments executed by the cruell Iewes against thy innocent Iesus.

Was there euer any Traitor so execrable to men for his bloody deeds? or any vile wretch so odious for his vitious life, which sustained so many opprobrious words, scornfull derisions, bitter taunts, and grieuous torments, as the furious Iewes inflicted vpon my mercifull Iesus?

Oh my blessed Sauour and louing Redeemer, what did moue thee to sustaine such a heauie burthen of afflictions? what was the cause that thou didst submit thy selfe to so many miseries?

know

know my most gracious Lord, it did flow from the fountaine of thy vnmeasurable loue, in tending the wofull estate of me a most wretched sinner: & because thou wert mooued with the bowels of compassion towards me, a most forlorne and miserable creature.

Thy exceeding loue was the cause of thy admirable humilitie: and thy vnspeakable mercy, the soueraigne medicine to cure my miserie. Therefore grant me my humble and lowly Iesus, which am thy poore and most vnworthy seruant, that I may suffer any contempt with humilitie for thy cause, & endure any vile reproach with alacritie for thy sake, esteeming it my chiefeft honour to be scorned for thy loue, and accounting my selfe most happie, when I suffer any persecution for

thy holy name.

Possesse my heart with true humilitie, that my thoughts may not thirst after vaine glorie, nor mine affections hunt after worldly honour. For I know (oh Lord) that thou dost resist the proud, and that thou giuest grace to the humble: *James. 4.6. Pro. 15. 25.* and I knowe (oh Lord) that hee which desireth to ascend to the place of euerlasting glorie, must ascend vnto it by the steps of humilitie; Therefore thou (which art onely able) teach mee that I may be truly humbled, so that my minde may not swell with pride in time of my prosperitie, nor any ambitious thoughts find any harbour in my heart in the time of my peaceable tranquillitie, that I may sing with the sweet singer *David*, *It is good for me that thou hast humbled me.* And that I
may

Med. II. of the Lords passion. 22,

may more easily learne to leuell
my thoughts by the rule of hu-
militie, inflame my hart with thy
loue, for if my heart be incensed
and kindled with thy loue, my
desires will be readie to performe
thy will, and I shall be chearefull
to walke in thy waies, which doest
teach me to be lowly in minde,
and humble in heart.

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A MEDITATION

how *Pilate* caused *Iesus* to
be scourged, & how afterward
hee pronounced sentence of
death against him.

MED. XII.

Though *Pilates* mouth did *Iesus*
a iustifie, a Luk. 21.4.14.

And *Pilates* b wife the like did
testifie, b Mat. 27.19.

Yet c scourged he is: therewith not
pleased, they crie: c Mat. 15.15.

His blood on d vs and ours. Him
crucifie. d Mat. 27.25.

When *Pilate* had strictly
examined my innocent
Iesus, and could finde no
cause why the cruell *Iewes* should
so gricuously accuse him, but
knewe

knewe that they had deliuered him for enuie, and did spite him for malice: he was willing to haue set Iesus at libertie, but the furious Iewes did so greedily thirst after his innocent blood, and so eagerly desired to haue him put to a shamefull death, that they cried out in a rage, and exclaimed in their furie: Set *Barrabas* at libertie, and crucifie Iesus.

But when *Pilate* perceiued that nothing could calme the storme of their rage, and repress the violence of their madnetle, but effusion of his innocent blood, then he commaundēd that my harmelless Iesus should bee cruelly scourged, thinking that the streams of blood running downe from his sacred body would haue allaide the heate of their malice, and quenched the flame of their furie. But alas, it was his life that they

they onely sought : nothing but his innocent death could satisfie their bloodie mindes : yea, nothing but cruel death could tame their brutish rage. Mat. 26.

But stay here my soule, that thou maist reuiew againe thy innocent Iesus, accused vniustly, reuiled maliciously, spitefully scorned, and cruelly scourged by the commaundement of *Pilate*: they crowned his head scornefully with pricking Thornes, and did teare his tender flesh with their cruell whips. Oh my most louing Lord ! oh my most mercifull Iesus ! mollifie my hard heart that it may be wholly dissolued into streames of sorrow, with the memorie of thy bitter scourging, and that my soule may be wounded so, that it may send forth deepe groanes at the meditation of thine afflictions. Graunt me
oh

oh my most mercifull Lord, that my thoughts and affections may be so seriously affected with the remembrance of thy tedious Passion, that my senses may be made partakers of thy grievous paines : for I my selfe, most loving Lord, am nothing able to performe that indeed, which I doe desire, and conceiue in my minde.

I do often times purpose with my selfe to meditate on thy Passion, and to thinke seriously vpon thine affliction, and to ruminate in my secret thoughts, what *ignominious crueltie* was acted against thee, when thou didst finish the worke of my redemption : But (alas) my senses are replenished with such stupiditie and dulnesse, that I am not touched with any sensible compassion, because my vnderstanding is distempered
with

with vaine and fond cogitations, and my heart is become so hard that it is vnapt to conceiue any tender affection, while I meditate vpon the gricuous paines, and muse on the great afflictions which thou didst sustaine, and patiently endure to satisfie the wrath of thy Father, due vnto me for my sinnes. I cannot taste the sweetnes, I cānot relish the goodnes of thy passion, because the matter is tedious to my corrupted thoughts, and vnpleasant to my carnall desires. For so vnconstant and instable is my heart, so mutable and variable are the motions of my minde, that they are both soone distracted, alienated and diuorced from that heauenly meditation by swarmes of idle fantasies, and foolish cogitations. But from whence oh Lord, doe these noisome weeds grow vp in
my

my heart? how is it that they find
such a fertile soile in my minde?
truely, because my heart is not
planted with thy loue, nor my
minde furnished with thy graces.
For I can neuer haue my fill of
those things wherein I take too
much delight: my minde can-
not be drawne from their socie-
tie, because they haue wonne my
fauour, and haue gotten my loue:
Wherefore oh my most merci-
full Iesus, because I loue thee so
little, & dote vpon worldly vani-
ties so much, my heart slideth a-
way from thee, and mine affecti-
ons are diuerted from thee: and
I know oh Lord, how prone and
readie I am to consent to euery
wicked motion, and how impo-
tent and feeble I am, to goe about
any good action.

Therefore I pray thee, not to
correct me in thy wrath, nor to
proceed

proceed against me with seueritie
of thy Iustice, but to haue pittie
on me a most miserable sinner,
and to confirme my vnconstant
heart with a stedfast delight in
thy loue, and to establish my wan-
dring minde, according to the
multitude of thy mercies: so that
no pleasure, be it neuer so sweet,
may be able to allure me to leaue
thy blessed loue: nor any tribu-
lation, be it neuer so bitter, con-
straine me to forsake thy happie
seruice: driue all idle cares out of
my minde, and pugre all corrupt
thoughts out of my heart, and
draw me wholly vnto thee, that I
may remember with a deuout
compassion, and call to memorie
with a serious meditation, how
many, what great and grieuous
torments, what scornefull derisi-
ons, thou didst suffer in thy most
pretious bodie, by the commaun-
dement

dement of *Pontius Pilate*, who contrarie to the equitie of thy cause, and testimonie of his owne conscience, Ioh. 19. 4. commaunded thee to be scourged without all pittie, when as hee himselve with his owne wordes had iustified thy innocencie.

Oh what a flood of teares should streame from mine eyes, what *groanes* and sorrowfull *sighes* should arise from the depth of my heart? how should all my senses be ouerwhelmed with a sea of sorrow, when I meditate on the *flintie* hearts, and cruell hands of those tormentors, who scourged my louing Redeemer?

My heart cannot conceiue the outrage of their *tyrannie*: my tongue is too weake to expresse their barbarous inhumanitie: Who were as eager to lay *violent hands* vpon my poore Iesus, as
rauenous

ravenous Wolves are greedie to deuoure a tender Lambe, or *hungrie Lyons* to ceaze vpon their prey.

They make hast to vnbind his armes, and to vntie his hands, but it was not done to release him of his cruell hands, or to afford him any litle ease: but that they might strip him of his garments, to scourge his naked bodie with their tormenting whips, and to make his veines spout out blood with their cruell stripes.

Ah *ruthfull* spectacle to pittifull eyes, and able to haue made a deepe impression of tender compassion in their hearts; if they had not bene more heard then *Marble*! What *sauadge thoughts* raigned in their murdering mindes? What *monstrous indignitie* was done vnto my louing Redeemer to be stripped of his garments

and to stand naked before such vile and base vassals, who cloathed the Heauens with exceeding glorie, and adorned the earth with admirable beautie?

Now, when they had stripped him of his cloathes, they bound him to a pillar to endure their cruell stripes, hauing banished pittie from their hearts, and embraced crueltie with their hands: Some time they lash him on the backe, sometime they scourge him on the brest: Now they let their smarting whips flie on his shoulders, anon they strike him on his armes: they suffer no part of his bodie to bee free from blowes, and they grieue his righteous soule with bitter words, whilest yet they are executing their cruell deeds.

But what Tygers heart harboured in their brest (oh my innocent

cent Sauour) which robbed thee of grace, and they disrobed thee of thy cloathes? What hellish furie armed their hands which bound thee to a pillar, and scourged thy blessed bodie? how exceeding execrable is their sauage crueltie? How rare and admirable is thy silent patience? It was I, it was I oh my most sweete Iesu, which deserued to be scourged with the whips of euerlasting torments.

And thou my most mercifull Sauour, looking vpon my miserable, wofull and distressed estate, with thine eye of pittie, wert willing to be scourged for me a most wretched sinner, and being innocent, to suffer for mine offences, that the streames of thy pretious blood, might wash away the filthy staines of my hainous sinnes. Alas, how is the wonderfull glo-

ric,

ric, oh my most sweete Lord, of thy *super-excellent* beautie decayed? how is the gracefull *decencie* of thy *amiable* feature diminished? And how much is the *delightfull* comelines of thy most sacred body disgraced? Oh let mine eyes send forth a sea of teares, and let my perplexed heart breake into peeces with exceeding sorrow, to see my beloued Sauour stained with his owne blood, and leopard-like bespotted with deformitie, who did farre excell all the sonnes of men with his glorious beautie.

Now thou seest oh my soule, how the snow-white skin of the bodie of thy Sauour, is changed into a *bloodie tincture*: Thou maist see, and sigh when thou seest, how his tender flesh is made blacke and blewe with the cruell blowes, which cruel tormentors inflicted vpon

vpon him, whose *stonie hearts* had
no sense of his *griuous paines*
when they sawe with their eyes
(and yet alas, they would not pitie
his wofull case) how the blood
ran out of his veines, as water
floweth out of a fountaine.

Mourne and lament, oh my
soule, send forth *deepe groanes* and
sorrowfull sighes at so pittifull a
sight. For now thou canst not say,
My beloved is white and ruddie,
Cant. 1. 14. as sometime thou
mightest: But rather say, *my beloved*
is blacke and blew, his pretious
blood gushing out of his veines,
& his tender flesh mangled with
griuous wounds.

Who is so *cruelly minded*, and so
stonie-hearted, which cannot bee
mouued to shed plentifull teares,
when he vieweth my sweete Saui-
our Iesus so *snadgely abused* with
out any pittie, & so *spitefully* ta-

ted, and maliciously tormented without any mercie?

Now when those cursed Tormentors had almost *tired* their hands, but yet not *tamed* the *cruel*ie of their hearts, they cloath him with a vesture of purple colour, set a crowne of sharpe thorns on his head, and put a Reed for a Scepter into his hands, calling him King in derision with their blasphemous mouthes, whom they accounted more base, then the meanest abiect in all the world. Math. 27.2. Is it possible for thee, my sorrowfull soule, to keepe backe the tide of thy streaming teares, when thou doest meditate in thy perplexed minde, and as it were, view within thy *secret thoughts*, how cruelly thy harmlesse Sauour was tortured by those bloodie tormentors: how spitefully he was *tanted*, and
 shame-

shamfully mocked by those blasphemous wretches?

There was no man, oh my sweet Iesu, that did afford thee so much as a signe of pittie in thy greatest paines: thou mightest not haue a Chirurgion to stanch thy bleeding wounds, no man sought to ease thy smart, nor to bathe thy scourged bodie: no man offered thee a cup of water to refresh thy fainting spirits:

Oh let shewers of teares trickle downe my cheekes, and let a sea of sorrow ouer-flow my heart, when I enter into a serious meditation of the grievous paines, derisions, and afflictions, which my innocent redeemer patiently endured. Oh then let mine eyes send forth a flood of teares, because my mercifull and louing Iesu suffered all those *intollerable extremities* for me, a most wretched sinner,

sinner, that hee might pay the price of my *redemption*, and deliver my soule from *everlasting captivity* !

Oh how should I, my bountifull Iesu, sound the bottomlesse profunditie of thy vnspeakeable mercie ?

And how can I search the endles depth of mine owne wretched miserie ?

Touch my heart oh Lord, by the vertue of thy holy spirit, and teach me by the sacred documents of thine vnsearchable wisdom, so that the affections of my heart may be faithfully affianced, and for ever affixed vnto thy immeasurable loue, and my minde evermore employed, in the diuine meditation of thy holy law.

Instruct mee to lay vp in the store-house of my *perpetuall memorie*, how many, how great and
M gricuous

griuous paines thou hast endured for me. What should I render vnto thee in *requitall* of thine *immeasurable* loue? how should I be able to demean my selfe thankfullie vnto thee, when of my selfe I am so vile a creature, that I cannot thinke dutifully of thee? Wherefore open mine eyes (oh my sweet Iesu) that I may see the inestimable riches of thy *bounty*.

Infuse thy working grace into my vnderstanding, that I may know & acknowledge the greatness of thy loue, and goodnesse of thy gracious benefits. Graunt me such a portion of thy grace that in the *highest degree* of my *prosperitie*, I may meditate on thy *pouertie*, so that my minde may bee bridleed from *ambitious* thoughts, and my actions neuer transgresse the boundes of *modesty*.

rate humilitie.

And when I decke my bodie with costly attire, let mee thinke of thy nakednesse, that it may aswage my swelling pride, and induce mee to abate somewhat of my *superfluitie*, to cloath and relieue my poore brethren in their naked necessitie.

And when my Table is furnished with delicate meates, and my cuppe filled with delicious wine, then oh my louing Sauour, let me remember thy hunger. Oh let me not forget thy thirst, that I may be sober in my diet, and temperate in my drinke, & to remember to refresh poore hungry Lazarus, when hee lieth crying and crauing at my gate.

When I enioy my libertie, let mee thinke of thine imprisonment, that I may not let mine affections runne ryor, but tame

their wilde motions before they breake forth into desperate actions. Let not worldly pleasure haue such soueraigne dominion ouer my peaceable thoughts, but that I may alwaies haue some taste of the paines which thou didst suffer for my sinnes with patience, and sustaine for my transgressions with silence.

Lastly, let me neuer dispaire of thy potent mercy, though by my owne meritt, I finde I haue deserued nothing else but hell and damnation. Now that this blessed worke of thine excellent goodness (oh my gracious Lord) may be effected in me, make a deepe impression of thy loue in my bowels, and ingraue the true character of thy kindnes on my heart, so that nothing may please my taste, nothing breede my delight, nothing affect my desires, but

but onely thou my King & God,
my Saviour and my Redeemer.
Kindle the fire of thy loue within
my bones, that my ardent zeale
may neuer be quenched towards
my beloued Lord Iesus, who did
willingly abide the curse, and die
on the crosse to pay my debt, and
to deliuer my soule out of the
prison of eternall death.

But stay not here my soule,
turne thine eyes toward thine
afflicted Iesus, view him harmles
and innocent, and see in what
scornefull habit iniurious *Pilate*
doth present him to the bloodie
minded Iewes: his body is arraied
in a robe of purple: his cheekes
bedewed with blood, running out
of the veines of his head, wound-
ded with a Crowne of sharpe
Thornes: A ruthfull spectacle,
which might haue made their
stony-hearts haue melted with

compassionate pittie.

But (alas) what can mollifie those harts which are full fraughted with crueltie? thinke oh my soule, thou doest heare *Pilate* that vniust and wrongfull iudge, vttering these or the like words vnto the muttering Iewes.

Behold, I bring him forth vnto you, that yee may know I can finde no cause to pronounce iudgement against him, but because ye pretend some matter. Behold how I haue punished the man, to calme the tumults of your enraged mindes.

Looke vpon him with your eyes, see how miserable, wofull, base, and contemptible he appeareth in your sight! You need not stand in feare that hee will seeke to rule ouer you as a king: you may see his power is too weake to compasse a kingdome: you may

see

see how bitterly hee hath bene scourged, scoffed at by the people, scorned of the multitude, rudely haled, and roughly handled by the Souldiers: you neede not dreade him as a man dangerous to the state: though he had a minde, yet he hath no might to raise vp any tempest of *sedition*: Wherefore, ye may now set him at libertie after hee hath bene scourged, without any feare of perill, and let him goe without any dread of danger.

But consider, heere my soule, that although vniust *Pilate*, contrarie to equitie of law, testimonie of his owne conscience, and sentence of his owne mouth, had extreamely punished my louing Sauiour, and had authorised his basest officers to vse him at their pleasure, & to abuse him in their iesting humour: And although

their taunts were bitter without
meane, their derisions intolera-
ble without any sparke of mo-
destie, and their torments exces-
sive without measure, yet none of
them, nor all of them could once
delay the furie of the hastie exe-
cutioner, nor allay the heate and
fierie hatred of the enuious cru-
ell Iewes, kindled in their bur-
ning breast without cause against
my innocent Iesus: but although
they sawe him so deformed, so ig-
nominiously disgraced, and grie-
uously afflicted, yet it could not
satiare, no it could not so much
as slake the thirst of their bloody
mindes: they were so farre trans-
ported beyond the limits of rea-
son in their chollerike moode,
and fretting without measure, to
see his life prolonged the space
of a moment, that they exclai-
med in their madnesse, *Crucifie*
him,

him, crucifie him: his very breath is odious vnto vs, *If thou let him goe, thou art not Cæsars friend*: Ioh.

19.12. Oh ye peruerse and peeuish nation! Oh ye wicked and viperous generation! was it not enough to haue stopped your clamorous mouthes, to haue mollified your flintie hearts, and to haue staied your bloody hands, when ye sawe my meeke and kinde Sauour so cruelly scourged, curiously scorned, and pittifully tormented, as though he had bene a man dangerous to your state, and a pernitious foe to your countrie?

But although all those insupportable iniuries, and opprobrious indignities were contrarie to all pietie, and without any pittie inflicted vpon him, when as by the testimonie of *Pilate*, a sterne and seuerer Iudge, hee was pro-

nounced to bee innocent and cleare from all offences, Iohn. 19 6. yet yee supposed that all those tormēts were too little, and nothing too much, which was vniustlie done to that innocent Lambe, who opened not his mouth once to murmur or mutter against his cruell persecutors.

Heere hast thou cause (oh my soule) to admire the *unspeakable mildnes* of my Iesus, and to stand amazed at the *implacable crueltie* of the Iewes. When *Pilate* perceiued that his words could not *preuaile* to slake the flame of their enuious mindes, but rather added more *fuell* to their boyling surie, and that delay of his death did so *madde*, and vexed their *confused* thoughts, that they would not be quieted before they had shed his innocent blood; then he wil-

ling to satisfie their franticke humour, & to shew himselfe a friend vnto Caesar, presumed against the contradiction and care of his owne conscience, to pronounce sentence of death, yea of a most vile and shamefull death against the innocent Lambe, my louing Lord Iesus.

Neuerthelesse he would make a faire shew to the world, that he did acquit him in his heart, although hee condemned him with his mouth: And taking water, he washed his hands before the people, saying: I am innocent frō the blood of this iust man looke ye vnto it: 27. Mat. 24. Then all the people cryed out aloud with open mouthes and bloody minds, His blood be vpon vs and our children. Mat. 27. 25.

And indeed at last they found the wofull effect of their bloodie wish, they felt the smart of their
bloody

bloody desire, though then in the heat of their furie they *dreaded* no danger, nor *dreamed* on the day of their sorrow, wherein their citie was filled with slaughtered bodies, and the channells of their streets streamed with blood. Although my tender-hearted Saviour had foretold them of their wofull desolation, & with *weeping* teares forewarned them of their *dolefull* destructiō: but they stopped their eares and would not heare his voice, flattering themselves in their deceitfull securitie, and laughed at his words in the *faire dayes* of their prosperitie.

But here cease a while my sorrowfull soule, to meditate on the *malicious madnesse* of the blood-thirstie Iewes, whose clamorous voices could not be pacified before the corrupted Iudge (cursed *Pilate*) had condemned my

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my deare and innocent Iesus: and consider the hainous and hateful condition of *Pilates* sinne, and viewe the wofull horroure of his wretched soule, who for feare of *Cesar*, and fauour of the people, did contrary to the knowledge of his conscience, and custome of law, pronounce sentence of death against my poore Iesus, who neuer meant hurt, nor thought any euill.

Tell mee (thou wicked Iudge) how couldest thou pretend anie shadow to couer thy sinne? where couldest thou think to find a place of refuge for thy guiltie soule?

Didst thou more dread the displeasure of the people, then the horroure of a guiltie conscience? diddest thou stand in more awe of mortall men, then of *the Eternall* God? didst thou more regard to protest thy selfe a friende vnto

Cesar,

Caesar, (who although hee were a great King, was but a feeble creature) than thou hadst care to discharge thine office to God, thine omnipotent Creator?

Tell me, did not thy heart ake, and all thy bodie tremble, so soon as *wrongfull iudgment* had passed out of thy lips against my innocent Saviour? Wert thou not tormented with the sting of thy wounded conscience? Or wert thou deprived of all thy senses, so soone as thou haddest vttered that wrongfull sentence? Thou didst know that the Iewes had deliuered him of enuie: *Mat. 27. 28.* and wouldst thou hee an instrument to satisfie their wicked malice? Thou wert ordained a Iudge, to execute Iustice, and to giue righteous iudgement: wherefore how horrible was thy sinne? how wofull was the state of thy guiltie soule,

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soule, when thou hadst condemned my innocent Iesus?

Bitter and sweet-water doth not flowe out of the selfe-same fountaine: yet thou (with the self-same mouth) didst iustifie my Sauour, as an innocent person: & by and by (with the selfe-same mouth) condemne him, as an hainous malefactor?

How odious should the crying voices of murdering Iewes haue bene to thy eares? how shouldst thou haue hated their bloodie harts, detested their vnlawfull requests, and loathed their malicious desires, when they cried out vnto thee in their furie, and exclaimed in their madnesse: *Let Barrabas goe free, let Barrabas goe free: Crucifie, crucifie Iesus. Math. 27. 21.*

Thou knewst well enough, that wicked *Barrabas* had made an insurrection

surrection, disturbed the peace,
 and committed murther, and that
 thou couldst finde no fault; nor
 ferret out anie offence in the life
 of my blessed Sauour, but that
 the spitefull Iewes had accused
 him for enuie, and sought his
 death, to satisfie their malice, for
 indeed his whole life was a Mir-
 ror of excellent vertues, his hands
 were cleane from euill actions,
 his heart was pure from sinfull
 cogitations: Say thine eyes were
 so blinded that thou could'st not
 see the *bright beames* of his Diui-
 nitie; yet thou didst see, and thy
 mouth did testifie, that thou didst
 see the *apparant Vertues* of his in-
 nocent humanitie.

What did mooue thee to pro-
 nounce false iudgement, to shead
 his innocent blood? Wert thou
 so fond to purchase fauour of the
 High Priests? Didst thou so dote
 after

after the loue of the people, whose minds are more mutable then the winde, altering their affections euerie moment: that contrarie to the sense of lawe, testification of thy conscience, and approbation of thy owne wordes, thou wert seduced to condemne such an innocent person?

Thy wife did admonish thee that thou shouldest haue nothing to doe with that *Righteous man*, who suffered manie things because of him in her sleepe, and therefore fore-warned thee by her fearefull dreame. *Math. 27. 19.*

But neither the *Caveat* of thy wife, nor chastisemēt of thy owne conscience, could stay thy false iudgment, but at last the enuious Iewes had what they would at thy hands, and thou didst giue them thy cōsent, to execute the extream *malice* of their wicked hearts.

What

What hadst thou gotten, if thou hadst gained the whole worlde, with losse of thy soule? Wofull is the purchase which is bought at so deare a rate.

Before thou wouldst vouchsafe to giue Iudgement against my harmles Redeemer, thou diddest make a solemne protestation before the multitude, that thou wouldst not be guiltie with them in the *shedding* of his innocent blood, thinking by washing thy hands with a little water, to take away the deepe stains of thy *conscience*. Oh how may all the world wonder at thy *madnesse*? How may all posterities condemne thee of follie? Well might a little water cleare the *spots* of thy hands, but all the water in the *Ocean* could not wash away the *blots* of thy soule: Such prettie lightes may passe without contradiction amongst men,

men, but alas, they cannot blinde
he all-piercing eyes of the Eter-
nall Iudge, who knoweth the se-
crets of euerie mans heart, sear-
cheth the reines, and vnderstan-
deth all our thoughts: It was hor-
rible *crueltie*, yea, it was a cursed
deed, voyd of all common huma-
nitie, to cōmaund my Lord Iesus
to bee *striped* out of his clothes,
and to haue his naked bodie *woun-*
ded with stripes, when thou sawest
he could not be conuicted of any
wicked acte, nor iustly reprov-
ed for any euill word: and to licence
thy leaud Officers to *gibe* at him,
at their wills, and to ieast at him
like a foole at their pleasure, and
by *aggrauating* his miseries, to
make themselves merrie: yet so
popular was thy minde, and thine
affectiōs so *glewed* to the humour
of the people, that when thou
sawest that those streames of his
pre.

precious bloud , could not exting-
uish the flame of their furie, thou
didst *doome* him to a most scanda-
lous & *ignominious* death, who was
honourable aboue all the sonnes
of men for his righteous life, and
declared to be faultles, by thy *vo-
luntarie* confession, after thy strict
examination.

Oh happie are the eyes of those
which sit on the seate of *iudgement*,
which can see the *deformity* of thy
sinne, that their hearts may be re-
plenished with *integritie*, and their
handes with innocencie, not *stai-
ned* with the spottes of *Innocent*
blood.

Curbe thou oh Lord the furi-
ous passions of my minde , and
quench the flame of *bloodie* wrath,
when it beginneth to be *kindeled*
in my breast , that my heart may
not imagine to slay the innocent,
nor my hands be *defiled* with their
blood;

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blood: Keepe mee that I walke
not in the counsell of the wicked,
when they lay *snare*s, and digge
pits for the destruction of anie of
thy deare children. I knowe oh
Lord, that I am readie euey mo-
ment to wander astray, vnlesse
thou direct my feete by thy holy
Spirit, and guide me in thy path,
by the light of thy word.

I confesse my heart is tainted
with *originnall* vices, and my hands
are stained with *actuell* offences:
all my partes are defiled, yea my
whole bodie is nothing else but a
vessell full of corrupted liquor.

I am *prone* to commit all euil-
nes with greedines; But alas, I
finde in my selfe not so much as a
motion to doe any goodnes.

I am forward to persecute thee
with the cruell Iewes, and to giue
my consent to shed thy innocent
blood, with *cursed Pilate*: yea, I
dai-

dailie crucifie thee by my sinnes,
and pierce thy blessed side, with
mine iniquitie : I caused thee
to bee *vnjustlie* accused , and
wrongfullie condemned : Have
not my cursed words, and bloo-
die oathes bene like *sharpe* speares
to wound thy heart, and my *crue-
ll* deedes, like nailes, to fasten
thee to the Crosse ? Wherefore
wound thou my heart, that I may
not lye still *snorting* in the bed of
carelesse *securitie*, and continue
senselesse, in the *lethargie* of sinne.

Purge the dross of my vitious
heart, with the fire of thy holy spi-
rit, and purifie my corrupted co-
gitations, by the bright beames
of thy grace.

Oh let this holie fire bee still
burning in my breast, that it may
consume the corruption of mine
infectious sinne, that cleaueth
fast vnto my *bowels* ! Bow downe
thine

thine care (oh my mercifull Saviour) vnto my humble petition, and giue a gracious answer to my earnest supplication ; then I shall be emboldened to come before thy Maiestie , and to approach neere vnto thy seate of mercie. Oh let my morning and euening sacrifice of thankes-giving (my louing Lord, and bountifull Iesu) send vp a sweete fauour into thy nostrills, which diddest suffer thy selfe to be scorned, scourged, and condemned, by the sentence of wicked Pilate, onelic for my sake, and my sinnes, to set my *captiue* soule at libertie, and with the effusion of thy most precious blood, to pay so deare a price, for the purchase of my *Redemption*.

Graunt that the remembrance of such a worthie, and more then wonderfull benefite, may euermore

more bee fresh in my memorie
and laide vp as a most pretious
Iewell, in the safest closet of my
thankfull minde. And at the day
of thy last iudgement, and gene-
rall Assises, when thou shalt come
to iudge the quicke and the dead,
enter not into iudgement with
thy seruant, nor remember mine
iniquities, but iudge mee with
thine elected, according to thy
mercie, that I may possesse the
kingdom with them, which thou
hast prepared for them from the
beginning of the world. Oh let
my prayer come before thy pre-
sence, let the zeale of my hart, and
lifting vp of my hands, towards thy
Throne of mercie, moue thee
to graunt the request of
my humble petition.

A Me

A MEDITATION

how the Lord Iesus
carrying his crosse on his
shoulders, is led to Mount
Caluarie to be crucified, and
of those things which happe-
ned by the way.

MED. XIII.

Our blessed Saviour (Christ the per-
fect gaine) ^a Iohn. 19. 17.

Doth ^a beare the crosse whereon him-
selfe must die: ^b Mat. 27. 32.

Symon of ^b Cyrene sometimes they
constraine ^b Luk. 23. 26.

To doe it. So saith the truth that can-
not lie. ^b Mark. 15. 21.

HE which will come after me, let
him denie himselfe, take up his
Crosse, and follow me. Math.

16. 24. Run and make haste, oh

N

my

my soule, at the voice of our most sweet Redeemer, who bearing his Crosse on his owne shoulders, Iohn. 19. 16. 17. doth inuite thee to carrie thy Crosse, if thou desire to follow his steps. Oh how *sweet*, how *delectable*, how *delightfull* is it to carrie the Crosse after my Iesus ! His *happines* cannot be uttered, his *blessednes* cannot be imagined, which doth follow thee, my Lord Iesu, in thy *blessed pathes*: hee walketh not in *darknes*, hee commeth not neere the *shadow of death*, but shall haue the *light of life*.

Come therefore oh my soule, let vs follow our Iesus, bearing his Crosse on his owne shoulders: let vs leaue all and follow him with *alacrity*, let nothing stop our passage, let not any thing hinder vs in our course : Looke vpon thy Lord, thy Creator, thy Redeemer.

Consider

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Consider his *tedious labour*, his *gricuous afflictions*, his *intollerable torments*, all of them without any meane, none of them hauing any moderation : let thy whole minde be pondering on them, let them be the continuall matter of thy daily meditation.

Let thy heart be *wounded* with the *sword of sorrow*, and let thine eyes be drowned with a flood of teares : let thy heauie *groanes* and sorrowfull sighes begin in the morning, and let them not cease in the euening : Oh let the frequencie of thy *lamentation*, demonstrate the burning zeale of thy compassion, which thou doest beare to mine afflicted Iesus.

Mourne with true contrition of heart for thine iniquities, and weepe with heartie sinceritie for thy finnes, which caused thy

- Christ to carrie so heauie a Crosse.

Here is plentifull matter for thy meditation; here wanteth no *motiues* to stirre vp in thee a feeling *compassion*, for thou seest how he is *scorned* and despised, how cruelly, how currishly he is abused by the perfidious Iewes.

Who is so obdurate in heart, oh my most patient Iesus? who hath his *affections* so barren of *compassion*, that he hath no sense of sorrow, when he entereth into a *serious contemplation* of the multitude of thine *afflictions*, and meditateth on the bitter nettle of the *passions*, which thou didst suffer to pay the ransome of our sinfull soules, and to deliuer them out of the bands of eternall captiuitie?

For all the night thou wert wearied with the out-cries of contumelious

rumelious tongues, and tired
with the *violence* of cruell hands,
hurried and haled from the Gar-
den, where thou wert with thy lo-
ving Disciples : and although
thou wert willing to goe of thy
selfe, yet the churlish crew of hard-
harted Souldiers were so froward,
that their sturdie hands were al-
waies readie to tugge and pull
thee forward, to vex thy feeble
body, and to grieue thy righteous
soule. For it was their solace to
procure thy sorrow, it was their
pleasure to augment thy paine,
and they thought euery moment
a month before they did present
thee to *Annas*, where thou wert
rebuked with taunting checkes,
& buffeted with vngentle blowes
on thy tender checkes, and after
that thou hadst with exceeding
patience endured the bitter tem-
pest of their furie, they brought

thee from thence to the house of
Cayphas, there to abide another
storme of their *malicious crueltie*:
Sometime they raile vpon thee
with their cursed tongues, some-
time they thumpe thee with
their cruell hands, their speeches
were full of odious spite, their
words were infected with malici-
ous venome which they *belched*
against thee my louing Sauour:
their deedes were nothing else
but deadly crueltie, their words
sauoured of nothing but *barba-
rous inhumanitie*, they scoffed and
derided thee with *bitter iests*, they
defiled thy comely face with
their filthie *spittle*. Then without
any pittie (alas how should they
shew any pittie, whose hearts were
hardned with blood-thirstie cru-
eltie) they bring thee in hast to
the court of *King Herod*, where
thou wert flouted at, reputed as a

scottish

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foolish foole, scorned, contemned, and derided like a simple Idiot : their mirth was Bedlam-madnesse : their iestes were full of gall and bitternesse.

Now when they had acted their *outrageous villanies* against thee, and executed their diuelish deuises vpon thee my innocent Iesus, yet all of them were too little to calme the tempest of their hateful full furie, but then this cursed crewe doth hurrie thee from the yngratious *Court of proud Herod*, to the gracelesse house of *Pontius Pilate*, where thou wert taunted and checked againe with cruell quips, and sharpely scourged with smarting whips, stripped naked contrarie to all humanitie, and beaten with bitter blowes without any pittie : their whips were sharp to teare thy flesh, their tongues were as keene as *rasors* to wound

thy soule, they pierced thy head with a crowne of thornes, & putting a feeble reede in thy hands, flouted thee with the name of a king; and bending their knees, did worship thee in derision, offending thy sacred eares with their cursed words, and afflicting thy wounded body with their bloody hands, and when thou hadst bene so *spitefully* scorned, *bitterly* scourged, and vilely contemned, at last thou wast wrongfully condemned to suffer a most shamefull and dolefull death.

But (oh my sweet Iesu) who did afford thee any comfort in thy exceeding sorrowes? who did approach to cure thy bleeding woundes? Alas, there was no man by, which was moued with any sorrowfull compassion for thy vnderferued calamitie, but euery man was forward to augment thy

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thy miserie. Now they lay a most huge and heauie crosse vpon thy wounded shoulders, the weight of it doth make thy knees to tremble, thy legs to faile, and thy whole body to faint. And thus thou doest goe forward to the place of executiō, guarded with a band of armed Soldiers, & hemd in on euery side with a *rabble* of bloodie tormentors, multitudes of the base and rude people doe flocke together out of euery quarter, they crowd and thrust one another to see thee, but (alas) it was not to afford thee any compassionat pittie, but to laugh and reioyce at thy miserie. They proclaime out the malice of their heart against thee in their madnesse, and *raile* and *renile* thee in the heat of their *furie*: They all strue like *Beares* and fierce *Lyons* to approach nere vnto thee: oh

N 5

what

what opprobrious speeches, what *hatefull* and odious rayling, what *curst* words, what *uncharitable* deeds, did my most humble and patient Iesus suffer by those wicked and desperate people; whose eyes were more heard then a rocke, that they could not yeeld forth one teare for pittie, and hearts more vnapt then *Adamant* to relent with any tender compassion, when they saw so *wofull* and *dolefull* a spectacle?

But for all the *venemous* speeches vttered out of their railing mouthes, and for all the brutish deedes done vnto thee my louing Iesus with their cruel hands, thou didst not once open thy mouth to contradict them in their *raging* *maïnesse*, or once to blame them in the *heat* and *hate* of their greatest furie, but didst goe forward with meeknes to the
dolefull

dolefull place of their *bloodie execution*, to suffer the painefull panges, not for thy owne *fautes*, but for mine iniquities, and that with thy pretious blood thou mightst make a wholesome *Bath*, to cure the spots, and heale the blaines of my sinfull soule.

Teach me, oh my sweet *Christ* and louing *Iesus*, by thine example so to maister mine affections, and to direct mine actions, that when mine enemies doe *insult* ouer me with slanderous wordes and flauish deedes, I may walke and treade in thy pathes with meeknesse of heart, and trace out thy steps with humilitie of minde, hearing their diuellish *curfes* with silence, and bearing my heauie *Crosse* with patience, committing my *cause* vnto the God of vengeance, who heareth the cries of the sillie *orphane*, putteth

teth the teares of the weeping widow into this bottle, and deliuereth poore *captiues* out of prison. when they call vpon him.

But tell me oh ye generation of *vipers*, tell me oh ye bloodie-hearted, and bloodie-handed Iewes, why were ye so bloodie minded against my *innocent Iesus*? what horrible conspiracie had hee plotted or practized against you, that yee were so eager to vndermine his life, and so greedie to hasten the bloodie day of his death? Is this the honour that you giue to my Saviour? Is this the glorie you vouchsafe my *Redeemer*? Is this the kinde entertainment you afford to your *Prophet*, whō the day before you receiued with such ioy, spreading your *garments* on the ground, & couering the earth with

greene

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greene boughes, when he entred into *Hierusalem*? Oh most vngratefull, vnconstant, vngracious and gracelesse people, is your loue so sone changed into deadly hate? is your late curtesie conuerted into *crueltie*? were your fauours so quicklie turned into frownes? Is your honour altered to *shame*? are your *plausible* speeches chaunged into bitter curses?

Doe yee to day liste him vp as high as heauen, and to morrowe throw him downe as lowe as hell? Doe yee blesse him to day, and curse him to morrowe? Doe yee floeke after him to day (that your tongues may sing forth his praises) and to morrow doe yee crowd after him to fill his eares with *reproches*? Doe ye to day entertaine him into the Citie (as desirous of his life) and to morrowe doe yee leade him out of the Citie as a

malefactor, to suffer a shameful death?
 Did ye but now *like* him, & by and
 by doe ye *loath* him? Is the milde
 complection of your *loue*, altered
 in a moment, into deadlie hate?
 What was the cause of your *muta-*
biluie? what was the occasion of
 your *instabilitie*? were the affectiōs
 of your hearts so *mutable*, & your
 vnconstant desires so *moueable*?

So soone as you perceiued that
 my louing Iesus began to bee ha-
 ted of your enuious magistrates,
 and cruellie handled by their wic-
 ked ministers, scorned and scof-
 fed at by the *Souldiers*, tainted with
 proud and malicious words, bea-
 ten and buffeted with *cruell blowes*,
 scourged with whips, spitted vp-
 on by the scumme of the people,
 disdainfullie contemned of the
 high Priests, and lastlie, condem-
 ned by *Pilate* : then ye began to
 like of their *chollerick humours*, and

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to play the executioners of their bloudie hate : This day yee mis-
use and abuse him most vilely,
whome but yesterday ye honou-
red and exalted so highly: Now
your malice towards him is with-
out meane, and your cruell deeds
without moderation. The cruell
Ennie of the high Priest kindled
the fire, and yee cast Oyle into it,
to increase the flame.

Oh what extreame crueltie ?
what cruell extremitie ? what ig-
nominious indignitie, was done
vnto my afflicted Iesus ? Was not
the edge of your malice yet rebat-
ted ? Did the streame of your ha-
tred growe to bee more violent ?
Was there no little corner lefte
for pittie to lodge in your brest ?
Was there no motion of compas-
sion within your bowels ?

Tell mee then, how could yee
be harsh-hearted, and hard-handed,

as to lay so heauie & huge a crosse
vpon the shoulders of my poore
afflicted Christ, whose blessed
bodie was disquieted for want of
sleepe, being cruellie tormented
all the night, fainte with losse of
blood, and sore with store of cru-
ell blowes.

Had Enuie so robbed your
hearts, and dispoiled all your sen-
ces of common humanitie, that
you were now so poore, that yee
were not able to bestowe vppon
him so much as one *mite* of *mer-*
cie?

What infernall Phrensie, what
Tyrannous impietie, what execrable
Tyrannie can be compared to this
Jewish crueltie?

But alas, was there not one a-
mongst so manie, which was so
kinde-harted, as to lend a helping
hand to ease the wearie shoulders
of my Sauour Christ, when his
kneet

knees bended, & his legges trembled vnder the burden of his heauie Crosse? Oh let the lamentable relation of their furious *ferocitie* to my Iesus, be so odious vnto our eares, that it neuer finde anie harbour in our hearts.

Behold oh my sorrowfull soule, the monstrous *Atrocitie* of the stiffe-necked Iewes, and the miraculous mildnes of thy lowly Iesus! Consider his humble *obedience*, viewe his obedient humilitie, who was euer truely obedient euen vnto death, and euer was willing to offer vp his life, as a sure pledge of his infinite loue, towards his beloued.

Beholde, thou seest how mine afflicted Lord, wounded with the theeteeth of *Enuie*, and pierced with the *dartes* of *malice*, grudgeth not at the paine, nor refuseth the tedious labour, to carrie the

the heauie burthen on his feeble necke, contrarie to all humanitie, and without anie pittie, so *spiteful-
lie* imposed vpon him.

But how should my sinfull tongue divulgate the incomparable merite of thy admirable patience, my most kinde, sweete, and humble Iesu. How should my vnworthie wordes vtter the worthinesse of thy vnspeakable humilitie, which wert willing to vndergoe the burden of so heauie a Crosse, to deliuer mee a moste *wretched* sinner from a *bitter curse*, when the *vigor* of thy naturall *faculties* was decayed, thy humane strength weakened, & thy whole bodie wearied, with the grieuous paines, torments and afflictions, which the wicked Iewes (not fleshie, but flintie-hearted) without anie mercie of theirs, and merite of thine, did *cræelly* heape vpon thee?
Oh

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Oh let my heart bee deceeplly wounded with *ceaselesse compuncti- on*: Let mine eyes bee darkened with *continuall weeping*: Yea, let all my senses be afflicted with *mour- ning*: that my *sorrowes* may bee great, because my *sinnes* are so *griuous*: For they indeed were the Tyrannicall tormentors that laide so heauie a Crosse on thy *ty- red shoulders*: who out of the a- boundance of thy infinite loue, taking pittie on my *wretched mi- serie*, didst willingly submit thy selfe to such *slauish crueltie*, not sparing to shed thy most preti- ous blood, to compound of it a most soueraine *Medicine*, to cure my desperate *maladie*.

Now what measure of wordes can be so great, or what *voyce so ve- hement*, as may fullie expresse the extreame impietie of the bloudie *Iewes*, towards my blessed *Iesus*,
When

When such a hellish furie did rule
and reuel in their fierie harts, that
in the middest of so manie bitter
paines & *pangs* of his body, and in-
supportable *anguish* of his soule,
they did impose so pöderous and
heauie a *Crosse*, on his fainte and
feeble shoulders, beeing framed
extraordinarilie in respect of the
matter, & also vnusually in regard
of the forme.

More gentlie were the two
Theeues vsed, which were led a-
long with him; who were cōstrai-
ned to endure no such labour: for
wee may well thinke they would
vse more kindnes to those wicked
persons, then to my *holie Iesus*.

For wee doe not read that they
were put to the toile to bear their
Crosses, whose bodies were more
able, because they had not felte
one fitte of the grieuous paines,
nor suffered one iote of the great
tor-

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tortures, wherewith my sorrowfull Sauour had bin all the night before extreemly vexed and cruelly tormented.

Here thou hast iust cause oh my soule, to crie out against the monstrous inhumanitie, and brutish crueltie of the Iewes acted against thy despised Iesus.

What imagination can sound the bottome of their sauage *Tyrannie*? What tongue is able to make a perfect relation of their horrible furie?

Was it not a most ruthfull *Spectacle*, forcible enough to haue drawne streames of teares out of the driest eye, and to haue incited a multitude of heauie groanes out of the *hardest heart*, to see my beloued Lord carrie so heauie a burden vpon his painefull shoulders, yet bleeding with cruell woundes, lately, without anie
meane,

meane, or mercie inflicted vpon them: was there euer crueltie like vnto this ?

Oh my louing Lord ! Oh my most beloued Iesu, thou art now become a laughing-stocke to the barbarous Gentiles, and matter of derision to the *perfidious* Iewes.

They scorned, despised, flouted and derided thee, bearing thy heauie Crosse with patience towards the place of execution, whereon thou shouldst suffer a most bloodie, bitter, and shamefull death.

And so went my Lord Iesus, with constant humanitie towards the place where hee was to suffer the deadlie pangs of their extreamest Tyrannie, whose knees were so weake, and legges so feeble, that they were not able to support the weight of so heauie a burthen, which with such disdainful indignation

nation they had imposed vppon him, that thereby they might so much the more increase his derision, & multiplie his dolorous affliction. Oh ye most cruell Tormentors, do ye neuer cease to molest and vex my humbled Lorde Iesus? Could not one cruell death haue quenched the flame of your blood-thirsting malice? Oh why doe you abuse his meeke-minded patience, by compelling him to feele so manie deadly passions?

Now when those malicious persecutors sawe that my wearyed *Christ* was so surcharged with his heauie *Crosse*, beeing so weightie in respect of the ponderous substance, & also so cumbersome, in regard of $\frac{1}{2}$ extraordinary length, that although hee had a willing minde, yet that he had not sufficient strength to carrie so heauie a load: then they compelled *Simon*
of

of *Cirene* (the father of *Alexander Rufus*) to ease him of his burthen, and to followe my tyred *Christ* with that painefull *Crosse*. What did their stonie hearts now begin to relent, with anie motiue of compassion towards my poore afflicted *Iesus*?

No, for the *Curres* were more curteous, that licked the loathsome soares of hungrie *Lazarus*, that laye crying, and dying for want of foode at the gate of their churlish maister, then those vncircumcised *Gentiles*, and stifnecked *Iewes* were to my innocent *Iesus*.

For how should their mindes be affected with any sparke of pittie, whose hearts were drowned in so deepe a sea of impietie?

But because they were loath that my Sauior should end his tedious life, before hee came when

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he should suffer a most painefull,
pittifull, & shamefull death, they
graunted him a little ease, that he
might goe with better speed, and
make a little more halte to the
place of execution, where they
should play, like the infernall Fu-
ries, the last act of their bloodie
Tragedie.

Oh my sad and sorrowfull soule,
how canst thou calme the waues
of thy flowing sorrow? how canst
thou? how canst thou allwage
the panges of thy turbulent pas-
sions, when thou doest meditate
how many miseries, and mis-
chiefes, calamities and distresses,
were violently inflicted vpon my
beloued Iesus; by the hatefull
handes of those bloodie rormen-
tors?

Oh my most mercifull Iesu!
Oh my most louing Lord! Oh
why was not I with thee at that
time,

time, my sweete Christ, that I might haue carried thy heauie Crosse?

Oh how happily should I haue shut vp the last euening of my short and gloomie daies?

Oh how blessedly should I haue finished my *restles course*, if I had died with thee on thy sacred *Crosse*?

Oh how sweete had the sharpe deadly *panges* & dolorous paines bene vnto me, how ioyfull had dolefull *death* bene vnto me a sorrowfull sinner, if I had died with thee my bountifull Lord, and blessed Redeemer!

It may be thou wouldest haue bequeathed me some liberall gift of thine indulgent mercie: as thou didst vnto that true, though *late repenting* theefe, which was crucified with thee. For at that *houre* thou didst *frankely* bestow

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the riches of thy bountifull mercie, and then thou gauest the treasure of thy *mercifull bountie*.

Then sweete streames of pure water did flowe out of the cleare fountaine of thy mercy, *comfortable* to coole the heate of a *thirstie tongue* and *medicinable* to cure the spreading *maladie* of a leperous soule infected with sinne. Oh would I had bene there to haue had some sweet taste of that blessed fountaine! if I had drunke neuer so little, it would haue bene enough to haue *quenched* my thirst, and yet I should still haue thirsted to drink more, although I had drunke neuer so much: If the cursed *churle* and damned *glutton* had had but one drop of this *Celestiall water*, it had bene sufficient not onely to haue cooled the tip of his flaming tongue, but also to haue extinguished the

O 2 . fire

fire of his *eu*er and *neuer*-dying
soule, and of his continuall *burning*
and *neuer consuming* body tormen-
ted in *Hell*: fill my *soule*, oh my
sweet *Christ*, with this comforta-
ble water that may cure my sin-
full soares, and mittigate my de-
serued sorrow.

But as thou didst goe toward
the place where thou shouldst of-
fer vp thy selfe for a compleat sa-
crifice to appease the wrath of
thy anger Father, and to make an
euerlasting *attonement* betweene
him and vs his disobedient chil-
dren: thou saidest vnto those
mourning women, who could
not containe their trickling
teares, nor deteine their sorrow-
full *sobbes*, to see their louing and
dearely beloued Lord so dogged-
ly haled and currishly handled:
Weepe not for me ye daughters of Ie-
rusalem, weepe for your selues, and

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your children. Luk. 23. 28. And now thou saist vnto mee, Weepe for thy selfe, bewaile thy sinnes, lament thy transgressions, for they indeed were the tyrants that compelled thee to beare so heauie a Crosse, they vrged thee to abide the penaltie of so bitter a curse. Touch my heart oh Lord, touch my heart with the sting of a serious and resolute compunction, that I may no longer lie lulled a sleepe in the lap of careles securitie: fetter my feete that I may runne no more in the broad way of iniquitie. Mannacle my hands that they may be deteined from cruell & impious actions: Snaffle the vnbrideled motions of my minde, that it may be restrained from all idle, scelerous, and wicked cogitations: keepe the doore of my lips, & hedge in my tongue that it may not runne without the

O 3 bounds

bounds of reason: Stop the passage of mine cares, when they are allured to listen to any loose or leaud discourses.

Dispell, and disperse the thicke cloudes of blindnesse from mine eyes, take away the grosse scales, that darken my sight, so that now I may see the vglie and deformed shape of my sinnes, that I may cease to loue them, begin to dislike and to loath them, which caused my Sauour to endure the heauie wrath of his Father, which lay so heauie vpon his soule and body, that the weight of it pressed *blood* out of his veines mingled with water. Luk. 22. 44. so ponderous was the burden of our iniquitie, so dolorous was the extremitie of his bitter agonie: for neuer was there sorrow like vnto this sorrow.

Let my sweetest musicke be

continual mourning, let my *songs* of ioy, be turned into wofull lamentations, let it be all my pleasant melodie to muse on the miserie of my soule, and multitude of my sinnes, which made thee discend from the highest *heauens*, and will throw me downe to the lowest hell, where the fierie lake burneth that shall neuer be extinguished, whose flames is so fierce that it cannot be greater by any augmentation, neither is it subiect to any diminution.

If all the torments which bloodie Tyrants haue inuented could be inflicted vpon me at one time, and my bodie were able to feele the paines of all them at once, yet all of them would not be so horrible, as one sparkle of this terrible fire : it needeth no fuell to nourish the flame : as it selfe neuer is wasted, so nothing iniected

nto it is euer consumed. No tongue is able to expresse the horrible panges of the damned soules which are tormented in this euerlasting and vnquenchable fire.

Let the horror of it be fresh in my memorie, and the meditation imprinted in my thoughts, so that my hands may tremble and shake for feare, and my whole bodie quiver and quake with terror of it, when any euill imagination is hatched in my heart, or any wicked deed should be acted with my hands, that I may be terrified from nourishing sinne within my bosome, that laide so heauie a Crosse vpon thy shoulders, yet when feare hath cast me downe, let the gentle hand of thy mercy raise me vp, so that in my last deadly agonie, I may still lift vp my heart and hands towards the

seate

seate of thy mercie : and though remembrance of my haynous transgressions do present nothing vnto me but cause of feare and terror, yet all my vnfaigned repentance cause me to taste of thy infinite loue, and boundles mercy.

Teach me (oh my sweet Saviour) to follow thee with fearefulness to the place of execution, and to take vp my Crosse with alacritie on my shoulders. But if thou wilt haue me to follow thee (oh my most gracious Lord) then draw me after thee : For *vnlesse thy Father and thou doe draw me, I am not able to follow thee. Iohn. 6. 44.*

I see mine owne infirmitie, I feele the defects of my great inabilitytie, the cup of affliction is bitter vnto my taste : if it doe but once touch my lips, I am readie to refuse it, I will none of it, I am loath to feele any paine, I couet

nothing but wanton pleasure.

Oh how doe I begin to storme
If I be but crossed with an vnkind
word? much lesse am I able to
beare the crosse of a malicious
deed.

How is my minde troubled, &
the temper of my senses *distempe-
red*, if any thing fall out crosse to
mine expectation, or contrarie
to my desire, so that oftentimes
my mouth is filled with cursing,
my heart with grudging, and all
my words fauour of nothing else
but bitter repining? I am willing
to be thy disciple my blessed Sa-
uour, so long as I may dwell in
peace, and reape a plentiful har-
uest of prosperitie, but alas I am
weary of thy cōpany, if I feele but
a little blast of aduersitie: reach
me oh my sweet Iesu (and I shall
learne if thou be my *schoolmai-
ster*) to know that it is the lot of
those

those which will be trained vp in thy schoole, to be vnder the rod of *correction*; and that none are worthy to receiue a Crowne, vnlesse they bee willing to take vp thy *Crosse*: Those that belong vn- to *sweet spices*, which send forth al- waies the most *odoriferous smell*, when they are braied and brused in the mortar. They are like vnto stones, which must be *hammered*, *bored*, and *squared*, before they can be fit for the building of thy holy *Temple*: yea they are like vn- to *Golde* mixed with much *drosse*, and can haue no glorie before they be *fined* and *refined* seauen times, yea seuentie times seuen times, in the fire of affliction.

Arme thou my hart with chri- stian fortitude, & my minde with constant *patience*, oh thou which art mine omnipotent *Redeemer*, that no *torment* may be so great,

no afflictio so griuous, no misery
so vnmeasurable, but I may cou-
ragiously suffer it to publish the
glorie of thy name, and constant-
ly endure it, to manifest the fide-
litie of thy loue. Teach me so to
carrie thy *Crosse* in my heart, and
let the remembrance of it be so
deepely imprinted in my minde,
that I may daily crucifie my car-
nall concupiscence, wanton vani-
ties, and worldly desires. Oh let
my soule be so rauished with ioy,
by the sweete meditation of thy
mercic, and all my senses so well
pleased and ioyfully delighted
with the odoriferous sent of thy
loue; that I may seeke nothing,
thinke of nothing so much, or
speake of any thing so often, as of
my crucified *Christ*, who, onely
of his free mercic and gracious
bountie, died a most vile, painefull,
and ignominious death for me a
most

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most wretched, miserable, and
desperate *sinner*, that by his pre-
tious blood, and blessed (though
bitter *Passion*) I might be made
partaker of Everlasting *Saluati-*
on.

Graunt mee, oh my sweete
CHSIST, some *taste* of it heere
vpon earth, that I may patientlie
waite for the full *fruition* of it,
hereafter in Heauen.



A. Mc-

A MEDITATION,
 declaring the bitter and
 cruell crucifying of our Lord
 Iesus Christ, performed on
 Mount *Caluarie*.

MED. XIII.

*Viewe here the wounds of Christ up-
 on the ^a Crosse.*

^a Luk. 23. 33.

*His head, his hands, his feete, also his
^b side*

^b Ioh. 19. 33.

*Bleeding awayne. Consider eke the
^c losse*

^c Luk. 23. 46.

*Of his deare life; What more could
 hee ^d abide?*

^d Ioh. 19. 30.

NOW blessed Iesus, and my
 beloued Sauour, is come vnto
 Mount *Caluarie*, where he
 was to make the last period of all
 his humane miserie, by suffering
 a most bloodie, vile, and violent
 death, beeing cruellie nayled to
 that

that Crosse, which of late lay so heavy vpon his shoulders, that his whole bodie did shake and tremble vnder the burthen.

Oh blessed Mountaine ! happy for thy dignitie, happy for thy fertilitye, because it pleased the Lord Christ to suffer vppon thee. But who shall ascend vp to the Hill of the Lord, where the Lord Iesus is crucified ? Truly he that hath innocent hands, and a cleane heart.

Hee which loueth the Lord Iesus, with all his heart, with all his soule, with all his strength, hee shall ascend vp to his Mountaine, and shall bee crucified with the Lord Iesus. He which hath crucified his flesh, and the concupiscence thereof, shall bee crucified and suffer with his beloved Iesus. I desire to be crucified with thee, (oh my most sweet Iesu) I long to suffer on the crosse with thee, that

I may be crowned by thee, but I knowe that first it is needfull for mee that the world bee crucified vnto mee, and I vnto the world.
Gal. 6. 14.

But now let vs see (oh my sorrowfull soule) how *innocent Iesus* was vsed by the rough handed and cruell harted *tormentor*, when he was come to the place of execution, where malefactors did suffer grieuous punishment for their hainous offences.

First, hauing exiled all compassion & pittie from their hart, they lay hold vpon him with their bloody and polluted hands, and then they hastily robbe & disrobe him of his garments, before a rude multitude of the basest and meanest of the people, yea, they strip him starke naked, that hee might appeare more vile & contemptible in their eyes.

Here

Here hast thou good cause, and
iust occasion my perplexed soule,
to ouer-flowe thy cheekes afresh
with a flood of teares, and to di-
late and open thy heart, that thy
heauie groanes, and sorrowfull
sighs, may haue their free passage,
when thou seest thy louing Iesus
stripped naked by the handes of
such dogged and cruell tormen-
tors, exposed to the eyes of the
pittilesse people, and extreame
coldnesse and roughnesse of the
weather.

Oh how was the beauty of thy
excellent composed bodie obscu-
red with spots of blood? how was
the pure-white colour of thy skin
made blacke and blew with bitter
blowes, my most beautifull Iesu?

Oh how spitefull and vnappea-
sable was their indignation! how
bitter was the miserie? how great,
exceeding great was the igno-
minie

minie of thy gricuous passion, my
louing Christ, my mercifull Iesu?
For so sharp was the edge of their
cruelty, so eager was the malice of
their hearts, and inhumanitie of
their handes against thee, that
thou art layde naked vppon the
Crosse, when as such extremitie
was not vsed, but to most wicked,
vile, and abiect persons, who for
their notorious crimes deserued
no pittie: such was their damna-
ble impietic.

But what a spring of bitter teares
might arise in the weeping eyes
of thy sad and *mourning Mother*?
what sworde of sorrow did pierce
her tender heart, when shee saw
her dearely-louing, and dearely
beloued Sonne, so roughly disro-
bed of his cloathes, & *nakedly ex-*
posed to the view of the rude, base,
and common people, who came
not with relenting hearts to shew
an

anie signe of sorrow at the execution of such bloodie crueltie, but rather to solace themselves, and to laugh, deride, and raile vpon thee, in this extremest miserie?

Now when those cruell *tormentors* had speedily turned my innocent *Iesue* out of his clothes, they layde his naked bodie vppon the *Crosse*, and first they nailed his innocent hands, and after his blessed feete, with long and strong nayles; So that the streames of blood spouting out of his veines, chaunged the hew of his *Crosse*, into a crimson colour. Oh what grievous paine, what horrible *tortures*, did those wicked wretches procure to my blessed *Sanjour*?

Oh what infernall furie had incensed their bloodie mindes? what diuellish madnesse inraged their *hearts*, so farre to degenerate from the ciuil nature of men, into

into the sauage nature of beasts? Oh *spectacle* full of sorrowe! oh sight full of ruth, how grieuous would that pittifull sight haue bene to mine eyes, when the very Meditation of it doth so deeplie wound my heart.

Though I know that the immaculate Lambe was sacrificed on this woddē Aultar, that he might wash & cleanse my polluted soule with his pretious blood, take away the foule staines of my defiled flesh, and by suffering so vile a death on the Crosse, to deliuer me from a bitter Curse, due vnto mee for my great & grieuous finnes: Yet needes must mine eyes haue melted (like yce) into teares, my heart haue bene consumed with sobbes, and all my bowels pained with compassion, if I had bene a wofull beholder of his dolefull Passion; vnles mine eyes had bin

more

Med. 14. of the Lords Passion. 309

more drie then a flint, my heart
more hard then iron, and my bow-
els composed of brasfe.

But indeede, what riuers of
streaming teares should water my
cheeks? what heauy groanes, and
lamentable sighes should sounde
out of the bottome of my heart?
How should all mine affectiōs be
drowned in the waues of afflicti-
ons, when I contemplate the hi-
dious deformities of my vglie
sinnes, and seriously meditate on
the cruell tyrannie of my trayte-
rous transgressions, which indeed
were nothing else, but cruel hāds,
and a hard hammer, to driue the
iron-nayles into thy blessed hāds,
and innocent feete, and to crash
their tender bones into pieces.

Wound my soule (oh my sweet
lesu, pierce my heart, that it may
streame forth blood, let nothing
but mournfull sighes be pleasant

vnto my weeping eyes : let nothing but voices of horror and lamentation be delightful vnto my dolefull cares , so that all my senses may be true mourners , to bewaile the crueltie of my sinnes, and to shewe some tokens of true repentance for the multitude of my transgressions, which so pittifullie wounded thy sacred bodie, and so grieuouly vexed thy righteous soule.

Crucifie my heart, that it may die to wicked cogitations : Crucifie my hands, so that they may haue no list to commit euill actions : Crucifie mine eyes, that they may want light (in taking delight) to gaze vppon worldlie vanities : Crucifie mine cares, that they may be dull and depriued of hearing, when they should listen to fruitlesse and friuolous words, vnfaourie speeches , lasciuious

and wanton discourses : Crucifie my tongue, that it may haue no motion to vtter any opposite thing to the pure Lawe of my God, or hurtfull to the commoditie of those which are godlie and good. Crucifie my *Taste*, that it may not bee allured with the wanton inticements of *delicate meates*, nor so ouercome with the baytes of pleasant wine, that the eyes of my vnderstanding be darke with the *fumes* of gluttonie, or my soule bee polluted, or my bodie defiled with filthie adulterie.

Crucifie the old man (*sinne*) that hath bin my Tenant so long, and hath had his habitation in my bosome, that being dead, hee may be carryed out to his graue, that my soule may be infected no longer with his carnall impietie, and that I may no longer wilfully loue, but wil-

willingly loath, and for euer leaue his damnable companie.

But now (oh my sorrowful soule) turne thine eyes towards thy crucified *Iesus*, meditate seriously in thy minde, and let it be the perpetuall matter of thy thoughts, to thinke how thy louing Saviour was most pittifully martyred, and cruellie mangled, tortured without anie pittie, scorned at his death, with vile indignitie, & thought unworthy of any mercie or kind humanitie, that thou maiest mourne for thy sinnes in the morning, and repēt for thy misdeeds in the evening, which were hard-hearted, and bloody-handed executioners, to crucifie thy innocent *Iesus*.

Crie out, oh my wretched and wicked soule, trēbling at the ugly sight of thy grievous sinnes, and troubled with the horror of thy guiltie conscience.

Med: 14. of the Lords passion. 313

Cry out saying: Oh my sweet Ie-
su! oh my milde and *mercifull* Ie-
su! how exceeding painfull are
the panges of thy passion? how
violent are the streames of thy
afflictions? how cruelly is thy bo-
diwounded, & thy soule pressed
with the heauie weight of my
sinnes? Oh how horrible, how
detestable, how innumerable are
my transgressions, that tormen-
ted my Sauour with so many
heauie afflictions? What a deere
price didst thou pay for my Re-
demption? At what a high rate
hast thou bought mee a most
wretched sinner? no summes of
gold had it bene neuer so much,
no heapes of siluer had they bene
neuer so great, could ridde me
out of Captiuitie: It was onely
thy pretious blood that might
pay the price of my ransome. It
was onely thy innocent death

P

that

that was sufficient to purchase my freedome.

How is the naked bodie of my louing Redeemer and kinde Reconciler, stretched out vpon the Crosse, to deliuer mee from the bitter curse which was due vnto me for my monstrous impietie, and the *execution* of it readie to be serued vpon me for my intollerable iniquitie?

How firme are thy harmeleſſe *hands* fixed vnto thy Crosse? how hard are thy innocent *feete* nailed vnto it? Thou hast onely libertie to mooue, but (Alas) not where to *lay down* thy weake, and wearie head. Thou liest naked, obiected to the blasts of the wind, and storme of the weather, thou hast no cloathes to keepe thee warme, thou hast no shelter to keepe thee from harme.

Thou wert poore indeed at thy birth

birth, but now thou art more
poore at thy death : for at thy
birth thou hadst a Stable for thy
chamber, and a Manger for thy
Cradle : thou hadst swathling
cloathes (although they were
course) that might defend thee
from colde, and cherish thy ten-
der bodie. But at thy death thou
art cruelly robbed of all thy gar-
ments, thou hast not so much as
a ragge to lay vpon thee, the sharp-
nesse of the aire nippeth thy skin,
the furie of the windes stormeth
against thy naked bodie, thou
hast no rooffe to couer thy head
from the blustering windes: thou
hast no place of harbour to pro-
tect thy body from the stormie
weather: Oh how hard is the bed
thou liest vpon at the houre of
thy death? How hard is the pillow
that lieth vnder thy head, when
thou art readie to yeeld vp thy
P 2 breath?

breath? How is thy blessed bodie debased by wretched men here vpon the earth, which is so highly honoured by the *Angels* in *Heauen*? Oh how should my heart faint with bleeding woundes of sorrow for my sins? How should mine eyes make my bed to flote with a flood of teares, when I begin to call to an audit my heinous trespasses, and to cast vp the infinit summes of my *transgressions*, which caused my Lord to passe through such a great Campe of miseries, and to abide the bitter brunts of so many calamities? for what hadst thou done, oh my most sweet Lord? what hadst thou done, that thou should be so spitefully despised, so *maliciously* martyred, so *extreamely* tortured, and so cruelly *tormented*? What wicked action had thy pure hands committed, nay what good deed hadst thou done, that thou should be thus afflicted?

they omitted, that they should be
so pittifully *wounded*? How had
thy innocent teete transgressed,
that they shuld be so seuerely pu-
nished: How had any litle particle
of thy blessed bodie offended,
that it should be so *griuously tor-
mented*? Truly, thy deeds; my
blessed Sauour, were alwaies ac-
ted with integritie, and thy words
did viter nothing but truth and
sinceritie: thy hands were alwaies
cleane from sinfull actions, thy
heart was alwaies pure from wic-
ked cogitations: It was thy mer-
uailous loue, thy miraculous
mercie, thine vnspeakable pittie,
that did induce thee to suffer
those torments, which were due
vnto me for mine offences. It
was I my sweete Sauour, it was I
my selfe that had so *griuously*
sinned: It was thy wonderfull *cha-
ritie*, It was thy charitable mercie,

to shed thy pretious blood, to cure the desperate disease, of my deadly miserie.

But such, oh such, and so vile is the horrible ingratitude of my minde; such, and so great, is the dulnesse of thy memorie, such and so hard, is the *stupiditie* of my heart, that I am vnthankfull for thy mercie, forgetfull of thy bountie, senseles without any compassion, yea quite cold, without any zealous meditation of thy gricuous Passion.

Haue mercie vpon me, oh my most mercifull Lord, haue mercie vpon me, Oh let the sweete dew of thy infinit mercie, distill downe vpon my head: yea rather let it bee infused into my heart, that it may mollifie the hardnesse of mine *affections*, moisten the drines of my bowells, & fructifie my minde with the fruits of thy love,
because

because I cannot, yea rather because I am vnwilling to suffer with thee, and loue thee so little, who hath alwaies loued mee so much, for I freely confesse, I haue no sense of thy innarrable, and innumerable sorrowes, which thou didst suffer for the multitude of my sins. Alas mine eyes are drie without *teares*, my kinde Iesu, my *heart* is so dead, that it cannot breath forth any heauie groanes: mine affections are starke cold, without any heate of true deuotion, so oftē, yea rather so seldome, as I enter into a meditation of thy bitter Passion, and ruminat thy tedious paines and terrible *panges* which thou didst feele in thy most pretious bodie, to reuerse the sentence of *damnation* pronounced against me for my sins, and to purchase a gracious pardon for my *condemned* soule.

But pardon me, forgiue me my most mercifull Lord, I haue a hart of Iron, my bowels are more hard then Marble, vnlesse thou mollifie them, they are vnapt to receiue any print of thy mercie, or any impression of thy grace :

Take away from me I pray thee my stonie heart, giue me a fleshie and tender heart, that may bee wounded with the thornes of sorrow for my rebellious thoughts, yeeld forth dolefull groanes for my grieuous sinnes, and bleed with the wounds of cōpunction, when my minde doth meditate on thy heauie Passion.

Oh why should not my heart, my wretched heart, be pinched with some paine for the loue of thee, which didst willingly vouch safe to die for the loue of me? Wherfore haue the *sparkes* of my loue lien so long couered in the
embers?

embers? Or rather why are they almost extinguished? Oh what seuer punishment should I take of my selfe, for my monstrous *ingratitude*? How is my tongue able to vtter one word, yea one syllable of a word, to excuse the coldnesse of my loue? How may I blush, nay how may my face be confounded with shame which am so wayward, and vnwilling to suffer any litle affliction for thy sake, who endured so many extreame torments for my *sinne*? I lie on featherbeds couered warm with cloathes, and thou didst lie naked, nailed to a wodden crosse, and that in the time of colde weather, when others doe warme themselves at a fire.

If my head begin to ake, I lay it downe vpon a soft pillow, to ease my paine, and lessen my griefe: But thou ch my louing

Lord, hast not so much as a bolster of straw whereon thou mightest lay thy dying head, pierced with sharpe thornes, and bleeding with many wounds.

When I am sicke, my friends about me bestirre themselves to ease my diseased bodie, and to reuine my fainting spirits. But alas (my sweete Sauour) there was none about thee at the houre of thy pittifull and painefull death, which would proffer thee any kinde deed, no, not so much as a comfortable word.

They offer thee bitter wine mixed with mirrhe, and mingled with Gall. But although thy thirst was great, caused by the extremitie of thy paines, and immoderate effusion of thy blood, yet when thou hadst tasted of it, thou didst refuse to drinke of their bitter portion.

How

How hard were their harts? yea how dead, without any feeling of common compassion, that could giue vnto my sweete Sauour no better then such a bitter Potion?

Such was the succour that they would afford thee at the houre of thy death: This was the best *Cordiall* they would giue thee a little before the parting of thy breath.

What iust occasion hadst thou my mercifull Redeemer? yea, what admirable patience hadst thou, that thou didst not bitterly inueigh against the bloodie Gentiles, and vnbelceuing Iewes, who were so maliciously madded, and bloodily minded against thee, that all which they sought, and all which they wrought, was to augment thy sorrow?

But whilst their hearts were inflamed with malice against thee, and their hands labouring to crucifie

cific thee, thou wert so farte from accusing them for their sauadge crueltie, that thou didst pray vnto thy heauenly Father, that he would remit and forgiue their iniquitie, saying: *Father pardon them, because they know not what they doe.* Luk. 23. 34.

And this oh my sweet Christ, was the first words which thou spakest vpon thy bitter Crosse: Indeed they knew thee not, for their eyes were blinded that they could not see, and their hearts were hardned that they could not vnderstand.

Heere maist thou meditate (oh my soule) with exceeding comfort vpon the wonderfull patience, admirable mercie, & sweet words of thy louing Sauour, who was not so much grieued with paine of his own afflictions, as he was earnest to pray for the remission of their

their sinnes. Hee did not once open his mouth, to make anie iust *Apologie*, for his own innocencie, nor to denounce anie deserued malediction: No, not one bitter word against them, for their dogged crueltie. But in the extremest pangsof his bitter passion, his tender heart was moued with pittiful cōpassion towards them, he opened the fountaine of his mercie, that the sweet streams of his *Benediction* might flow vpon them.

He blessed them that cursed him, he shewed them, a true tokē of his intire loue, for their cruell hate, he prayed for them as if they had bene his dearest friends, when indeed they were his deadlie foes.

How should my feeble tongue, like a trumpet (oh my bountifull Iesu) sound soorth the wonderfull worthinesse of thy surmounting mercie? How should mine vnable
and:

and barren hart, conceiue the dignitie of thine vncōparable meeknes? How should the weake sight of my dark vnderstanding pierce into the hidden mysteries of thy gracious mildnesse, which surpasseth all vnderstanding.

How affable and ineffable is the sweetnesse of thy charitable prayer? how bottomlesse is the depth of thy clemencie? how vnexhaustible is the treasure of thy benignitie?

How large and spacious, yea how infinit are the bounds of thy mercie? For with what tranquillitie of minde? with what pietie and pittie of heart? with what sweete, milde, and perswasive words didst thou sue for their pardon, who now were breathing out nothing else but curses against thee, with their malicious tongues, and euen now acting the extremity of their

Ty-

Tyrannie against thee, with their bloodie hands?

Thou wert not discouraged by their iniuries, thou wert not hardened with their reproaches: thou didst not rebuke them for their euill words: thou didst not check them for their wicked deeds: thou didst seeke to salue their soares, who gaue thee deadlie woundes: thou didst make *intercession* for their life, who cruelly put thee to death: thou wert full of pittie towards them, whose hearts were emptie of all compassion towards thee. Oh with what wonderfull mildnes of minde, with what great deuotion of spirit, in what abundance of loue didst thou crie, *Father forgive them?* Oh wonderfull worke of thy worthie mercie! oh rare and memorable example of exceeding pittie! oh perfect pattern of excellent charitie! oh let mee

mee poore wretched sinner, taste the sweetnes of this hony: reuiue my dying heart with this cordiall compassion, relieue my sick soule with this comf rtable *confriction*. Crie out so for me, my sweet Lord, and kinde *Mediator*: commend my wofull case, and pleade my cause vnto thy Father, saying, *Father forgive him.*

For in truth, I knowe not what I doe: loue of the worlde hath blinded mine eyes, desire of carnall pleasures, is rooted in my heart, and all manner of *wanton vanities*, are rise in my minde: I runne headlong in the broad way of destruction: I can not finde the narrow path, which lea- deth to Saluation.

Open mine eyes (oh Lord) that I may see to walke in thy wayes, and direct my feete, that I may tread in thy pathes.

Teach

Teach mee to follow the patterne of thy excellent patience, so that I may not wish well onely to my dearest friendes, which dearely loue mee, but also pray for my cruell enemies, who deadly hate me.

But alas, how soone am I displeased: how long is it before I will forgiue, if I be once offended? I am prone with enuious *Cain*, to stain my hands with horrible murder. I long for a day with rough *Esa*, wherein I may slay my innocent brother. I oftentimes fall out with my friend for a crosse word, so that oftentimes in requitall, I seeke to doe him a mischieuous deed: I think my selfe the worse when I see him: Oh how doe I disdain to speake vnto him?

Teach me to learne this hard lesson of patience: purge the seede of malice out of my minde, mellow the

the ground of my heart with the
dew of thy graces, that it may
not onely bee tender, to giue my
beloued poore Friends, but that it
may also be pliable to forgieue my
hatefull Foes : seeing that thou
wert not so much touched with
the sense of thy owne afflictions,
(and no doubt the paines of them
were most grieuous vnto thee) as
thou wert moued with zeale to
pray for thy bloodie enemies,
when they made a prey of thy
garments, and cast lottes for thy
unseamed vesture. Ioh. 19. 24.

Now though *Pilate* gaue wrong-
full iudgement against thee, to
take away thy innocent life, yet
he seemed to honour thee at the
houre of thy death, whē he wrote
on the Croisse, *Iesus of Nazareth,*
King of the Iewes: Mat. 27. 37. Mar.
15. 26 Luk. 23. 38. Iohn. 19. 19. It
pleased him to intitle thee a King
by

by name, but alas, hee had no such conceit of thee in his secret thoughts. But indeed thou wert worthie of a far more honorable Title, being not only King of the Iewes, but also of the Gentiles: Yea, creator and Gouvernor of euerie creature.

Neuerthelesse, thou didst not cloath thy selfe with the Vesture of our humanitie, that thou should'st bee honoured with anie worldly dignitie.

It was thy chiefeſt honour to do the will of thy heauenly Father; loh. 14. 31. thou cameſt not to depriue *Herode* of his Kingdome, nor to gather any forces to deliuer the *Iewes* as they fondly dreamed of their *Messias* & vainely expected at the coming of their King.

Thou cameſt to deliuer the people from the Captiuitie of their finnes, and by shedding thy precious

cious blood to saue their soules.
Graunt me oh my sweet Sauour,
that I may set opē the dore of my
heart, that *thou* maiest enter, which
art the true *King of glorie*, and that
I may still desire (although I am
vnable) to shew my selte a louing
and loyall subiect to receiue thee.

Send thy holy spirit as Harbēger
before thee, to giue mee warning
of thy comming, and then I shall
be prepared to entertaine my *grati-
ous Soueraigne*, with humilitie of
mind, and tokens of sincere loue.

I long (oh my King) for thy
cōming, for I am assured if thou
vouchsafe to enter into my cot-
tage, thou wilt bestow such a roy-
all gift vpon me, that I shall begin
to disdain the pomp of the world,
and account nothing so deare vn-
to mee as thy loue.

Oh would my louing Sauour
would imbrace mee betweene his
bleſs.

Med 14, of the Lords passion. 333

bleſſed armes ! Oh I wiſh to liue,
I long to die betwixt thy louing
imbracements : thy armes were
ſtretched out on the Croſſe, as if
thou wert ready to receiue any pe-
nitēt ſinner, reſuſe not to receiue
me a wretched ſinner, who wound-
ded with the horror of my ſinnes,
do come vnto thee as my Phyſiti-
on, who is onely able & willing to
heale my wounds. Let thy preti-
ous blood ſtoppe the bloodie iſ-
ſue of my ſinnes : thy mercie, and
nothing but thy mercie, can cure
my *maladie* : that one, and that a-
lone, is all my remedie.

Graunt mee (oh my ſweet Ieſu)
that I may bee able to ſay with
thine Apoſtle, *I am crucified with
thee*. Crucifie my wāton fleſh with
the nayles of thy feare : mortifie
my rebellious thoughts with dread
of thy Juſtice, and Meditation of
thy iudgements. Let it be the ioy
of

of my heart : let it be the daily exercise of my minde : let it bee the object of all my thoughts to think on my Lord Iesus, & him crucified. I cannot wonder enough, though I neuer cease to wonder at thee my Iesu, my Sauior, & my Redeemer : yet let mee neuer cease to maruaile at the wonderfull worke of thy Passion, which thou didst so patiently suffer, that by thy innocent death, thou might'st cancel the obligation of our infinite debt, & affixe it to thy Crosse, that thou mightst deliuer vs poor and miserable wretches, from the danger of the curse, which was gone out against vs : Oh how can my meditations attaine to the length of thy admirable loue? how can my cogitations measure the breadth of thy clemencie? how should my deepest imaginations diue into the depth of thy mercie?

My

My eye is too dimme, to perceiue the beautie, my eare is too dull, too heare the greatnesse, my hart is too grosse, to conceiue the goodnes, my taste is too weake, to relish the sweetnes, my tongue is too feeble, to declare the worthines of thy loue: no words, be they neuer so many, can expresse the quantitie, no eloquence, be it neuer so excellent, can relate the qualitie.

Oh with what humility of mind, with what exceeding patience, with what kinde and tender affections, didst thou suffer the extreamest pangs of thy bitter afflictions?

How is my mind amazed with the bright beames of thy loue? How are all my thoughtes confounded with the greatnes of thy clemencie?

How is my soule rauished with the goodnes of thy mercie? What did moue thee, oh my sweet Sauiour,

uiour, but thy vnſpeakable loue?
what did induce thee, but thy incomparable mercie, to pay ſo deere a price for my Redemption?

Oh let the remembrance of thy infinite bountie neuer depart out of my minde: Let all my affections bee inflamed with the fire of thy loue: Let the ſweetneſſe and greatneſſe of thy mercies be my chiefest Meditations: Mortifie my diſobedient cogitations with thy feare, and crucifie my rebellious actions on thy Croſſe: That although ſinne muſt dwell and remaine in mee, yet it may not raigne and rule ouer mee.

A MEDITATION
 concerning the deris-
 ons, and scornfull spec-
 ches, vttered to the Lord Iesus
 (when hee was nayled on the
 crosse) by the Iewes, and one of the
 Thieues which were crucified with
 him, and of the second words he spake
 on the crosse.

MED. XV.

*Imit. a thieues, Christ suffered. For
 no fault b he shed. a Mat. 27: 38.*

(Mark. 15. 27.

*His precious blood. The Sun thereat
 ashamed, b Mat. 23. 4. Ioh. 19. 6.*

*Ore-vaile his face. The granes gaue
 up their dead: c Mar. 15. 33. Mat.*

27 45. & 27 52.

*With wonders more, that cannot here
 be named.*

NOW ruminare (oh my sor-
 rowfull & lamenting soule)
 what scornfull speeches,

Q

what

what spitefull derisions, and bitter reproaches, were breathed out of the mouths of the enuious Iewes against my patient and silent Iesus, after they had nailed his pure hands, and blessed feete to the Crosse.

Call home all thy wandring cogitations, that they may be solie and wholie intentiue to this heauenly and diuine meditation.

Let streames of teares gush out of my melting eyes, let them penetrate into my bosome, that they may mollifie my stonie heart, so that it may be so deeply wounded with sorrowfull compassion, as if I had bene an eye witnesse of his painefull Passion, when his innocent hands, and blessed feete streamed forth precious blood: yet the streames of it could not quench the fire of their malice, they could not calm the

the rage of their stormie mindes,
nor breed any one thought of pit-
tie in their cruell hearts : It was
not sufficiēt for them to torment
him with their bloodie hands,
but now at his vnderstood death,
they raile and reuile him with
their blasphemous mouthes : for
as their hearts were stonie, not
apt to take any print of compassi-
on, and their hands filled with
sauage crueltie without mercy, so
their words & speeches were vn-
ciuill void of all modestie. Some
crie out, *He saved others, let him
save himselfe if he be the Son of God:*
the Souldiers disdainfullie deride
him, and scornfully mocke him,
saying; *If thou be King of the Iewes
save thy selfe:* Also they that passe
by, nod their heads at him, *reuile*
him bitterly, and blaspheme him
saying : *Ah thou which doest de-
stroy the Temple of God, and in three*

daies dost build it againe, save thy selfe : If thou be the Sonne of God, come down from the Crosse: Oh how cruelly was my innocent Sauour tormented with their vnnmerci-
full hands? oh how was his righteous soule wounded with their *malicious tongues*? their words doe sa-
uour of Gall, and their speech is more bitter then wormewood. But so great was their malice, so
griuous was their indignation, so deadly was their hatred against my louing Iesus, that they thought
all their cruell deeds were too little to be inflicted vpon him: and
that all their words were not halfe bitter enough, which their venge-
mous mouthes did spue out against him.

But as my blessed Redeemer did patiently suffer the extreame
tortures of their *merciles hands*, so he did meekely beare the bitter
taunts

taunts of their reuiling tongues.
Oh let the memorie of this thy
exceeding patience be so deeply
sealed in my minde, that my
thoughts may still meditate on
thy infinite loue ! let my teares
(often flowing out of my eyes)
be true tokens of my inward sor-
row, and let my grieuous groanes
be as faithfull messengers to de-
clare my true repentance: For it
was my horrible transgressions
and hainous offences, my kinde
and louing Sauour, that made
thee to abide the tyranny of their
bloodie and murthering hands,
and to feeble the sting of their
sharpe and malicious tongues.

But (alas) mine eyes are so drie,
that they cannot shed teares, and
my heart so hard, that it cannot
yeeld a groane, vnlesse thou moi-
sten the one with the gracious
raine of thy graces, and mollifie

the other, by the vertue of thy spirit.

Now not onely the irreligious Gentiles who were actors of this bloodie Tragedie, and the enuious Iewes who were authors and Spectators of all their crueltie, did disgorge the bitter choller of their malice against my crucified Iesus, but also one of the malefactors hauing no remorse of conscience for his owne offences, nor pittie on my Sauour, so grievously taunted, & spitefully scorned of the basest of the people, began to raile vpon him without modestie, & to vse these tearmes against him full of vile indignities. *If thou art Christ save thy selfe and vs: Luk. 23. 39.* But his other fellow touched with sorrow for his sinnes, and freely confessing that they had both worthily deserued, & did iustly suffer death for their

trans

15. *Med. 15. of the Lords passion. 343*
thy transgressiōs, began to reprehend
ous him for his blasphemous impie-
this tie, and to iustifie my Iesus for his
blamelesse innocencie.

And when he had rebuked his
fellow for such great inhumani-
tie, he turned to my Sauour to
implore his mercy, that he might
be made partaker of the ioyes of
his heavenly Kingdome, vttering
this short and sweet prayer: *Lord*
remember me, when thou comdest in-
to thy Kingdome. And he had scant
ended his short petition, but my
mercifull Sauour made him this
gratious answer; *Verily I say vnto*
thee, this day thou shalt be with me in
Paradise. Luk. 23 43.

But now let vs consider, oh my
soule, with deuout attention, and
behold with attentiuē deuotion,
what riches of infinite bountie,
what large promises of vnmeasu-
rable liberalitie, what a blessed in-
heritance,

heritance, my beautiful redeemer doth promise vnto this poore, naked, and true, though late repenting sinner.

How might this blessed promise mitigate the sorrowes, (Oh thou sorrowfull sinner,) of thy perplexed minde? How might it ease the soares of thine afflicted bodie? for as faith bred in thy heart a true contrition, & opened thy mouth to make that humble petition, so no doubt it sealed such an assurance vnto thy wounded conscience, that thou didst steadfastly beleue his promise, and faithfully looke for the performance. But how may my speech extend it selfe to the length of thy boundles liberality (my most liberall Redeemer?) How may my words measure the bredth of thy vnlimited mercy? yea how can my thoughts found the bottom-

les Sea of thy benigneitie? In thy first words vttered on the *Crosse*, thou doest pray thy Father to forgiue thy cruell *tormentors*, and in thy second words thou doest bountifully giue Paradice vnto a sorrowfull sinner.

Oh who can worthily estimate the dignitie of the gift? who can sufficiently extoll the bountie of the giuer? although (my sweet Iesu) thy whole life was the merit of our saluation, yet at thy bitter death thou didst pay the full price of our redemption. Oh happie theese that had such a sweet taste of thy mercy! Oh blessed soule, that wert made partaker of such infinite bountie! oh what great graces and excellent vertues were infused into thee, that thou didst belecue my Iesus to be the true Son of God thy Creator: whom thou didst see to die the death of

a miserable creature?

As thy faults were intollerable in thy dissolute life, so thy faith appeareth admirable at thy sorrowfull death. For what but faith was the motiue to moue thee to sue to him to be remembered in his kingdome of eternall felicitie, who to thy outward eyes appeared nothing else but a spectacle of wofull miserie? and as thy confidence was great, & thy loue much, so thy Iesus doth speedily assure thee to enioy a bountifull reward.

Therefore I pray thee my most bountifull Iesu, so to inspire my minde with thy grace, and so to kindle thy loue in my brest, that I may be contented to be crucified with thee here vpon earth, that I may bee receiued by thee into thy kingdome of heauen.

And graunt that I may so truly
lament.

lament for my trespasses, & shed
such bitter teares for my sinnes,
that I may faithfully say with this
penitent theefe: *Lord remember*
me when thou shalt come into thy
Kingdome: For I confesse O Lord,
I haue bene no better then a
Theefe, for I haue robbed thee of
thy honour, I haue bene vntrue
vnto thee concerning thy glory.
My lips are defiled with lying, my
hands haue wrought the workes
of deceit, I haue often beguiled
the widdowe, and defrauded the
Orphane. I haue sought to make
my selfe rich by oppression, I
haue bene disobedient to my go-
uernours, and would not liue vn-
der their lawfull subiection. Oh
Lord remember not my great
and grievous offences, let thy
mercie blot them out of thy me-
morie, that they may not be laide
against me, when I shall be sum-
mored

moned to appeare before thee:
Remember me according to the
multitude of thy mercies, as thou
didst this late repenting malefac-
tor, whom thou hast left vnto me
as one rare example of thy infi-
nite mercie, that I should not dis-
paire in regard of thy iustice,
and that I should not presume to
sinne in respect of thy mercie.
Oh let mee remember this rare
example of thy extraordinarie
goodnes, so that I may neither
dispaire with the heauie burden
of my sins, nor presume without
feare to transgresse the bounds of
thy holy lawe : that although I
haue run long the wilde race of
vnbrideled iniquitie, yet at last I
may returne home vnto thee out
of the way of impietie, with this
faithful & true repenting offēder,
& be a cōpanion with him in thy
Paradise of euerlasting felicitie.

A Me.

A MEDITATION,

concerning the lamentati-
on of the Virgine *Marie*, be-
holding her Sonne, lifted vp
vpon the Crosse, standing by
it, accompanied with *Iohn* the
Euangelist. and *Marie Magda-
lene*.

MED. XVI.

The blessed Virgin ^a standing by the
Crosse ^a Iohn. 19 25.

Of Christ our Lorde; Beholde thy
 Sonne, sayd kee b Ibid. 26.

Unto his Mother; Oh most grievous
loss:

That hee must die, who from all
faults was free. Luk. 23. 14.

Now turne thy thoughts (Oh
my sorrowfull soule, from
the blasphemous reproches,
scornfull derisions, and malicious
flaun-

flaunders of the wiked Iewes, insulting against my innocēt Iesus.

And now thou hast heard how bountifull my Sauour was vnto the penitent Theefe, that was sorrowfull for his own iniquitie, and couragious to iustifie my mercifull Redeemer, for his vnspotted innocencie : Meditate a while on the Lamenttaion of his blessed Mother, whose hart was wounded with sorrow, to see her Sonne so cruellie tormented, when hee had neuer offended in word, nor imagined anie euill in thought.

How sharpe was the sting of dolour to wound her heart ? how intollerable was the grieve that did trouble her minde, when shee saw his bodie bleeding with so manie wounds, before her wofull eyes, and heard their bitter words and diuelish reproches cast out against him, in the audience of her dolefull cares.

At

As shee had cause to reioyce at his blessed Birth, so now shee had good occasion to mourne for his cruell death.

For though no doubt she was annointed with oyle of graces aboue her fellowes, yet we may not thinke shee was quite exempted from the passions of a woman, or void of the tender affections of a Mother, when shee saw the harmles head of her louing & beloued Sonne bleeding with a *Crowne of Thornes*, and his innocent hands, and blessed feete, fastened to the Crosse with iron nailes.

Certainlie shee knewe that his Conception was so sanctified by the holie Ghost in her wombe, that his most blessed Bodie was alwayes free from the infection of impietie, and his flesh neuer tainted with the corruption of iniquitie.

But

But yet shee knew hee did not suffer without sense of his paines, and although he was endued with a supernaturall patience, yet she knew that he felt the pangs of his bitter Passion, subiect by his humane nature to manie infirmities as we are: yet euer hauing a pure heart and cleane hands, from the spottes of sinne, wherewith our soules are polluted, and our bodies continually infected.

Wherefore thinke oh my soule, that as her afflictions were grievous, so her lamentation was great: suppose that thou dost see her, with her face discolored with palenesse, discovering her mortuall sorrowe to thy outward eyes, & that thou didst heare her mournfull tongue, telling this dolefull tale to thy attentive eares, which should cause thee to be a partner with her in her woe

and sigh for thy sinnes, which were the cause of her sorrow, to see her beloued Sonne so cruellie crucified by the Gentiles, and so disdainfully derided by the Iewes. Thinke (I say) that thou dost see her watering her eyes with store of teares, and vntering these or the like wordes, with her sorrowfull lips to her dearly beloued Sonne, (which wordes should drawe out teares from thine eyes, and driue out groanes from thy hart) which shee pronounced with a dolefull accent in this or the like manner.

Oh what medicine, (be it neuer so soueraigne) can asswage the rigor of my maladie? what salue (be it neuer so precious) can heale the wounds of my bleeding hart? what words (bee they neuer so comfortable) can cheare vp my dolefull mind, wher I see thee my beloued sonne, so cruelly tormêted,
and

and so ignominiously taunted? Alas for mee poore wretch thy sorrowfull Mother.

How intollerable is the paine? how gricuous is the punishment that is inflicted vpon thee? Thy death is not so bitter vnto mee, (and yet how loth I am to forget thee,) as these cruell torment which I see, doe torture thy innocent bodie, and doe greatlie augment the sorrow of my perplexed minde. As thy blessed life was the cause of my chiefeft felicitie, so will thy bitter death be the beginning of my miserie.

Who shall afford me comfort in the time of my calamitie? who shall giue me counsell? who shall be my succour in the time of my necessity, when I am separated from thee? How shall I spend the day with sorrowing, & passe through tedious nights with mourning?

But thou oh my God omnipotent, which art his eternall Father, who canst not shut thine eies of compassion from thine afflicted Sonne, comfort mee his sorrowfull Mother.

Thou seest the woundes of his bodie, thou knowest the sorrowes of my heart, and because thou art a Father of mercies, and a God of all consolation, looke downe vpon mee out of thy holie Sanctuarie, and as thou hast proued mee to bee thy faithfull Handmaide, so let the sweetnesse of thy Fatherlie loue, temper the bitterness of my grieffe, that although I bee deprived from the humane societie of my Sonne, yet the wings of thy prouidence, may still ouershadowe mee, and thy omnipotent arme safelie protect mee.

But as the Virgine *Marie* did
be-

bewaile the the cruell and bloody death of her innocent Sonne, so *Marie Magdalene*, with manie teares gushing out of her eyes, began to lament the wofull case of him her louing Master, on this or such like manner.

Oh my deere Maister ! oh my gracious Lord ! oh my blessed and bountifull benefactor ! I cannot liue without thy louing companie : I cannot abide, without thy amiable Societic : What tongue, though it speake neuer so dolefull, can trulie relate my sorrow ? What words, be they neuer so rhetoricall, can ease my inward griefe, when I see I shall be separated from so louing and so kinde a Maister ?

Oh how tyrannous are the torments wherwith the bloodie tormentors doe torment thine afflicted bodie ? How sharpe are the

arowes of their mallice, where-
with they wounde thy righteous
soule? How grieuous is the sight
of their cruell deedes vnto mine
eyes? How odious are their dog-
ged words vnto mine eares? Yet
my constant loue vnto thee, will
not giue mee leaue to leaue thee,
(though it be a death vnto me to
see thy calamitie) so long as mine
eyes may behold thee.

The sight of the bitter *pangs* of
thy Passion doth affright me with
horror : The signes of thy ap-
proaching death, doth confound
my senses with continuall *terror* :
I see thy head which I annointed
with petious ointment, cruellie
pierced with Thorns, & pittifullie
bleeding with manie wounds.

I see thy harmlesse hands pier-
ced with iron nayles, and thy in-
nocent feete stained with blood,
which I bathed with the teares of
mine

mine eyes , and wiped with the haire of my head.

Oh how should I sufficientlie bewaile the innocent death of my louing Iesus?

How doth my heart fainte with sorrow, and my senses faile me for griefe, when I see the torments of his bodie, and when I thinke vpon the affliction of his soule? But alas, the waues of sorrow doe stoppe the passage of my words, my speech faileth, and my voice fainteth for griefe.

Now thou hast heard (my sorrowfull soule) the lamentation of the Virgine *Marie*, as a kind Mother, sorrowing for the death of her dearest Sonne: and the pittifull mourning of *Marie Magdalen*, sighing for the losse of so louing and kind a Maister; Cease not thou to shed teares, with thy weeping eies, and to sobbe with

a broken and contrite heart, for
the cruell and shamefull death of
thy louing Sauour, who died for
thy hainous sinnes, and suffered
for thy horrible transgressions.

Graunt mee, oh my most gra-
tious Lorde, that my head may
flowe with water, and that mine
eyes may be turned into a foun-
taine of teares: For where shall
I goe to draw water, but to the
fountaine of my Sauour?

Oh why should I cease to
weepe for thy sake, when thou
didst weepe so often, because of
my sinnes? Thou hast told me,
that they are happie, and blessed,
that mourne for their sinnes, and
lament for their offences, & that
they shall bee comforted in the
day of their trouble, and receiue
consolation at the houre of their
distression.

Draw me (oh Lord) vnto thee,
that

that I may behold thee, and take
such hold of thee, that thou maist
neuer depart from me.

Receiue me into the little num-
ber of thy louing and faithfull
friends, who would not leaue thee
in thy extreamest miserie, but did
weep & sigh to see thy calamities
so that being partaker with them
of their sorrow, by my meditati-
on of thy bitter Passion, suffered
here vpon earth, I may be made
copartner with them of thine vn-
speakeable ioyes, in thy blessed
Kingdome of heauen. Oh let
thine eares bee open to the petiti-
on of my lippes, and let thy mer-
cie graunt the desire of my heart

A MEDITATION

concerning the obscuration and Eclipse of the Sun about the ninth houre, and of the fourth speech which the Lord spake on the Crosse.

MED. XVII.

*When Christ vpon the ^a Crosse for
vs was naild, ^a Mar. 15. 20.*

*And that his Ghost was reade to
depart: ^b Mat. 27. 50.*

*The ^c Sunne ashamed, his splendāt
beames ore-vaild, ^b Luk 23. 45. and
(Mat. 27. 45.*

As blushing to behold so vile a part.

NOW call to minde my sinfull
soule, how the firmament
was darkened, the Sunne
R eclipscd

eclipsed, and his beames obscured at the bitter Passion of thy Sauour. And meruaile not that the brightnesse of the Sun was dimmed, and that his golden beames, did not shew forth their glorie, when as the Son of righteousness, my innocent Iesus had his beautie obscured, and his glorie darkened with the clowdes of his grieuous and bitter Passion. And if thou consider the crueltye of his enemies, and the malice of his foes, so virulent in the diuellish cogitations of their hearts, and so violent in the bloodie actions of their hands : thou maist thinke that the Sun did as it were disdaine to afford them his comfortable heat, or denie them his chearefull light, that so their eyes might bee ouer-shadowed with darknesse, as the light of their vnderstanding was obscured with malice.

But

But meditate not onely oh my soule, on the horrible crueltie of the barbarous Gentiles, and on the execrable spite of the bloodie lewes, and that their facts were so odious, and their deeds so detestable, that they seemed to deprive the Sunne of his splendant brightnesse, & to robbe the earth of her chiefeft comfort: but more often thinke seriously of thy sins, & meditate sincerely of thy transgressions, which darken the light of thy minde, and eclipse the beames of thy vnderstanding, so that thou doest not see to tread in the path of harmelesse pietie, but doest wander beside it, into the dangerous waies of damnable iniquitie.

Wherefore let the light of thine eyes be obscured with weeping, and thy heart ake with groaning, as outward signes of thy in-

ward sorrow, as faithfull witnesses of thy serious & true repentance: so that the bright beames of the comfortable loue of thy Redeemer may still enlighten thy hart, and the light of his chearefull countenance euermore shine vpon thee. Oh let not the mistie vapours of my grosse offences, my mercifull Sauour, so obscure the beames of thy mercie, but that their gracious influence may still haue their powerfull operation in my minde, and reuiue my dead heart with the liuely motions of feruent and true deuotion. Let the vertue of thy Spirit so dispell and disperse the thicke cloudes of my sinnes, that my soule may be cherished with the heat of thy loue, and see the brightnesse of thy glorie.

But now cease thou my soule,
to behold the darkned Sun with
thine

thine amazed eyes, and attend to the voice of thy crying Sauour with thine attentiuē cares. What mournesfull tongue can vtter the sharpenes of his agonie? what thought can conceiue the greatnesse of his paine? Oh how grieuous was the extremitie of his panges, which made him lift vp his eyes vnto heauen, and his earnest and loud voice vnto his Cēlestiāll Father, crying out in this wofull manner: *Eli, Eli, lamma-zababani? my God my God, why hast thou forsaken me?* Oh how vehement was the wrath of thy angrie father against thee my mercifull Iesu, my louing Sauour? how violent were the torments that vexed thy body? How grieuous were the afflictions that pressed & perplexed thy minde, groaning vnder the heauie burden of our sinnes, imposed vpon thine in-

nocent shoulders ? Indeed our
haynous finnes, our horrible
transgressions, moued false-hear-
ted Iudas to betray thee, and in-
duced the stubborne-minded
Iewes to reiect thee : they made
thy disciples to flie for feare, and
to leaue their louing maister in
time of danger : they compelled
thy head to bee crowned with
pricking thornes, thy face to be
defiled with spittle, thy body to
be scourged with whips : they
pierced thy hands, and nayled
thy feete, they were the hammer
and nayles that fastned thee to
the crosse. These caused thy fa-
ther to punish thee with the seue-
ritie of his iustice, that thou be-
ing innocent, mightst make satis-
faction for our trespasses, suffe-
ring a shamefull and cruell death
to finish the great worke of our
redemption, and to deliuer our
bodies

bodies and soules from eternall destruction. These made thy loving Father seeme to withdraw his chearefull countenance from thee, because thou didst appeare so deformed to his eyes, and vgly in his sight, hauing put on the filthie ragges of our iniquitie: although he did alwaies loue thee, and could neuer leaue thee, being alwaies beautifull with the true ornaments of thy owne integritie. Oh how should mine eyes water my bed, with flowing teares, and my heart labour with continuall groanes, to weepe for the crueltie of my sinnes, and to lament for the tyrannie of my transgressions: which were such cruell tormentors, to torture thy body, and such furious tyrants to vex thy soule? how great oh my sweet Iesu, are the tortures which thou doest patiently endure for my

sake? how painefull, how shamefull, and cursed was the death which thou didst suffer for my sinnes? the punishment was great wherewith thy body was afflicted, the anguish was grievous, wherewith thy soule was affected, the thornes were sharpe, that wounded thy sacred head, the whips where terrible that scourged thy naked bodie, the nayles were painefull that entred through thy hands and pierced thy feete: nothing but markes of crueltie appeared to thine eyes, nothing but scornfull reproaches of thine enemies sounded in thy eares. But as thy outward afflictions were vnspeakeable, so thy inward sorrow was more intollerable, when thou didst thinke how forgetfull wee would bee of thy mercies, and how vnthankfull we would be for thy benefits.

And

And as thou, my most deare Iesu, in the fiercest fits of thine agonie, and sorest panges of thy Passion, didst call, and crie to thy heauenly Father for succour, so teach mee to lift vp my deuout heart, pure hands, and a lowd voyce, towards the seat of mercy, when any outward affliction doth pinch my bodie, or any inward tribulation presse my soule: teach me oh Lord in the stormie daies of my greatest persecutions, to meditate on thy wonted goodness, and when my soule is most perplexed with the horror of my guiltie conscience, to thinke on the multitude of thy mercies.

But forsake me not, my sweet Iesu, when my strength faileth: vphold me when my feete begin to slide, and raise me vp when I begin to fall: thou doest neuer leaue them without comfort in

time of their trouble, who come vnto thee with confidence of thy promises, and faithfully craue thy succour: Oh suffer not my soule to bee cast downe with immoderate mourning, or my mouth to be filled with murmuring, when thy hand lieth heauie vpon me. Comfort my drooping heart with some taste of thy heavenly consolation, when either the sword of *persecution* doth wound my bodie, or sorrow for my sinnes doth afflict my minde. Let me remember that thy children are in this world as the *Israelites* were in the desert: they shall haue many cruel foes. abide hunger and thirst, run through many dangers, and drinke of the bitter waters of *Mara*, before they can come into heavenly *Canaan*, and chawe the worme-wood of affliction, before they can eate of
the

the fruite of the tree of life, more
sweete then milke, and more de-
licate then hony. Let me remem-
ber, that *Abraham* the father of
the faithfull, was often afflicted:
that *Jacob* thy beloued, was con-
strained to flie for feare of *Eſau*,
his rough-handed, and hard-har-
ted brother, and then vngently
intreated, and vniuſtly rewarded
for his faithfull ſeruice, by *Laban*
his churlish vnckle. That *Dauid*
thy choſen was often in daunger
of his life, purſued and persecuted
by furious *Saul*, before he was ad-
uanced to his Kingdome. Oh let
me not forget the many miſeries,
and bitter afflictions, which tum-
bled in heaps vpon *Iob* thy faith-
full ſeruant: Let their patience
calme the turbulent motions of
my repyning minde, and let the
remembrãce of their deliuerance
arme my heart with a confident
and

and stedfast resolution, that the eye of thy carefull providence neuer sleepeth nor slumbreth, but continually watcheth ouer thy faithfull and beloued, and that thine omnipotent arme is then stretched out to rid them out of perill, when they seeme to bee in a desperate case, past all hope, and farthest from succour.

And let me knowe that affliction is the best hope that thy children may expect in this worldly Lotterie, but yet let the anchor of my hope take such sure holde on thy promises in the time of my miserie, that I may alwaies be assured, that thou art able, and neuer vnwilling to cure my *mala-*
die, if I call faithfully vpon thy name, and waite thy appointed time with patience, abiding constant in thy loue, and confident in thy word. Grant me oh my
Lord.

Med. 17. of the Lords Passion. 373

Lord Iesus, to crie out vnto thee
in the daies of my trouble, and to
craue thy strong aide in the houre
of my tribulation. O let me drink
a deepe draught of the fountaine
of thy mercie, when my poore
heart is parched with thirst, in this
world of miserie: Heare me from
Heauen, & let my voice sound in
thine cares, that I may receiue
cōfort when I am distressed, help
mee when I am oppressed, and
peace of conscience, when my
loue is afflicted, that when I feele
the sweete taste of thy mercie, my
lippes may shewe thy praise, and
my tongue declare thy glorie,
saying: *With my voyce I cryed vnto
the Lord, with my voyce I praied vn-
to the Lord, and hee heard me.*

A Me-

A MEDITATION,

concerning the fift and fixt
words, which the Lord Iesus
spake on the Crosse ; to wit,
I thirst, and it is finished.

MED. XVIII.

*When Christ our Lord, the a foun-
taine of all blisse* *a Zach. 13.1.*

*Had sayd, I b thirst ; and that the
houre was come* *b Ioh. 19.28.*

*That hee to death must yeelde for our
c amisse,* *c Rom 4.25.*

*Hee sayde : It's d finisht now ; and all
is done.* *d Ioh. 19.30.*

HEere (Oh my soule) consi-
der not onely the woes, but
marke the *wordes* of thy dy-
ing *IESVS*: thou didst heare him
crie vnto his heauenlie Father,
with

Med. 18. of the Lords Passion. 375

with seruencie of his affection, vntering the vehemencie of his affliction, and now heare thy wofull Iesus, speaking vnto the wilfull deaf eard, and dead-harted Iewes, saying, *I thirst.*

And although enuie had so parched vp their harts, that they had no sappe of relenting pittie, yet let his words pierce so deepe into thy tender heart, that it may bee wounded with true compunction, and stirre vp actiue & liuely motions of cōpassion within thy bowels, so often as thou dost think on his necessitie, and so often as thou dost meditate on his calamity: but alas, thou dost seldome or neuer meditate on his humane miserie.

Oh what grienous infirmities, miseries, distresses, and calamities, did our fraile assumed nature bring vppon thee, my louing, sweet, and mercifull Iesu?

How

How manie great and vnſupportable torments did our ſinne, (yea my ſinnes, made thine by imputation) compell thee to ſuffer?

What did cauſe thee to doe ſe my bleſſed Sauicour, but the ardent feruor of thy exceeding loue? What worthineſſe of merite was there in vs, as a motiue to moue thee? it was thine vnſpeakable mercie, & nothing but thine ineſtimable mercy, which did induce thee.

But canſt thou (oh my ſorrowfull ſoule) containe thy reares within the little caue of thine eyes, and ſuppreſſe thy groanes, and reſpreſſe thy ſighes within the hol lowe corners and cauernes of thy heart, when thou doeſt thinke on the extreame thirſt of thy louing Ieſus, and of the ſmall compaſſion that was ſhewed vnto him by the vnmercifull Iewes? wherefore crie out with the voice of mourning

ning, and lament in thy crying,
and say vnto thy beloued Iesus,
Oh my most louing Lord, oh my
most gracious Reconciler, oh my
most mercitull Redeemer, how
should my sadde and sorrowfull
soule bee afflicted with heauines?
how should all my sences bee af-
flicted with mourning, when
my minde doth contemplate the
wounds of thy bodie, and medi-
tate the sorrow of thy soule, affli-
cted with the deadlie panges of
thy bitter passion, which inflamed
thy heart with excessiue heate,
and dried vp the moisture of thy
bowels, with immoderate thirst?
And how should mine eyes swell
with weeping, and my heart bee
wearied with groning, to bewaile
my sinnes, which so sharpned the
harts of the Gentiles, with the ea-
gerne use of crueltie, & so shortned
the handes of the Iewes, with the

ma-

malice of impietie, that they retained no sparke of pittie in their harts, nor would extēd their hāds to giue thee anie cōfortable refreshing in thy greatest extremitie? But as their harts and bowels were filled with sharpe, sower, and malicious humors, so they giue thee a sowe and bitter drinke, compounded of Gall and Vineger.

Oh nefarious and horrible impietie! oh detestable crueltie of the perfidious Iewes, to bee so stonieharted, as not to affoord so much as a draught of colde water to my dying Iesus, who is able to giue water of life, which shall so plentifully satisfie the longing desire of those that drink of it, that they shall neuer after be molested with thirst, nor haue anie necessitie to drinke.

Oh would I had bene there my bountifull Iesu, that my weeping
cies

cies might haue afforded thee
store of water, to haue slaked thy
drinesse, and quenched thy thirst.
Oh how extream was the griefe of
thy tender-harted Mother ! Oh
how sorrowfull was the sadnes of
Iohn thy louing Disciple, who lo-
ued thee so tenderlie, and was be-
loued of thee so intierly.

Oh how dolorous was the lamen-
tation of *Marie Magdalen*, moun-
ning for thee her kinde distressed
Maister, who had forgiuē her ma-
nie sinnes, because she had shewed
thee much loue ! Who all did be-
holde thee with their wofull cies,
& did heare thee with their dole-
full cares, complaine that thou
wert drie & thirstie, and no doubt
but they did all wish with sighes,
and desire with heauie groanes,
that they had beene able, (but a-
las, they might not bee suffe-
red) to giue thee some comfor-
table

table refreshing.

When the Diuell our ancient enimie did tempt thee in the Wilderness, thou wert pinched with hunger, and at thy death thou wert parched with thirst, thy moisture dried vp like a pot-shard, and thy tongue cleaving to the rooffe of thy mouth.

Now what are these naturall wants and weak infirmities found in thy bodie, but strong arguments vnto vs of thy true man-hood, and true testimonies of thy humane nature, that wee might know, that although thou wert indued with exceeding patience, yet that thou being man, wert subiect to our passions: but as thy sacred Conception was free from all carnall corruption, so thy pure life was alwaies free frō all sinfull infection.

Thou hadst great cause (my louing Sauiour) to be molested with drinck,

drinelle, and grieued with thirst, when as thy bodie was distempered with *watching*, brused with cruell blowes, and thy blood exhausted with thy *bleeding wounds*: yet such was the inhumanitie, such was the crueltie of the pittilesse Iewes, that in this extremitie they would not afford thee a cuppe of colde water. But is it credible, yea, is it possible, that my Sauour should bee afflicted with thirst at his death, who hath tolde vs (and it is truth that hee hath tolde vs) that he hath the water of life?

Tell me my bountifull Iesu, how was thy moisture consumed? what caused thy thirst? art thou not he which cried? *If any man thirst, let him come to mee and drinke*; Ioh. 7.

37. art thou able to satisfie others that are thirstie, and art thou thy selfe oppressed with thirst? art not thou he my louing sauour, which
said

said to the woman of *Samarina*, that thou hadst the *Water of life*, and that hee which should drinke of this water, should neuer thirst any more, but that it should be a well of water in him, springing up vnto everlasting life.

¶ Thy speech (my Sauiour) is veritie, & thy words are truth: Thou hast the water of life, thou art able, and as thou art able, so thou art most willing, to refresh our thirstie soules, with this blessed water, if wee will resort to drinke of thy pure and *Christall fountaine*: I will come vnto thee (my sweete Iesu) that thou maiest satisfie my soule with thine everlasting bread, and quench my thirst with this *Water of life*: for my soule thirsteth after *GOD*, which is a liuing fountaine.

I will crie vnto thee, the Lorde my God, my Sauiour, my protector, and I will say, I thirst, I thirst,
my

my bountifull Iesu ; Oh that I might haue but so much as a little taste of this Cælestiall water : Oh how doe I long to drinke of this fountain! quench thou my thirst, oh my sweet Iesu, with this living Water, for thou onely art able to quench my thirst, because with thee there is the fountain of life.

And graunt that my soule may still thirst with such a longing after thy *loue*, that it may make hast to these waters of comfort.

Oh how dangerous and deadlie were my maladie? how vn-sufferable were my miserie? how damnable were my state? how desperate were my case, if I should not drink of this *heauenly Fountaine* ?

But as the spring of these blessed and wholesome waters doth euer flowe, and as thy vnstinted bountie (oh my mercifull Sauour, euer aboundeth) so thou doest neuer de-

denie anie thirstie soule, to drinke of this liuing water.

Wherefore let the seruencie of thy *loue* so inflame my soule, that it may thirst, and thirsting, may runne vnto thee, to bee refreshed with this comfortable water.

I know, oh my blessed Redeemer, that thou wert not onelie afflicted with thirst in thy bodie, but that thou wert more affected with thirst in thy Spirit.

Hearc thou, (oh my thirstie soule) the sweete word of thy Sauiour! Oh with what exceeding mercie, is it replenished? with what inestimable Charitie is it vttered?

Hee saith, *I thirst*: but hee saith not, I am pained, grieued, or afflicted;

And what dost thou thirst for so much, oh my louing Lorde? Thou dost not thirst so much for
wine

wine which is pressed out of the grapes of the Vine: or for water which floweth out of the riuer: but thy thirst is my saluation, thy meat is my redemption. Thou doest thirst for my faith, my saluation, my ioy: this spirituall thirst did more affect thy soule, then any naturall or humane thirst could afflict thy bodie: Therefore thirst thou (oh my soule after thy louing and mercifull Sauiour) as the *thirstie heart desireth the water*. Oh how canst thou but thirst after him, who hath thirsted so much after thee? Let all things (be they neuer so sower) bee pleasant vnto thee for his sake: let all things (be they neuer so bitter) be most sweet vnto thee for his loue. Refuse not to drinke of the bitter cup of affliction for his cause, and he will not faile to refresh thee in

the time of thy calamitie, his hand shall be stretched out to deliuer thee in thy necessitie.

Grant me my Lord, that I may offer vnto thee the wine of my true deuotion, with the Mirrhe of mortification, and gall of heartie contrition. But as it might be dolefull vnto thee my soule, to heare thy louing Iesus crie out, *Sitio, I thirst*: so let it be ioyfull vnto thee, to heare him take his farewell with *Consummatum est*, It is finished. Ioh. 19. 30. Oh let the Meditation of this word, be more sweet vnto mee, then the honic which *Sampson* found in the car-kasse of the Lyon, when he was hungrie. Iudges. 14. 8. and more delectable vnto me, then the water which he found in the Iaw-bone of the Asse, when he was thirstie. Iudges 15. 19. For now had my blessed Redeemer fulfilled

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led the sacred decrees of the holy Scriptures, concerning my saluation, and appeased the wrath of his Father, kindled against me for my sinnes.

Now he had cancelled the Obligation of my infinit debt, & not with siluer and gold, but with his owne most pretious blood purchased my Redemption: And by his death, conquered death, hell and the diuell.

Oh happie death that hath redeemed mee to eternall life! Oh glorious victorie, although my Sauour obtained it so dearely! Therefore let me not be carelesse to sell that so cheape, which my Sauour hath bought so deare. Let me consecrate my scule and bodie wholly to him, for they are his owne, he hath dearely bought them.

Direct my spirit, oh Lord, by
S 2 the

the leuell of thy perfect word: let
the meditation of my heart be
day and night in thy sacred law,
that I may offer vp vnto thee
daily the Calues of my vnfeined
lippes, speaking of thy merui-
lous kindnesse early in the mor-
ning, and telling of thy manifold
mercies, late in the euening: send
downe a gracious raine of thy
holy Spirit into the furrowes of
my heart, that the memorie of
thine innumerable benefits, may
perpetually flourish in my mind,
and thine euerlasting praises e-
uermore sound in my mouth, for
thou alone art my Redeemer, O
Lord God of my saluation.

A Me is co
nesse
and h

A MEDITATION

how Christ gaue vp
the Ghost, and of the wonders
which were seene at his death.

MED. XIX.

Strange & wonders at our Sauiours
death were wrought, ^aMar. 15. 38.

The graues did ^bopen, and the dead
came forth : ^bMath. 27. 51.

The Temple rent in ^ctwaine. Dumb
creatures sought ^cLuk. 23. 45.

T^d expresse to blinded Iewes their
makers worth. ^dLuk. 19. 40.

Lift vp thine eyes, oh my
soule, and behold how the
countenance of thy Sauiour
is couered with a deadly pale-
nesse, his sight beginneth to faile,
and his heart to faint, yet a little

S 3

before

before the departure of his soule, and in his greatest pangs, he cried out with a lowd voice, as if he had felt no paine, saying, *Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit*: and when he had said thus, bowing downe his head, and closing his eyes, he gaue vp the Ghost. Luk. 23. 46. Now so soone as his blessed soule was dissolued from his breathlesse bodie, the vaile of the *Temple* was rent into two peeces from the top to the bottome, the earth did quake, the stones were rent, the graues opened, and many bodies of the Saints, which slept, arose out of their graues, came into the holy Citie, and appeared to many.

Awake thou now oh my soule
lie no longer snorting in the bed
of carelesse securitie: what wilt
thou say? what wilt thou doe, O
my soule?

The

Thou seest that the earth trembleth, & quaketh, that the stones doe cleave in peeces, and that the beholders are all amazed at the death of the Lord Iesus.

Oh ! why art thou so senselesse oh my soule, and as it were dead without motion at the recordation of the death, and meditation of the Passion of thy Sauour? Oh let the sinfull vaile of the Temples of thy head rend into peeces, which couereth the eyes of thy vnderstanding! let thy earthly body tremble with horror, and thy stonie heart cleave in sunder with terror of thine impietic : and now arise thou out of the graue of thine iniquitie, let thine eyes wast and consume away with weeping, and let thy heart melt away with sighing, that thou maiest shew some signes of sorrow for thy sinnes, and some tokens

of true repentance for thy transgressions, which caused the bitter Passion, and procured the cruell death of thy innocent Iesus : and crie out with the astonished Centurion, *Verily this man was righteous, He was the sonne of God.* Mat. 17
Lift vp thy hands and crie out with a faithfull heart, Oh my gracious Lord, my sweete Sauour, and louing Redeemer, how terrible were my trespasses, how haynous were my transgressions, that nothing but thy pretious blood could wash out the stains of mine iniquitie ? and nothing but thy death deliuer me out of the chaines of euerlasting captiuitie ? What shall I doe to gratulate the greatnes of thy loue ? how shall I perfectly relish the goodnesse of thy mercy ? how shall I thoroughly taste the sweetnesse of thy compassion ? For how doth thy loue exceed

exceed in greatnesse? how doth
mercy abound in goodnesse? and
how doth thy compassion excell
in sweetnesse, that thou being the
true and naturall Sonne of God
shouldst be made man, that we
being sinfull men, shuld be made
the sonnes of God? yea when we
were thine enemies, vessels of
sine, and vassals of Sathan? And
that thou being man shouldst be
made subiect to the same passiōs,
to the same affectiōs, to the same
afflictions, that we are? yea *obnoxio-*
us to death to pay our debt: but
yet thy life was neuer infected
with any sinfull action: no, not
so much as affected with any euill
cogitation.

Oh my kind Iesu! Oh thou
innocent Lambe! Oh my most
louing Lord! by how much the
more I consider thy calamitie, by
how much the more I ruminate

thy mercy, by so much the more
cause I finde to bee faithfully af-
fected towards thee for the great-
nesse of thy loue, & to be afflicted
with thee for thy grievous tor-
ments. Oh let me behold in my
serious meditation, and see with
the eye of mine vnderstanding,
how thy most sacred body is bru-
sed with cruell blowes, thy tender
flesh mangled with bleeding
wounds, thy venerable head per-
forated and pierced with a Crowne
of pricking thornes, thy beauti-
full forehead spotted, and thy
comely haire knotted with con-
iealed blood, thy nostrils of-
fended with stinking spittle, and
thy blessed mouth distasted with
gall and vineger, thy most bright
eyes obscured with a vaile, thy
amiable face buffeted with fists,
and defiled with dust, thy chaste
carcs filled with reproaches, thy
naked

naked body scourged with whips
thy wearie shoulders shrinking,
and thy weake knees failing vnder
the heauie burthen of the
croffe, thy most holy hands pierced,
and thy blessed feete bored
with sharpe yron nailes, thy blessed
side opened, and thy heart
wounded with a speare. Oh let
the remembrance of thy grievous
torments my louing Iesu,
let the memorie of thy bleeding
woundes and scornfull reproaches,
wound my heart with wo-
full compunction, and pierce in-
to my hardned bowels, that they
may relent with tender compas-
sion, that I may feele some sense
of painefull sorrow for thy sake,
seeing thou hast suffered so
much for my sinnes.

But before thou passe any fur-
ther, (oh my soule) doe thou not
let it passe without earnest medi-
tation,

tation, how that although the harts of the tormentors of mine afflicted Iesus, were so poysoned with impietic, and their hands so polluted with crueltie, that they griued his righteous soule with their scornes & reproaches: killed his innocent bodie with their torures, yet that the furie of their malicious harts was so restrained, and the violence of their cruell hãds so repressed, that they could not breake one bone of his blessed body, as they did of the malefactors, which were crucified with him, because the sacred scripture had said they shuld not, & therefore their hands were fettered that they could not: Exo. 12. 46. Num 9. 12. Zac. 12. 10 Wherefore let this meditatio cõfort thy drooping heart (oh my soule) & console thy fainting spirits in the lowrest fits of any worldly miserie,

miserie, & in the forest conflicts
of anie affliction that can betide
thee; that no Tyrant, be he ne-
uer so mightie, or his heart ne-
uer so malicious, can imagine
more in his cruell thoughtes, or
acte anie more with his bloodie
hands against thee, then the Di-
uine prouidence hath predestina-
ted, and the counsell of the high-
est hath alwaies determined.

Let this resolution be as a pre-
tious Balme to heale the woundes
of thy sorrow, and as a soueraigne
Salve to cure thy soares, that they
may not fester with dispairefull
repining, or rancor with impati-
ent mourning.

Let no dread of daunger throwe
downe the Fort of thy hope: let
no Tempest of persecution shake
the foundation of thy Faith, and
let no waues of affliction quench
the flame of thy loue towards thy
Sa-

Sauour, but let the oyle of his sufficient grace so strengthen the sinewes of thy Faith, when it waxeth feeble, that thy heart neuer faile, nor thy courage quaille, when thou art molested with anie sickness, or affliction of bodie, or moued with anie maladie of thy minde, beeing faithfullie perswaded, that no calamitie can betide thee without his will, nor no danger can come neere thy dwelling without his good pleasure: & that no Tyrants, (although they bee neuer so mightie) can doe but so much, and no more against thee, then hee in his wisdom knoweth to be profitable for thee.

For neither the prophane Gentiles, nor the superstitious Iewes, could doe anie more vnto my innocent Iesus, then hee was willing to suffer, who came to die for the sinnes of the people: they could
not

not doe one iote more when was enacted in the highest Court of the Cælestiall Parliament, determined by the secret Counsell of the Trinitie, and confirmed by the euerlasting Statutes of the sacred Scriptures.

Confirm me my mind (oh Lord) with a stedfast perswasion of thy power, and comfort my weake nature, with a resolute confidence in thy word, that in the time of my aduersitie, and day of my tribulation, yea, at the houre of my death, I may commend my Spirit into thy hands, as thou didst thine into the hands of thy heauenlie Father.

Oh what a consolation and comfort may it bee vnto mee in my greatest miserie, to commend my soule into thy custodie, for there it shall remaine in the safe harbour of eternall tranquillitie, no more.

more subiect to miserie, no more obnoxious to vanitie: the ioy that it shall possesse is vnspeakable, the felicity incomparable, the continuance of it neuer decaying, but alwayes durable without any change, without any ending.

. Receiue my soule (oh my louing Sauour into thy hands, that it may be safe, vnder the shadowe of thy wings: it is thine owne, it came from thee, and therefore let it returne vnto thee: receiue my gift, my bountifull giuer.

But because (oh Lord) nothing that is impure may appeare in thy sight, neither canst thou behold anie vncleane thing with thine eie, purge my soule with the fire of thy spirit, and wash away the spotted of it with thy precious blood, that being beautified with the pure white robe of thy mercie, *Ren. 12. 18.* it may confidently

approch vnto the Throne of thy
Maiestie.

Oh let the affection of my loue
be neuer defectiue towards thee,
and infuse that into mee, by the
gift of thy grace, which I am
not able to obtaine by my owne
strength, captiuate all my senses,
that they may bee obsequious to
doe thy will, and frame all the
members of my bodie, to per-
forme thy lawe, that being parta-
ker of thy death, by true mortifi-
cation of my flesh, I may also be
made partaker with thee of thy
glorious Resurrection, by the vi-
uification of thy blessed Spirit.

A Me-

A MEDITATION,

how the Lorde Iesus was
buried, and of the lamentation
of his Mother, and other wo-
men for his death.

M E D. XX.

*Within a ^a Tombe, which in a Rocke
was wrought,* a Mar. 15. 46.

*Ioseph ^b enshrines the bodie of our
Lord :* b Mar. 27. 90.

*Wrapt in a ^c cloath, which he of pur-
pose bought.* Lu. 23. 53. Mar. 15. 46.

*Oh happie man, that did such love
afford !*

AS there was a wicked and co-
uetous *Iudas*, (oh my soule)
amongst the faithfull Disci-
ples of thy louing *IESVS*, to be-
tray

tray him to a cruell death, so there was a kinde *Ioseph* found among the Iewes, who brought him honourablie to his graue.

Oh who is able to relate the lamentation, to expresse the sorrow, and utter the grieve of the Virgin *Marie*, mourning for the death of her deare Sonne, and other women, who did behold him with their compassionate eyes, when (like an innocent Lamb) he gaue vp the Ghost, and bewailed his departure from them, with floods of teares!

Now thinke that thou doest hear the Virgine *Marie* discourring the inward sorrowes of her heart, (of her griued and wounded heart) vttered out of her dolefull mouth, passionate, as she was a tender-hearted woman, and more compassionate, as shee was a loving Mother, when shee saw the woun-

wounded and breathlesse bodie
of her Sonne, taken downe from
the Crosse.

Let her sorrowfull wordes pe-
netrate thine cares, and pierce thy
heart, that thou maist bewaile the
debts of thy sinnes, as she lamen-
ted the death of her Sonne, in
this or the like manner.

Oh my most sweet Sonne, what
is my felicitie, which I had by
thee in thy life? Is it anie thing
else but extreame miserie at thy
death? how is my chiefest ioy
changed into sorrow? my mirth
into mourning? how is my reioy-
cing turned into lamenting, my
cheerfulness turned into heauines?
nothing can mitigate my calami-
tie, nothing can ease my maladie.

What hadst thou done (oh my
most deare Sonne) what hainous
crime hadst thou comited? what
odious treason hadst thou perpe-
trated,

trated, that thou wert condemned to die such a shamefull and bitter death ?

Thy pure hands were neuer defiled with any euill actions: & thy harmles heart did neuer harbour anie wicked cogitations: thine eyes were neuer bewitched with worldlie vanities, nor thine eares delighted wth leaud discourses: thy mouth did vtter forth wisdom, & thy tongue spake nothing but the truth: thy whole life was a Mirrour of pietie, thy words deserved no reprehension, thy deeds were without all exception. Oh how bitter was the malice? how horrible was the enuie? how blind were the eyes? how bloodie were the heartes of the cruell Iewes, to crucifie my deare Sonne, my innocent Iesus? how dolefull is it to mine eies & dolorous ot my heart, to behold thy bright eyes obscured

red with deadlie darknesse ! thy
blessed hand deprived of action,
and thy beautifull feete, senslesse
without anie motion ! to see thy
cheerfull countenaunce couered
with an ashy palenesse, thy skinne
blacke and blew with blowes, and
thy flesh mangled with woundes.

This spectacle is so wofull, that
I can no longer behold thee with
mine eyes, & the waues of sorrow
doe overflow my hart so fast, that
they stop my words, and stay the
current of my mournfull speech.

Now as *Marie Magdalen* did be-
hold the blessed bodie of my Sa-
uiour with his mourning Mother,
so shee did not cease to lament his
death, who had bin so kind a Mai-
ster vnto her in his life : What a
plentifull streame of teares ranne
downe her cheekes ? What a
spring of sorrow arose in her hart ?
How did her sorrowfull sighes, (e-
cond

second her heauie sobbes? How did her dolefull sobs preuent her lamentable sighes? Thinke thou doest see her kisse his senselesse hands: thinke thou doest see her kisse his breathlesse feet, speaking vnto her louing Maister, with her trembling voice being dead, as if he did heare her, & were aliue, bathing them with her teares, and, giuing a little ease to her sore diseased heart, by vttering these or the like wordes, with her feeble lippes.

Alas (my sweet Maister) alas my most louing Lord, the staffe of my stay, the onlie ioy of my hart, the sole comfort of my perplexed spirit; Alas for mee, how comfortles doest thou leaue me? how ioyfull was I made by thee? how sorrowfull shall I bee by being without thee? To whome shall I haue recourse for comfort in the straight-

Marie M
dalens L
mentatio
for the l
of her M
ster.

straightnes of my sorrow? To
whome shall I goe for succour in
time of my trouble?

How lamentable is the view
of thy wounded head vnto mine
eyes? How grievous is the view of
thy sacred hands and feete vnto
my sight, pierced with iron-nailes
and deprived of sense, which I so
carefullie annoynted, bathing
them with the teares of mine eyes
and drying them with the haire
of my head? *John. 11. 2. and 12. 3.*
Math. 26. 7. But now alas, in stead
of odoriferous oyntmēt, they are
mangled with wounds, and spotted
with blood: Oh wretched wo-
man, oh miserable creature, be-
cause I am deprived of such a lo-
ving and welbeloued Maister.

Where shall I finde one who will
loue me so deerlie, & regard me
so entierlie? Thou art hee which
diddest often vouchsafe to come
into

into my cottage, and to sit downe
 at my table, and didst vouchsafe
 to honour my poore house with
 thy gracious presence, when alas
 I was not able to afford thee any
 such entertainment as might in
 any sort requite thy kindnesse, or
 recompence thy loue, Iohn. 11.
 28. Oh my most sweet Iesu, thou
 didst defend me from the Phari-
 sie who disdained me for my tres-
 passes, and loathed mee for my
 sinnes. Thou didst kindly excuse
 mee, speaking in my cause, and
 pleading my case, when my sister
 began to be angry with me, and
 to conceiue displeasure against
 me: Thou didst commend mee
 when I did annoynt thee with a
 pretious oyntment, washing thy
 feete with my teares, and wiping
 them with my haire, thou didst
 mitigate my sorrow, thou didst
 remit my sins, thou didst kind-
 ly

ly aske for mee when I was not present with thee, and commanded my sister to call mee vnto thee.

Oh what great, and how many demonstrations of thy loue, how many tokens of thy kindnesse, how many signes of thy charitie, how many argumētēs of thy mercie, Oh my most sweet Lord, hast thou shewed vnto me? what a rich treasure of thy bountie, hast thou conferred vpon me? When thou didst see my mourning for the death of my brother, thou didst comfort mee in my sorrow, thou didst allwage my griefe, thou didst weepe with me, such was thy kind affection towards my louing brother, such was thy tender compassion towards me his sorrowfull sister: and thou didst not onely shed teares, as signes of thy loue, but thou didst
raise

Med. 20. of the Lords passion. 411

raise my dead brother out of his
grauē for my consolation, and re-
stored him to life againe for my
comfort: Iohn 11. 35. Ibidem, 43.
As nothing was more sweet and
pleasante vnto me, then to enioy
thy blessed company, so nothing
can be more sowe and sharpe vn-
to me, then want of thy comfor-
table societic.

But alas, sorrowfull words are
too weake a medicine to cure my
maladie: and although I haue
cause to say much, yet extremitie
of griefe will suffer me to say no
more.

Now thou hast heard oh my
soule, the lamentation of a tender
mother, deploring the death of
her Sonne, and also the pittifull
mourning of a faithfull seruant,
bewayling the want of him, who
was her louing maister, & bounti-
full benefactor: canst thou be so

stone-hearted, that thou art moued with no feeling compassion? Is thy heart so hard that it cannot giue a groane? Are thine eyes so drie, that they will not yeeld a teare, at the meditation of the death and buriall of thy Sauour, who died for thy sinnes, and was slaine for thine iniquities?

I flie vnto thee my most mercifull Lord, that thou maist mollifie and moysten, my hard, and drie, heart with plentifull showres of thy graces: turne my head into a spring of water, and change mine eyes into a fountaine of teares.

I know not how to excuse my selfe, because I haue bene so vnthankfull for thy benefits, so forgetfull of thy mercies, and so vnkind vnto thee for thy loue.

What shall I say, but woe and alas for me, a most wretched and

wicked

wicked sinner? Who can measure the quantitie of mine infelicitie? Who can describe the horror of my miserie? Who can quiet the troubles of my minde? Who can pacifie my troubled conscience, because my hard heart hath not bene touched with any cōpunction, nor my bowels moued with any cōpassion, when I did thinke on thy cruell death, and meditate on thy bitter Passion?

Oh wretched man that I am! oh miserable creature! for when others doe mourne at the meditation of thy Passion, shed teares, and send forth sighes at the remembrance of thy death: my heart is so ouergrowne with hardnesse, that it cannot be touched with sorrow, and mine eyes are so drie without moisture, that they will not send forth a teare. Oh why do I not sigh, sob, and weepe

in my Meditation of the bitter
Passion of my Sauour, my grati-
ous and bountifull benefactor,
who did abide so many painfull
torments and reproachful taunts
for my sinnes, and suffered a most
shamefull and cruel death on the
Crosse for my transgressions? How
can I excuse the coldnes of my
loue? How should I cleare my vn-
thankfull minde? If death take
away my Father, or depriue me
of my Mother, I water my cheeks
with teares, and wearie my heart
with groaning. I can weepe for
the death of a brother, and wring
my hands for sorrow at the burial
of my sister: I cannot but mourne
when I follow my friend to his
grauē, my teares doe testifie my
loue, my voyce doth vtter words
of lamentation, my heart is sad
with sorrow, and all my sences are
disordered with griefe.

But

But alas, how is the moysture
of mine eyes consumed, that
they cannot yeeld one teare? How
obdurate is my heart, that it will
not groane when I thinke on the
deadly panges of my Sauour,
and when I meditate on the grie-
uous passion, and bitter death of
my Redeemer, who hath bene
more beneficiall vnto me then a-
ny louing Father, and more kind
then any tender-hearted mother?
what kindnesse of a Brother, or
milde affection of a sister, can e-
quall his loue? What friend can
be so glad for my prosperitie?
who of mine acquaintance can
be so sad for my aduersitie? Who
can bee so constant vnto me in
affection? Who can be so faithfull
vnto me in cōpassiō, as my mer-
cifull Sauour? My parents gaue
me my flesh, polluted with sin, &
defiled with vices: I receiue from

my Sauiour, memorie, will, vnderstanding and reason: yea what is there in me which is good, but it cometh from my God? My parents haue bene an occasion to throw mee downe into hell, but my Redeemer did shed his pretious blood to bring mee into the Kingdome of heauen: Therefore why do I not sigh and lament for the death of my Lord, my Sauiour, my Redeemer, who is my solace in time of sorrow, my consolation in my miserie, and my refuge in the houre of my necessitie? But oh my most bountifull Iesu, father of mercies, I mourne with sorrow, & lamēt with teares, when death doth robbe mee of my parents, or depriue me of my friends: because I loue thee without measure, & affect them without any meane. Therefore because I did neuer loue thee faithfully in

all

all my life, I am not able to be
griued for thee when I meditate
on thy death. Wherefore oh my
sweet Iesu, inflame my heart with
thy loue, that my soule may
make hast to come vnto thee,
which art the liuing fountaine
which can quench my thirst.
Blow vp the sparkles of mine af-
fections with the breath of thy
spirit which lie smothered in my
brest, that they may begin to
burne with thy loue: let the me-
ditation of thy loue, be the swee-
test pleasure of my minde: let it
be the beginning, let it be the en-
ding of all my desires. Looke
downe vpon me from heauen oh
Lord, & visit me from thy sanc-
tuarie: Teach me to bewaile my
sinnes, touch my heart with true
sorrowe for my transgressions:
which made thee to descēd from
heauē out of thy fathers bosome,

to die a shameful and cruell death
on the Crosse for me a most wic-
ked & wretched sinner. Oh what
hast thou done for me my most
bountifull Iesu? Let my heart be
still rauished with the admiration
of thy loue: let my minde still
feede on the sweetnesse of thy
mercic: let my memorie keepe
a perpetuall Register of thy ex-
ceeding bountie. Teach me to
meditate fruitfully on thy bitter
passion: teach me to thinke com-
fortably on thy blessed Resurrec-
tion and glorious Ascension, that
I may daily wish for thy com-
ming to iudgement, that I may
be freed from all worldly mise-
rie, and bee made partaker with
thee of eternall felicitie.

A MEDITATION
of the Lord Iesus his
Resurrection, of his appea-
rance to his Disciples, of his
Ascension into heauen, and of
his comming to Iudgement.

MED. XXI.

Two ^a *Maries* come to seeke their
Lord in graue: ^a Mar. 16. 12.

To whom an ^b *Angell* bright ap-
peares, and saith: ^b Mat. 28. 56.

Amongst the ^c *dead* your Lord you
cannot haue: ^c Luk. 24. 56.

Then ^d *Christ* himselfe appeares to
arme their faith. ^d Mat. 28. 9. 10.
20. 14.

As yet (my sorrowfull) soule
thou hast had matter to
draw out streames of teares
from thine eyes, and lamentable
mo-

motiues, to driue out deepe
groanes from thy heauie heart,
when thou didst meditate in thy
troubled minde, and ponder in
thy secret thoughts, on the mali-
tious enuie of the bloodie Iewes,
the horrible Treason of despe-
rate *Iudas*, the wrongfull and cru-
ell sentence of death pronoun-
ced by cursed *Pilate*, the bitter
taunts and brutish torments brea-
thed out against, and inflicted vp-
on my louing Iesus, by those
murdering tormētors, and cruell
Tyrants. But now oh my soule
be chearefull, cast away pensue
thoughts, console thy perplex-
ed minde, and comfort thy trou-
bled spirit: let thy sorrow be tur-
ned into solace, thy mourning in-
to mirth: let thine eyes cease to
shed teares, and thy hart to yeeld
forth any more heauie groanes:
let thy tongue be a *Herauld*, to
pro-

proclaime the exceeding ioy of
thy reioycing minde, and lift vp
thy voice, to sing ioyfull songs of
thy great deliuerance, when thou
doest meditate with a zealous co-
gitation, & serious affection, on
the powerfull Resurrection, & tri-
umphāt Ascention, of thy blessed
Sauour. For althogh he willingly
died on the Crosse for thy sinnes,
and felt the bitterneſſe of a heauie
Curſe for thy ſake, yet as he had a
deſire to lay downe, ſo hee had a
power to take vp his life againe.
And thogh the cruelty of the Iewes
had put him to a curſed death, &
afterwards vſed what policie they
might to conteine his bodie ſtill
in the graue: yet their policie pro-
ued but ſollie, their ſealed Sepul-
chre could not hold him one mi-
nute beyond the appointed hour,
but the ſtone was remooued, the
earth trembled, and the Souldiers
were

were amazed, that watched the
pulchre, at the time of his Resur-
rection. But not onelie the vn-
belieuing Iewes, though they saw
manie straunge woonders at his
death, doubted of his speedie
sing againe vnto life : But al-
those tender-harted women, who
beheld him hanging on the *Crosse*
with their weeping eyes, and de-
lancient his bitter *Passion*, with so-
rowfull hearts, c'd thinke to ha-
found him inclosed in the graue
Math. 28. 1. and therefore came
earlie in the morning, after the
Sabbath, to embalme his blest
bodie with pretious ointments
after his death, whom they loued
deerlie, and esteemed so highly
in time of his life.

I am perswaded, they could ha-
lie suffer their eyes to entertaine
nic sleepe, or the temples of their
heads to take anie rest, but
for

sometime in the night they thought
on the pittifull woundes they saw
in his bodie, and the grieuous af-
flictions hee had felt in his soule:
sometime they thought on the
hardnes of their harts, and bloo-
die crueltie of their handes, that
without anie sparke of pittie, or
motion of mercie, did cruellie
naile him to the *Crosse*.

Sometime they doe meditate
on the incomparable meeknesse
of his minde, and admirable hu-
militie of his heart: they did no
doubt often thinke vpon the ex-
cellencie of his patience, & extre-
mitie of his *Passion*: they thought
it long till the morning appeared,
they might performe some kind-
nes of loue, vpon his blessed body
laid in the graue after his death,
who had shewed so manie tokens
of extraordinarie fauour towards
them in time of his life.

But

But alas, how were their hearts
surprised with sorrowe, and their
mindes suppressed with griefe,
when they came earlie to seeke,
and could not finde the bodie of
my Sauour in the graue? *Ioh. 20.*
12. But the Lord who often tri-
eth, but neuer tireth his children,
with greater afflictions then they
are able to beare, did cōfort them
in their amazed thoughtes, and
cheare vp their sorrowfull hearts,
by their ioyfull tidings, that his
heauenlie Ambassadors did de-
clare vnto them, saying: *Why*
seeke yee the liuing among the dead?
hee is not here, but he is risen. Luk.
24. 5. Ioh. 20. 12.

Oh how did these comfortable
wordes ease their heauie heartes?
how did that welcom newes drive
away the clowdes of sorrow from
their affrighted minds; For now
they began to remēber what my
Sa-

Sauour had told them, (while he was in *Galilie* with them) concerning his Passion, and what hee spake vnto them, concerning his Resurrection the third day. *Mat.* 17. 23.

But when they reported to his eleuen Disciples what they had seene with their eyes, and heard with their eares, the matter seemed to straunge vnto them, that they were doubtfull of their speech, and gaue little credit vnto their words, vntill the Lord Iesus did appeare himselfe vnto them, and opened their eyes, that they might know him to be their true Lord and louing Maister. *Ioh.* 20. 19. *Mat.* 16. 14. *Luk.* 24. 36.

Oh how should I my sweet Sauiour, which am of such grosse and dull vnderstanding, perceiue the truth of thy powerfull Resurrection, vnlesse thou open mine eyes,

eyes, confirme my faith, and take away my vnbeliefe? Oh let me neuer cease to admire thy greatnes, teach me to comprehend thy goodnes, and taste of the sweetness of it. Oh how comfortable may the meditation of it be vnto my sorrowfull soule, when I am cast downe vpon my bed of sickness? what can better assuage my paines, or mitigate the horrors of my deadly pangs, when death approaches, the faithfullie to hope, and constantlie to belieue, to be made partaker of thy ioyfull Resurrection.

But how should I reape anie profit by thy pittifull Passion, or receiue anie benefit by thy powerful Resurrection, vnles I die, and be crucified with thee by mortification of my sinfull flesh? Let my soule (oh my sweete Sauour) be no longer buried in the graue.

iniquitie: quicken me by thy spirit,
and raise me vp by thy power,
that I being made partaker of
thy death, may also bee raised vp
with thee vnto euerlasting life.

Oh let mee remember, that as
by the transgression of *Adam*, I
was made subiect to death, *1. Cor.*
15. 22. so, by thy Resurrection I
am restored to life.

Thou art a God, not onely *Om-*
niscient, that knoweth all things,
but also *Omnipotent*, that can doe
all things. For, as thou wert able
to forme the first man out of the
earth, and to breath into him the
spirit of life, *Genes. 7. 2.* so I am
now resolu'd, and certainlie be-
lieue, that thou wilt, and art able,
to reuiue and raise my dead body
out of the graue, though it be rot-
ten, and consumed to dust: Oh
Death, where is thy sting? Oh
grave, where is thy victorie? For
now

now my Sauour hath subdued
your forces, my powerfull Redeem-
er hath conquered your King-
dome.

Wherefore (oh my soule)
let this Meditation bee as a medi-
cine to cure thy miserie, as a salu-
to heale thy sorrow, as a pretious
Balme to medicate thy woundes,
and as a soueraigne Lenitiue, to
ease thy woes : for though the
world entertain thee with frowns
and manie bloodie Tyrants be
thy cruell foes, yea, though death
separate thee from my bodie, thy
louing companion, with whome
thou hast liued so long, and from
whome thou art so loath to de-
parte, yet the ioyfull day will
come, when yee shall both be re-
vnited together, with the bāds of
perpetuall amitie, and with a
league of an euerlasting societie:
then mall thy losse bee chaunged

into gaine, thy pouertie into plen-
tie, thy want into wealth, thy sor-
row into ioy, thy deformitie into
beautie : thou shalt bee no more
soiled with sinne, nor spotted with
the stainses of iniquitie.

For then, the bodie shal no more
be a receptacle of vices, or a cage
of vncleannesse, no longer a Vas-
sell to impietie, or a Vessell of im-
puritie : no more subiect to varie-
tie, nor obnoxious to vanitie : no
more obiected to miserie, no lon-
ger subiected to mutabilitie : yea,
no more allured with baits of Sa-
than, nor caught with the snares
of sinne : the minde shall bee no
longer afflicted with feare, or af-
fected with hope. For thou, oh
my soule and my bodie, shall bee
both possessed with a blessed frui-
tion of an euerlasting inheritāce.

My flesh shall no more be sub-
iect to corruption, the beautie of
it

it shall neuer faile , it shall enioy
health, without anie sicknesse
strength without anie weaknesse
pleasure without anie paine, for
shalbe combined together again
with thee (oh my soule) and liue
for euer, with the God of Eterni-
tie, in the glorious mansion of his
magnificent Maiestie, and *everlasting*
Tabernacle , of his infinite glorie,

For as my blessed Sauour
once descend downe vppon the
earth, so hee is now ascended
into heauen: *Act. 19. 10. 11.* where
hee sitteth vpon the Throne of
Maiestie, at the right hand of God
his Father : he is our faithfull ad-
uocate , hee is our louing medi-
tor, and maketh continuall inter-
cession for the remission of our
sinnes. Hee craueth no golde
fee for his paines, nor anie rewarde
for his labour, if we sue vnto him
with an humble hart, and a lowly
minde

minde: his eares are alwaies open
our petitions, hee is neuer vn-
willing to graunt our requests; if
we faithfully call vpon him, con-
fidentlie trust in his Word, and
constantlie belieue his promises.
Wherefore Oh my louing Re-
deemer, what reaso, yea what trea-
son is it against thy diuine Maie-
stie, for vs to supplicat & beseech
thy Mother to sue vnto thee for
our pardon, when she hath no fa-
cilitie to heare vs, nor facultie to
helpe vs in the time of our neces-
sitie, or day of our miserie? Why
should we sue vnto anie of the de-
parted Saints, to bee earnest su-
pers for vs, who haue no possibi-
litie to heare our petitions, nor
power to graunt our requests, nor
merite to saue themselves? Oh
what such doltish follie should
possesse our heartes, or anie such
blockish ignoraunce blinde our
minde!

mindeſ ! For haſt thou not com-
maunded vs to come vnto thee
Haſt thou not promiſed to eaſe
when ſocuer anie heauie burthen
of ſinne doth preſſe our ſoules,
any outward affliction oppreſſe our
diſes. Mat. 11. 28. Why ſhould
wee bee ſuch timorous perſons,
or rather ſuch trecherous Tray-
tors, as to attribute that vnto men
which is onely due vnto God?
honour an impotent creature
and to diſhonor our omnipotent
Creator, when wee haue liberty
to draw neere vnto his ſeate of
meaſurable Mercie, without any
hopeleſſe feare of his infinite Ma-
ieſtie? wee belieue, oh my ſweet
Sauior, and bountifull Redeemer
that thou art aſcended, and loca-
lie ſeated in the higheſt Heauens
in reſpect of thy humanitie: but
that thou art euerie where, by the
vertue and power of thy diuinitie

And that none of the departed
Saintes, be they neuer so holie,
can haue any feeling of our wâts,
or compassion of our woes: no,
no, it is onely thou that canst
heare vs, it is onely thou, that
must helpe vs.

Oh happie were thy disciples,
that did see thy glorious Ascen-
sion with their eyes ! Acts. 1.9.
ro. 11. Oh happie are they also
that doe faithfully beleue it in
their harts. Wherefore, let the mor-
ning and euening dew of thy gra-
ces descend downe vpon vs, that
we may lift vp pure hearts, and
cleane hands, toward thy holy
sanctuarie. Now, oh my penitent
soule, as the remembrance of the
powerfull resurrection, and ad-
mirable Ascension of my Sau-
our (who when he ascended led
captiuitie captiue, and gaue gifts
into men) may comfort thy hart
V with

with hope, that thou shalt once
again be knit vnto the body
though death for a while make
separation betweene you and
lie couered in the wombe of the
earth, and not in the graue: for the
expectation of his glorious com-
ming to Iudgement, when as he
hath promised in his sacred word
he will reward euery man accord-
ing to his workes, may animate
thy minde with patience to fight
courageously vnder his standard
for though hee was content to
take vpon him the forme of a ser-
uant for thy sake, and then to suffer
for a cruell and shamefull death
for thy sinnes here vpon earth
yet hereafter he shal appeare with
such vnuincible power, and ex-
ceeding Maiestie, that the Sunne
shall be darkned, and the Moone
obscured with the brightnesse of
his glorie.

But how dreadfull, how dole-
full, how darke and gloomie shal
the great day of his comming be
vnto the wicked and vngodly,
when the secrets of all mens con-
sciences shalbe disclosed, and the
very thoughts of their hearts o-
penly discovered? Then shall
traiterous *Iudas*, who treache-
rously betrayed him, cursed *Pi-
late*, that wrongfully condemned
him, and the vnrepenting Iewes
that cruellie crucified him, stand
trembling at the Barre, before
his Maiestie, dispairing with ter-
ror, and confounded with hor-
ror, when sentence of euerlasting
death shalbe pronounced against
them: then it will be too late, to
wish that the Mountaines might
fall vpon them, or that the hills
might couer them: then they
shall finde no couerture where-
with to shrowd their sinnes, nor

flie into any corner, wherein they
may hide their heads. Oh how
terrible shall the glorious coun-
tenance of my Sauiour appeare
to their eyes? how dolefull shall
his words sound in their eares
when hee shall say vnto them
*Depart ye hence, oh ye wicked, into
the lake of brimstone which burneth
with vnquenchable fire?* Then shall
their eyes, which haue roused
after worldly vanities, see nothing
but hideous sightes that may
fright them, and burning flames
that doe afflict them: Then their
eares, which haue bene delighted
with pleasant melodie, shall hear
nothing but sorrowfull sighes
lamentation and howling, the
themselves crying out in their
misericordie, & hearing others moan-
ing, which are tormented with
the like extremitie.

Their daintie pallace which
con-

could not be pleased without variety of delicate dishes for their meate, nor without choyce of delicious wine for their drinke, shall then be so scorched with burning, and inflamed with fire, that faine they would, if they could, giue the possession of a Kingdome for one drop of cold water: but the Ocean is not able to slake their heate, nor the water of all the Rivers in the world, sufficient to quench their thirst.

But how should my tongue allie vtter one iot of these infernal tortures? yea how should our thoughts conceiue the greatnesse of those hellish torments? The number of them is innumerable, the weight of them insupportable, and the paine of them intolerable: neuer ceasing, without any one moment of intermission, alwaies vnmeasurable, with-

out any one moment of intermission, alwaies vnmeasurable, without any hope of mitigation. But how doe thy faithful seruants desire, oh my sweet Sauour, how doe they long for thy comming, for then they will lift vp their heads to behold the glorie of thy face, their hearts shall be filled with ioy, and their tongues shall neuer cease to sing ioyfull songs for their deliuerance: then shall they triumph ouer their foes, and see the destruction of their enemies: For thou shalt come vnto them, not as a iudge to cōdemne them, but as a louing Father embrace them, thou shalt wipe away all teares from their eies, and take away all heauinesse from their hearts: they shall neuer againe more be pinched with hunger, pined with thirst, for thou wilt receiue them to dwell in thy

lecti

Med. 21. of the Lords passion. 439
lestiall Citie, which is stored with
all abundance: But who can des-
cribe the beautie, or demonstrate
the glorie of this heavenly Hie-
rusalem? for it is made of pure
gold, the foundatiō of pretious stones,
the walles of Iasper, and the gates of
pearle. It needeth no Sunne to giue
light vnto it in the day, or any Moone
by night, for the glorious presence of
the Lord doth fill euery place with his
shining brightnesse. Reuel. 21. 18.
19. 20. 21. 23.

What eie hath scene one sparke
of the glistring clearenes? what
eare hath heard one tittle of the
greatnes? what heart can con-
ceiue so much as a graine of the
goodnes of this eternall Citie?
Oh happie are the people that
shal enter into thy beutiful gates!
Oh happie are the Citizens that
shall dwell within thy pretious
walles! for they shall liue with

the Angels in eternall peace and securitie, and see God in his glorious Maiestie. Entertaine me (oh Lord) into thy gracious seruice and graunt me grace, that I may serue thee all the daies of my life in feare, and honour thee with my loue: that when i haue serued out my time as thy faithfull seruant here on earth, I may be incorporated into this heavenly Citie, and admitted into the freedom of this blessed societie.

Come (oh my Lord Iesu) come vnto vs quickly, and receiue vs to dwell with thee eternally.

FINIS.

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10 How Peter denied his maister thrice, and of his repentant weeping, &c.

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11 How Iesus was sent unto Pilate, and of his vsage there.

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12 How Pilate caused Iesus to be scourged, and then pronounced sentence of death against him.

page. 26

13 How

The Table.

13 How Christ bearing his Crosse
on his shoulders, is led to Mount-
Caluarie to be crucified, page.265

14 Of the cruell and bitter cru-
cifying of our Lord Iesu, performed
on Mount Caluary. page.302

15 Of the derisions and scorne-
full speeches uttered to the Lord Ie-
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Crosse. page.337

16 Concerning the lamentation
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Sonne upon the Crosse. page.349

17 Of the Eclipse and obscura-
tion of the Sunne about the ninth
houre, and of the fourth speech
which Christ vsed upon the Crosse.
page.361

18 Of the fift and sixt wordes
which the Lord Iesus spake upon
the Crosse, to wit, I thirst, and It is
finished. page.347

19 How Christ gaue vp the ghost,
and of the wonders then wrought at
his

The Table.

his death. page. 389

20 Of Iesus Christ his buriall,
and of the lamentation of his mother,
and other women for his death.

page. 402

21 Of the Lord Iesus his Resur-
rection, of his appearance to his disci-
ples, of his ascension into heauen, and
of his comming to iudgement.

page. 419

FINIS.





MOST
Deuout and Diuine
*Meditations of Saint
Bernard.*

Concerning the know-
ledge of Humane
condition.

*Seruing as so manie Motines
to Mortification.*

(*)

AT LONDON,
Printed for Arthur
Iohnson.

1610.





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*Of the similitude of man
to GOD.*

Motive. I.

MAny know many things False know-
& know not theſelues: : ledge.
they prie into others, & leaue
themſelues. They ſecke God The readie
by thoſe outward things, for- way how
ſaking their inward things, to to know
which God is neerer, & more God.
inward. Therefore I will re-
turne from outward things, to
inward, and from the inward,
I will aſcend to the ſuperiour:
that I may know from whence
I come, or whither I goe; who
I am, and from whence I am :
that ſo by the knowledge of
my ſelfe, I may bee the better
able to attaine to the know-
ledge

3. Things in
vs, where by
we remem-
ber, behold,
and desire
God.

ledge of God. For by how much more I profit, and goe forward in the knowledge of my selfe, by so much the nearer I approach to the knowledge of God. Concerning the inward man, I finde three things in my soule, by which I remember, behold, and couet God. But these three things are, the *Memorie*, *Vnderstanding*, *Will*, or *Loue*. By the *Memorie*, I remember him: by the *Vnderstanding*, I behold him: by the *Will*, I imbrace him. When I remember God, in my *Memorie*, I finde him: and in him I am delighted, because hee vouchsafeth to giue himselfe to me. By the *vnderstanding*, I view and contemplate what God is in himselfe, what he is in the Angells, what hee is in the Saints, what hee is in men,

what

what he is in the Creatures. In
himselfe, he is incomprehen-
sible, because he is the begin-
ning and ende, and the begin-
ning without beginning, the
end without end. By my selfe,
I vnderstand how incompre-
hensible God is, when as I can-
not know, and vnderstand my
selfe, whom he hath made. In
the Angels, he is desirable, be-
cause they desire to beholde
him. In the Saints, he is delec-
table, because being happy in
him, they reioice continually:
in other creatures he is admi-
rable, because hee createth all
things powerfully; gouerneth
all things wisely, disposeth all
things bountifully. In men he
is amiable, because he is their
God, and they are his people.
He dwelleth in them, euen as
in his Temple, and they are his

Tem-

Motiuēs to
moue vs to
loue God,

Temple. Hee disdaineth neither particular, nor vniuersall. Whosoeuer is mindefull of him, & doth both knowe, and also loue him, he is with him. Wee ought to loue him, because he hath first lœued vs, & hath made vs after his image and similitude, which thing he wold not impart to anie other creature. We are made according to the image of God, that is, according to the vnderstanding, and knowledge of the Sonne, by whome wee vnderstand, and knowe the Father, and haue accessē vnto him).

So great is the affinitie betweene vs and the Sonne of God, as that wee are the image of him, who is the image of God. Which affinitie also, the similitude doth testifie: because wee are not onely made

according to his similitude,
but also to his likenes. There-
fore it behooueth , that that
which is made according to
his image , doe agree with his
Image,& not participate one-
ly a vaine name of the Image.
In which regard, let vs repre-
sent, and expresse his Image in
our selues, in the seruient desire
of peace, in the beholding of
truth , and in the loue of Cha-
ritie.

Let vs hold him in our me-
morie, let vs carry him in our
conscience, & let vs adore and
worship him euerywhere, who
is present euerie where. For
our vnderstāding in that same
respect is the Image of him, in
which it is capable of him, and
may be partaker of the same.
The minde (or soule) is not
therefore the Image of him ,
be-

How the
Soule is said
to be the
Image of
God.

because the minde remem-
breth it selfe, vnderstandeth
and loueth it selfe: but be-
cause it may bee able to remē-
ber, vnderstand, and loue him,
of whome it was made. The
which when it doeth, it be-
commeth wise.

The 3. fa-
culties of
the soule,
knowit, Me-
mory, Will,
and Vnder-
standing.
Relem-
bling the
Trinitie.

For nothing is more like to
that most excellent and high-
est Wisedome, then a reaso-
nable Soule, which through
Memorie, Vnderstanding, and
Will, consisteth in that vnvt-
terable *Trinitie*.

But it cannot consist and a-
bide in the same, vnlesse it re-
member, vnderstand, & loue
the same. Let it therefore re-
member her God, loue and
worship him, after whose I-
mage it was made, with whom
it may alwaies be blessed. Oh
bleisfed Soule, with whom God
hath

hath found rest, in whose Tabernacle hee dwelleth and remaineth: Blessed, which may say, *and hee which created mee, resteth in my Tabernacle*: For How the hee cannot denie the rest of soule is said to be trulie Heauen vnto her. Therefore blessed, why doe wee forsake our selues, and seeke God in these externall and outward things, who is at home with vs, if wee will bee with him?

Verily he is with vs, and in vs, but as yet by faith, vntill wee shall see him face to face. *Wee knowe* (saith the Apostle) *that Christ dwelleth in our hearts by* How God *Faith.* Because Christ is in dwellerh, our Faith, Faith in our Vnderstanding, our Vnderstanding in the heart, the heart in our breast. in vs.

Through Faith I call *GOD* to minde (as a Creator) I adore

dore him as a Redeemer, I
 attende and waite for him as
 a Sauour, I belieue to be-
 hold him in all his Creatures,
 to haue him in my selfe, and
 that which is more pleasant,
 and blessed then all these (vn-
 speakable) to knowe him in
 himselfe. For to know the Fa-
 ther, Sone, & the holic Ghost,
 is life Euerlasting, perfect
 blessednes, chiefest pleasure.

What life
 euerla-
 Ring is,

The eye hath not scene, the
 eare hath not heard, neither
 hath it entred into the hart of
 man, what great loue, what
 great sweetnes, and what great
 pleasantnes doth remain vn-
 to vs by that vision, when wee
 shall see God face to face.
 Which is the light of those
 which doe inlighten, rest to
 the labouring, a Countrey to
 them that returne from exile,

life

life to the liuing, a Crowne to the conquering. Therefore in my vnderstanding, I finde the Image of that most high and supreme Trinitie : to the which most supreme Trinitie alwaies to be remembered, looked vpon, & to be loued, that I may remember it, be delighted with it, embrace and view it, I must referre and imploy that time which I liue.

The minde is the image of God, in which are these three things, *Memory*, *Vnderstanding*, and *Will*, or *Loue*. Wee attribute to the *Memory*, all which we know, although we thinke not of it. We attribute to the *Vnderstanding*, all which wee finde to bee true in thinking, which wee also commit vnto *Memorie*.

The faculties of the soule, resembled to the Father, the Sonne, and the holie Ghost.

By *Memorie*, wee are like to the

the Father , by *Vnderstanding*,
to the Sonne , by *Will* , to the
holie Ghost. Nothing in vs
is so like to him, as *Will*, *Loue*,
or *Charitie* , which is a more
excellent will. For loue or
Charitie, is the gift of God.

So that no gift of God , is
more excellent then this: For
the loue which is of God , and
which is also God , is called
properlie the holie Spirit , by
whome the loue of God is dif-
fused in our hearts, by whome
the whole *Trinitie* doth inha-
bite and dwell in vs .

*Of the miserie of Man , and the
examination of the last
Iudgement.*

Motine II.

CONCERNING the outward
man , I proceed from
those parents, which made me

to be worthie of damnation
before I was borne. Sinners
begot a sinner, and nourished
me with sinne: the miserable
brought a miserable creature,
into the miserie of the light. I
haue nothing from them, but
miserie, sinne, and this cor-
ruptible bodie which I carrie
about me. And I hasten to goe
to them, which thorow the
death of the bodie, are depar-
ted from hence. Whē I looke
vpon their graues and Sepul-
chers, I find nothing in them,
but ashes, wormes, stincke,
and loathsomnes. What I am,
they haue bene, and what they
are, I shall be.

What am I, man, proceeding
from a liquid humour? For in
a moment of conception I
was conceiued of humane
Seede, afterward, that froth

Mans cor-
ruption,

congealed, increasing a little, was made flesh, and afterward crying and lamenting, I was deliuered to the banishment of this World : and behold, now I die, full of iniquities and abominations. Now, even now, I shall appeare before a seuerer and strict Iudge, to render an account of my workes. Woe be to mee miserable wretch, when that they of Iudgement shall come : and the bookes shall be opened, in which all my actions, and cogitations shall be recited, in the presence of the Lord.

Then hanging downe my head, with confusion of an evil conscience, I shall stand in Iudgement before the Lord, trembling and sorrowfull, to open wit, reckning vp my wicked deeds which I haue committed.

ted: And when it shall be said of me, behold the man, and his workes: then I shall reduce and bring againe before mine eyes all my sinnes, and offences. For it shall be brought to passe, by a certaine diuine power, that good and euill workes, shall be recalled to the remembrance of euery one, and shall be scene in the view of the minde, with a wonderful speede and celeritie: that the knowledge of them may accuse, or excuse the conscience; and that so both euery man seuerally and generally, may be iudged together. Euery man shall be iudged for his deedes. And all the secrets of all men shall appeare, and lie open vnto all. For that which we are ashamed, and blush at to confesse now, shall then be

The conscience of the wicked, shall be their owne accuser.

At the day of iudgement, all things shall be made manifest,

manifest and apparant to all. And there the reuenging and deuouring fire, shal burne and consume whatsoeuer heere we cloake and flatter by dissembling. The swift fire shall rage, and raigne euery where, hauing gotten free scope and libertie.

And by how much the longer the Lord doth waite, and tarrie for our amendment; so much the more strictly he will iudge vs, if we shall abuse and neglect his patience.

Why therefore doe we so earnestly couet this life, in which the longer we liue, the more we sinne? For by how much the more the daies of our life are lengthened, by so much the more our faults and transgressions are augmented. For euill things doe daily in-

Nothing
more mu-
table then
humane
condiſion.

crease

crease, but good things decay and are diminished; Mans state doth neuer stand at a stay, but is continually changed by prosperitie and aduersitie, & he knoweth not when he shall die.

For as a blazing starre in the skie runneth swiftly, and vanisheth away suddenly; or as a sparkle of fire is suddenly extinguished, and turned into ashes: so wee may see this life quickly ended, and suddenly consumed. For while man tarrieth willingly, & liueth most pleasantly in this World, and supposeth that hee shall liue long, and purposeth many thinges to be done in long time, he is suddenly snatched away by death, and the Soule is taken from the bodie, before he beware of it. Yet the

The shortnes of mans life shadowed out by a double similitude.

soile is separated with great
 feare, much paine, and bitter
 griefe from the bodie. For the
 Angels come to take her, that
 they may bring her before
 the Tribunal-seate of a most
 fearefull Iudge; then she cal-
 ling to minde her euill and
 most wicked workes, which
 she hath done day and night,
 trembleth, & seeketh to flun
 and auoyd them, and to desire
 a truce of them, saying; Grant
 me the space, yea but of one
 houre.

Our works
 will follow
 vs to iudge-
 ment,

Then her workes, as it were,
 speaking together, shall an-
 swere, & say; Thou hast made
 vs, we are thy workes, we will
 go forward with thee to iudge-
 ment. Vices also shall accuse
 her with many and manifold
 crimes, and shall bring many
 false testimonies against her
 although

although one sufficeth to her damnation. The diuels also shall terrifie her, with their gastly countenance and horrible aspect, they shall persecute her, and take hold of her, as terribly, so also horribly, desirous to reteine her, vntill there be one, who can deliuer her from them.

Then the Soule, finding the eyes shut, the mouth, & other senses of the bodie, by which she was wont to haue passage, and to be delighted in these outward things closed, shall returne to her selfe, and seeing her selfe alone, and naked, stricken with exceeding hor-
The state of
a damned
soule.
rour, she shall faint in her selfe, and fall downe with desperation.

And because for the loue of the world, and pleasure of the
X 4 flesh,

flesh, she forsooke the loue of God, shee wretched, shall be quite forsaken in the houre of such great necessitie, and shall be deliuered to the diuels to be tormented in Hell: So the soule of a sinner, in the day wherein he is ignorant, and houre in which he knoweth not, is snatched away of death, and is separated from the bodie, and proceedeth forward full of miseries, trembling and sorrowing; and when she hath no excuse, which she may alledge for her sinne, she fainteth, and faileth with dreadful feare, to appeare before God; she is shaken, and quaketh with exceeding horroure, and is tossed & troubled with manifold tēpests of perplexed thoughts, and dispairefull cogitations; the dissolution
and

and separatiō of the flesh grie-
uing her, and all being remo-
ued out of her sight, she confi-
dereth her selfe, and that time,
to which she approacheth, and
after a little while, she findeth
in that, that which can neuer
be altered nor reuersed. Shee
cōsidereth thoroughly how se-
uere the eternall Iudge com-
meth, & what straight accōunts
shee must make before the se-
ueritie of such great Iustice.

For although she haue esca-
ped all the workes which she
could vnderstand, yet for all
that, comming before a strict
and seuerer Iudge, she dreadeth
those more, which she vnder-
standeth not in herselfe. Feare
increaseth, when she thinketh
she could not passe thorough
the way of this life, without a
fault, neither that time, which

Sinnes are
of two
kinds, of
commission
and omis-
sion.

He hath liued commendably,
is without offence, if it be iud-
ged, pittie and mercie exclu-
ded. For who is able to consi-
der, how many, and how great
euils we commit in moments
of times, and what great good
things we neglect to do? For
as the commission of an euill
thing is sin; so the omission of
a good thing is an offence.

For great is the losse & dam-
mage, when wee neither doe,
nor thinke good things, but
suffer our heart to wander and
stagger abroad, through vaine
and vnprofitable things.

Neuerthelesse, it is a verie
hard and difficult thing to bri-
dle the hart, and keepe it from
an vnlawfull cogitation. Also
it is a thing ouer-hard, to exe-
cute earthly affaires without
sinne. Wherefore no man can

per-

perfectly comprehend & discern himselfe. But being busied and toyled with many thoughts, and cogitations, he remaineth in some measure vnknowne vnto himselfe, that hee knoweth not at all those things which hee tollerath.

Wherefore, his departure out of the world being instant, and pressing him, hee is terrified with a more exact feare: because, although he remembereth that he hath not omitted those things which hee knew, yet he dreadeth those things which he knoweth not.

Why man
is at his
death feare
full.

Of the dignitie of the Soule.

Motive. I I I.

OH Soule, sealed with the Image of God, adorned with his similitude, betrothed

Excellen-
cie of the
Soule,

trothed to him by Faith, endowed with the Spirit, redeemed by blood, associated with Angels, capable of Beatitude, heire of Goodnes, partaker of Reason, what hast thou to doe with the flesh, of whom thou sufferest so many evils?

Because of the flesh, the sinnes of another are imputed to thee, and thy vertues reputed as a stained & filthie clout, and thou thy selfe art brought to nothing, & reputed as nothing. The flesh is no other thing, with which thou hast so great societie, but a some, become flesh, clothed with beautie, fraile; and euery moment decaying. But it shall be truly, it shall be a miserable and rotten carkasse, and meate for the wormes. For how much soeuer it be decked and adorned,
it

it is alwayes flesh.

If thou doest consider, what
issueth out by the mouth, no-
strills, and other passages of
the bodie, thou shalt neuer see
a more filthie dunghill. If
thou wilt reckon vp al her mi-
series, thou shalt find how she
is fraughted and laden with
sinnes, prouoked with vices,
itching with concupiscences,
possessed with passions, pollut-
ed with illusions, alwayes
prone vnto euill, and bending
towards all kinde of vices, full
of all confusion & ignominie.
By the flesh, man is made like
vnto vanitie, because from it,
he hath drawn the vice of lust-
full concupiscence, by which
he is held captiue, and abased,
that hee loueth vanitie, and
worketh iniquitie.

Consider oh man, what thou
art:

The begin-
ning of a
proud man.

art from the first beginning,
and day of thy birth, vnto thy
latter end, & day of thy death,
and what thou shalt bee after
this life.

Truely, thou hast bene that
which in time afore thou wert
not, afterwards made of base
matter, & wrapped in a home-
lie cloth, thou wast nourished
with vnclean bloud in thy mo-
thers wombe, and a thin skin
was thy best Garment, thou
cam'st vnto vs, beeing so clo-
thed & attyred, neiter art thou
mindfull of thy base, vile, and
contēptible beginning: beau-
tie, fauor of the people, youth-
full heat & riches, haue stolne
from thee the knowledge, to
know what man is. For man
is no other thing but corrupt
seed, a vessell of vncleannesse,
and meate for the Wormes.

mans vile.
es.

After

After hee is a man, he becometh a Worme, after the worme, comming stinke and lothsomnes: So euery man, is turned into no man. Wherefore is man proud, whose conception is sinne, whose byrth is punishment, whose life is a turmoyling labour, and death an ineuitable necessitie? Why therefore art thou proud, oh man? Consider what thou wert in thy Mothers wombe, how afterwards thou wert exposed and obiected to the miseries of this life, and to sinne: and after that to become a worme, and worms meat in the graue? Why art thou proud, dust and ashes, whose conception is sinfull, whose birth is miserie, life a punishment, and death, anguish & calamitie? Wherefore dost thou feed, & pamper thy bellie

Means to
pull downe
pride, to
humble vs.

bellie with delicate meate, and decke thy backe with sumptuous clothes, which within few dayes after, the wormes shall deuour in the graue? But thou dost not adorne thy soule with good works, which is to be presented vnto *GOD*, and his *Angels* in Heauen. Why dost thou basely esteeme thy Soule, and preferre the flesh before her? That the Mistris should waite and play the Maide, and the Maide beare all the sway, like the Mistresse, is a great abuse. The whole world verilie cannot counteruaile the price and value of one soule. Therefore the price of the Soule is farre deerer, and is at an higher rate, which could not be redeemed but with the blood of Christ.

What wilt thou giue for exchange

change to redeeme thy soule,
 which doest giue her for no-
 thing? Did not the Sonne of
 God, when hee was in the bo-
 some of his Father, descend
 from his Roiall *Throne* for hir,
 that hee might deliuer her frō
 the power of the *Diuell*. The
 which when hee sawe fettered
 with the ropes and chaines of
 Sinners, and forthwith to bee
 deliuered to the *Diuells*, that
 shee might be damned to per-
 petuall death, hee wept ouer
 her, which knew not to weepe
 for her selfe. Neither did hee
 onlie weepe, but suffered him-
 selfe to be slaine, that he might
 redeem her with the precious
 price of his bloud.

The soule
 of man in-
 valuable.

Behold oh mortall man, for
 whom such a Sacrifice is giue.
 Acknowledge (oh man) how
 noble thy Soule is, and how
 grie-

The hay-
moufnes of
finne.

gricuous her wounds were, for whom there was such necessity, that the Lord *Christ* should be wounded. If her woundes had not bene to death, and to euerlasting death, the Sonne of God would neuer haue dyed to haue cured them.

Doe not therefore careleslie esteeme the passion of thy soule, to whom thou seest such great compassion to bee yeelded, from such a great *Maiesty*. Hee powreth forth teares for thee, wash thou also euerie night thy bedde, with compunction of thy hart, and continuall streames of thy teares. Hee powred forth his blood for thee, shed thou also thine, rather then for anie worldlie affliction, to starte from thy Christian profession.

Doe not regarde what the
flesh

flesh will, but what the spirit may: Then shall the soule be glorious, when shee shall returne to her G O D. Yet so, if shee shall carrie no sinne with her from the bodie, and shall wipe away all filthinesse. But if thou say, this is a hard saying, I cannot despise the World, and hate my flesh? Tell mee, where are the louers of the world, which were with vs a litle while agoe? Nothing remaineth of them, but ashes ^{Motions} and wormes: marke diligent- ^{to despise} ly what they are, and what ^{the flesh.} they haue bene.

They haue bene men, as thou art, they haue eate, drunke, laughed, and spent their daies in prosperitie, and in a moment are gone downe all to the Graue, many to hell. Heere their flesh is bequeathed

thed to the wormes, and there
their Soule to the fire : vntill
they two being bound againe
with an vnhappy coniuncti-
on, be ouerwhelmed in euer-
lasting flames, which were be-
fore companions together in
vices. For one punishment
doth entangle them in the
end, whom before one loue
had bound together in a wic-
ked deed. What hath vaine
glory auailed them, their short
iyy, worldly power and autho-
ritic, the pleasure of the flesh,
deceitfull riches, their great
houshold, and euill concupif-
cence? Where is their laugh-
ter? Where is their boasting?
Where is their pride and arro-
gancie? Of such great mirth,
what great mourning? Af-
ter so little pleasure, how grie-
uous miserie? They are fallen
from

from that exceeding reioy-
cing, into great miserie, into
great ruine and gricuous tor-
ments. Whatsoever is hap-
pened to them, may happen to
thee, because thou art a man
of the same earth, slime of the
same slime.

A good
caution.

Thou art frō the earth, thou
liuest of the earth, and thou
shalt returne into the earth.
Whē that last day shall come,
which will come suddenly,
peraduenture it shalbe to day.
It is certaine, that thou shalt
die, but it is vncertaine, when,
or how, or where ; because
death doth alwaies attend and
waite vpon thee euery where.
Thou also, if thou wilt bee
wise, shalt looke for death e-
uery where. If thou wilt fol-
low the flesh, thou shalt bee
punished in the flesh : if thou

The cer-
taine and
vncertain-
tie of death.

art

Those
which full-
fill the lusts
of the flesh,
must be pu-
nished with
the flesh,

The marks
of a wicked
worldling.

art delighted with the flesh thou shalt be tormētēd in the flesh. If thou shalt require fine and costly apparell, in stead of thy braue Garments, the Wormes shall bee spread vnder thee, and the Wormes shall be thy couering. For the Iustice of God can iudge and determine no other thing, but that which our workes doe deserue. For he which loueth the World more then GOD, a place of pleasure, more then the House of Prayer; gluttonie more then abstinency; lechery more then chastity; followeth the *Diuell*, and shall go with him to euerlasting punishment.

What mourning doe you think, there shalbe then? what lamentation, what sorrow and sadnesse, when the wicked shall

shall bee separated from the
fellowship of the righteous,
and from the sight of G O D,
and shall bee deliuered into
the power of the Diuels,
and shall goe with them into
ouerlasting fire, and shall be
there with them alwaies
without ende, in perpetuall
mourning and lamentation?
Because being banished farre
from the blessed Countrey of
Paradise, they shall be tor-
mented in the place of neuer
ceasing torments, neuer to
see the light any more, neuer
to obtaine any releasement,
or refreshing: but by thou-
sands of thousands of yeares
to be tormented in Hell, ne-
uer to be deliuered from
thence: where the Tormen-
tors are neuer tyred nor wea-
ried: neither hee which is
tor-

The qualitie
of the paine
shall be fit-
ted to the
qualitie of
the offence.

tormented euer dieth. For
the fire there so consumed
that it alwaies preserueth. The
torments are so acted, that
they are alwaies renewed.
But every one shall endure
paine of tormēt, according to
the qualitie of the fault, and
they that are guiltie of the
same sinne, shall be sorted and
ioyned to their like, to be tor-
mented. No other thing shall
be heard there, but weeping
mourning, groning and how-
ling, lamentation, and gnash-
ing of teeth. And nothing shall
be seene there, but Wormes,
the terrible faces of the Tor-
mentors, and most hidious
monsters of the *Dinels*. Cruel
Wormes shall bite the inner
most parts of the heart, heere
shall be paine, there feare,
sighing, astonishment, & hor-
rible

Forrible terror. And they being
 miserable and wretched, shall
 burne in euerlasting fire for e-
 uer; and besides, they shall be
 tormented in the flesh by fire,
 in the spirit by the Worme of
 conscience, there shall be in-
 tollerable griefe, horrible fear,
 incomparable stincke, death
 both of Soule and body, with-
 out hope of pardon or mercy.
 Neuerthelesse, they shal so die,
 as they may alwaies liue, and
 shall so liue, as they may al-
 waies die. So the Soule of a
 Sinner is tormēted in hell for
 his sinnes, or being conuerted
 from her sinnes, is placed in
 Paradise.

The condi-
 tion of the
 damned af-
 ter death of
 the body.

Now therfore let vs choosc
 one of the two, either alwaies
 to be tormented with the wic-
 ed, or to liue in ioy with the
 righteous. For good and euill,

The differ-
 ence of a
 repenting
 and an ob-
 stinate sin-
 ner.

Y

life

life and death, are set before vs, that we may put forth our hand to which we will. If torments cannot terrifie vs, at least let rewards allure vs.

¶ *Of the reward of the Heavenly Countrey, the which Christians ought to endeavour to obtaine.*

Motive, IIII.

IT is a reward to see God, to live with GOD, to live with God, to be with God, to be with God, which will be all things in all : To have God, which is the chiefest good ; where the chiefest good is, there is the chiefest felicitie, chiefest pleasure, true libertie, perfect contentment, eternall securitie, and secure eternitie : there is true joy

forejoy, full knowledge, all beautie,
 n ourtie, and all beautitude. There
 from is peace, pietie, goodnesse,
 rs, alight, vertue, honestie, ioyes,
 mirth, sweetenesse, euerla-
 sting life, Glory, Praise, rest,
 Hea Loue, and sweete concord.

ch So the man shall bee blef- The excee-
 e- sed with G O D, in whose ding oyes
 conscience sin hath not bene at the righ-
 found. teous.

Hee shall see G O D at his
 desire, hee shall haue him at
 d, to his pleasure, hee shall enioy
 iued him to his euerlasting de-
 be light.

hing He shall flourish in eternity,
 which hee shall be glorious in truth,
 re the hee shall shine in glorie, hee
 e is the shall reioyce in goodnesse;
 t place hee shall haue eternitie of
 t che continuance, so hee shall
 , and haue facilitie of knowledge
 is true and wisdom, and felicitie

of rest and quietnesse. For he shall be a Cittizen of the Holie Cittie, of which the Cittizens are *Angels*, GOD the Father the *Temple*, his Son the glorie and brightnesse, the Holy Ghost the loue and charitie.

A description
of the
celestiall
Cittie.

Oh heavenly Cittie, secure Mansion, fertile and ample Countrey, thou containest which delighteth, the people liue without mourning, the Inhabitants are quiet and peaceable persons, hauing no want, or necessitie: How glorious things are spoken of thee! Oh Cittie of GOD So that the Habitation of which reioyce, is in thee. All reioyce with mirth, and exceeding ioy: All are delighted and made ioyfull by GOD whose lookes are beautifull.

For face faire and comely, speech
 sweet, and delectable: he is
 delightfull to be seene, plea-
 saunt to be drunke, sweete to
 be enioyed: Hee pleaseth
 by himselfe alone, he both
 sufficeth of himselfe for de-
 sert, and also sufficeth of him-
 selfe for reward: neither is
 any thing sought without
 him, because it is wholly
 found in him, whatsoeuer is
 desired.

It is alwaies pleasing and In God is
 delightfull to behold him, al- all good.
 waies to be delighted in him,
 and alwaies to enioy him. In
 him the vnderstanding is cla-
 rified, and the affection is pu-
 rified, to knowe and loue the
 truth. And this is the sole and
 whole good of man: namely,
 to know and loue his Creator.
 Therefore what madnesse of

vices doth mooue vs, to this
after the bitter Worme-wood
of this World, to follow
the shipwracke of this sliding
life? To suffer calamitie, to
endure the Dominion of a
wicked *Tiranne*: and not ra-
ther to flie and flocke toge-
ther to the felicitie of the
Saintes, to the societie of the
Angels, to the solemnitie of
supernall and heauenly ioy,
and to the pleasantnesse of a
contemplatiue life, that wee
may enter into the Domini-
ons of the Lord, and see the
superabundant riches of his
goodnes.

There wee shall bee freed
from toiling cares, and shal see
how sweet the Lord is, & how
great the multitude is of his
exceeding sweetnesse. Wee
shall see the beautie of his glorie

rie, the brightnes of his Saints, The hap-
and honour of his Royall Ma- py estate of
iestie. We shall know the pow- the iust in
er of the Father, the wisdom heaven.
of the sonne, the most liberall
clemencie of the Holy-Ghost:
and so we shall haue know-
ledge of the most high Trini-
tie.

Now we see bodies by the
bodie, also we see the Images
of bodies by the Spirit: but
then we shall see the Trinitie
with the pure sight of the
mind. Oh happy vision to see
GOD in himselfe, to see him
in vs, and to see vs in him. In
which vision, with happie
pleasure, and pleasant happi-
nesse, we shall haue all what-
soever we shall desire, desiring
nothing else besides, & we shal
loue, whatsoever we shall see:
blessed with the loue, blessed

with the sweetnesse of the loue, and pleasantnesse of the contemplatiō. This shalbe the end of that contemplation, this shalbe the summe of that felicitie. Because the sincere Diuinitie shall be vnderstood to be in his puritie, the incomprehensible Trinitie shall be comprehended in it.

The Mysteries of the Diuinitie shall be made manifest, G O D shall be seene, and shall be loued. Also this vision and delight filling and satisfying the whole heart of man, shall be the whole perfection, and summarie consumation of that blessednesse. All shall speak with one tōgue and language : there shall be reioycing without wearisomenesse : one affection : Loue eternall. Truth shall appeare openly,

penly, charitie shall fill them immeasurably, and there shall be a perfect and sound society of body and soule. The Humanitie being glorified, shall glister like the Sunne, the fellowshippe of the flesh and Spirit, shalbe quiet and peaceable, and there shall be one ioy of men and Angels, one feast, one speech and communication. Loue shall not languish, nor charitie melt away, all good things being present. There shall be no affliction of delay, because the blessed presence of the Diuine Maiestie, shall be all things vnto all; and there shall be a common omnipotencie of wisdom, peace, righteousness, and vnderstanding vnto all. There shall not be a diuersitie of tongues in that eternall

peace, but a peaceable and a tunable concord of manners and affections.

A descrip-
tion of per-
fect peace.

Who is ca-
pable of
heavenly
happines.

What true
repentance
is.

In that flood and streame of felicity, abundant society shal couet nor desire nothing else: there shal be great happinesse, for there shall be a heaped store of felicitie, glory euer more increasing, and ioy superabundant: but who shall be fit for these things? Verily, the true *Penitent*, the good *Obedient*, the louing Companion, and faithful Seruant. For a true *Penitent* is alwaies in labour and grieve, he is grieued with things that are past, he laboureth to preuent, and auoyd euils to come. For it is true repentance, without intermission of time, to be grieued for our sins and offences. And he repenteth truly, which

which doth so bewaile his
 trespasses committed, that he
 doth not afterward commit
 things to be lamented: he is
 a scoffer, and not a true *Peni-*
tent, which doth that still,
 which he may repent, & that
 may grieue him. If therefore
 thou wilt be a true *Penitent*,
 cease from sinne, and offend
 no more. Because that repen-
 tance is vain, which afterward
 is stained with some ensu-
 ing trespass. Every good *Obe-*
dient, yeeldeth vp his consent
 and deniall, that he can say;
My heart is readie, oh God, My
heart is readie. Readie to doe
 whatsoeuer thou hast com-
 manded, readie to obey at thy
 becke. It is prepared to attend
 vpon thee, to minister to my
 Neighbours, to keep & watch
 my selfe, and to rest and dwell

A louing
Compani-
on.

in the contemplation of hea-
uently things.

A louing Companion, is
dutifull and beneficiall to all,
burdensome to none. He is
dutifull to all, because he is
deuout before G O D, kind to-
wards his Neighbour, sober
towards the World, the Ser-
uant of the Lord, the Compa-
nion of his Neighbour, the
Lord of the World. He hath
things that are aboue him, for
his solace; things that are e-
qual to him, for his fellowship;
things that are beneath him,
for his seruice: he is a burthen
to none, but reduceth those
things which are beneath, to
the profit of the meane, and
to the honour of the superior,
following superiour thinges,
drawing the inferior, posses-
sed of the former, possessing
the

the latter, hee is a faithfull seru-
uant, in the Meditation and
contemplation of God, and in
the care and custodie of him-
selfe. Therefore first vse all di-
ligence, to keepe & watch thy
selfe, afterward vnderstanding
that thou canst not be able to
keepe and preferue thee by
thy owne industrie, humble
intreat for the ayde of the Di-
uine clemencie. Therefore
that thou maiest beholde the
good, well-pleasing & perfect
will of thy Creator in thee,
faithfullie in thy prayers soli-
cite him, that his royall Camp
of Angells may pitche their
Tents round about thee. De-
sire zealouslie the protection
of Christ thy Redeemer.

Crie vnto him and say, Be-
holde a poore sinner standeth
at thy dore of mercie, open to
him

Wee must
flie vnto
God in the
time of ne-
cessitie.

him that knocketh, opē thou
oh sweete Sauour, which hast
saide, *Knocke & it shalbe opened:*
that I may declare vnto thee
all my miseries and necessities
which I suffer. Powre out the
secrets of thy *hart* before him,
& craue pardon for thy trans-
gressions, by a sorrowfull and
true Confession. Let Iesus
Christ keepe the doore of thy
heart. For when Iesus Christ
keepeth the dore of the hart,
and is the Porter, so that all of
the Household of the heart, en-
ter in and come out by him,
Thousands of Angels foorth-
with are present, reioycing at
the gates of the outward sen-
ses: so that no Straunger dare
breake into those terrible Ar-
mies, because of the reuerence
and Maiestie of the Doore-
keeper, and the Watche and
Ward.

Ward of the Angels.

*How a man ought to
examine him-
selfe.*

Motive. V.

THou being a curious and strict examiner of thy integritie, examine thy life by a diligent and daily inquisition. Marke carefully how much thou doest profite and goe forward, or how much thou doest decay, and goe backwards: what thou art in manners, what thou art in affections; how like thou art to *G O D* our Redeemer and Saviour, or how unlike; how nigh, or how farre, not by distances of places, but by affections of manners.

Endeavour with all thy forces
and

and all thy industry to knowe
thy selfe ; because thou art
much better, and more lauda-
ble, if thou knowe thy selfe,
then if thy owne selfe beeing
neglected and not regarded,
thou shuld'st know the course
of the Starres, the vertue of
herbs, the cōplexions of men,
the natures of beasts, & shuld'st
haue the science & knowledge
of all celestiall and terrestriall
things. Therefore restore thy
selfe to thy selfe, and if not al-
wayes or often, at least some-
time. Rule thy affections, di-
rect thy actions, and correct
thy foot-steps: let nothing re-
maine in thee, which is not re-
ctified with necessarie Disci-
pline: place all thy transgressi-
ons before thy eyes: place thy
selfe before thy selfe, as it were
before another, and so bewaile
thy

thy selfe. Lamēt thy iniquities
and immeasurable sinnes, with
which thou hast offended thy
God, declare vnto him thy
miserics, shewe vnto him the
malice of thy aduersaries. And
when thou shalt humble thy
selfe with teares before him,
I pray thee that thou be mind-
full of mee. For I, since the
time I haue knowne thee in
Christ, do loue thee, & send vp
mētion of thee thither, where
both an vnlawfull thought
doth deserue punishment, and
an honest thought is not vn-
rewarded. For when (like a
spirituall Priest) I offer vp the
Calues of my lippes, and a sor-
rowfull heart, vppon the Al-
tar of God, I doe remember
thee.

Thou also shalt doe the
like office for mee, if thou wilt
loue

How we
ought to be
mindfull
one of ano-
ther in our
prayers.

loue mee, and make me partaker of thy prayers : I desire and couet to bee present there with thee by remembraunce, when thou powrest foorth deuout Prayers before God for thy selfe, thy familiar acquaintance, Parents, and Friendes:

The iust
are all the
Image of
God,

Neither maruell, if I haue saide, I desire to be present, if thou loue mee; and therefore doest loue mee, because I am the Image of God, I am as present to thee, as thou art to thy selfe, for whatloever thou art, I am the same substantiall.

For euerie reasonable soule is the Image of God: wherefore hee which seeketh the Image of GOD in himselfe, doeth as well seeke his Neighbour as himselfe. And hee which shall light vpon it, and finde the same Image by seeking,

king, knoweth the same in e-
 uerie man. For the light of
 the soule is the vnderstāding,
 therfore if thou seest thy selfe,
 thou seest mee, because I am
 no other thing, then thou art.
 And if thou louest the most
 Righteous and great *G O D*,
 thou louest mee, beeing the I-
 mage of God: And also I, if I
 loue God, doe loue thee. And
 so while wee seeke one thing,
 and bend and incline to one
 thing, wee are alwayes present
 together, but in *God*, in whom
 we loue one another.

The loue
 toward
 God, ap-
 peareth in
 the loue o
 our brethe
 ren,



That

**That a man ought to be diligent
and deuout in singing of Psalmes,
and in performing other Diuine
exercises in the Church,
or else-where.*

Motion. VI.

WHen thou shalt enter
into the Church to
pray, or to sing, leaue the tu-
multuous, & disquietfull mo-
tions of thy wauiing cogitati-
ons without doores, and vtter-
lie forget the care of externall
things, that thou maicst bee at
leisure to *GOD* alone. For it
cannot bee, that hee can talke
with God at any time, which
holding his peace, doeth also
prattle to the whole Worlde.
Bee therefore earnest and de-
uout towards him, which is
earnest and intentiue towards
thee,

cares of
externall
things stop
the passage
of prayers,
at they
cannot as-
cend into
heauen.

thee, heare him speaking to thee, that hee may heare thee speaking to him. And this shalbe effected, if thou shalt be present at the performing of diuine praises, and holie exercises, with due reuerence, and diligent carefulnes, and attend to the diuine scripture. I doe not say that I can doe these things, but that I would, and it repenteth me, that I haue not don them, & it doth not grieue me to doe them. But thou, to whom greater grace is graunted by vowes and deuout prayers, turne the kind cares of the Lord to thee, with thy teares and sighs, & intreat him gently, for thy grieuous transgressions, & with spirituall songs, laud, & glorify him *in his works*.

For the heauenlie Citizens are delighted in nothing so much

much as to behold it, nothing can be performed more pleasant & delightfull to the King of Kings, as hee doeth testifie : *The Sacrifice of praise shall honour mee.*

Consort
of heavenly
Musicke.

Oh how happie shouldest thou bee, if thou mightest once beholde with spirituall eyes, how the Princes goe before ioyned to the Singers, in the midst of the *Damo-sells*, playing on the *Timbrels*. Thou should'st see without doubt, with what care, with what dancing and reioycing, they are present amōg the singers : with what care and dancing they are present to them which are silent, to thē which meditate ; They are present with them which are silent, they rule ouer thē which prouide and gouerne all thinges
in

in order. For the supernall powers doe loue their fellow-^{Angels re-} Citizens , and they all doe se-^{ioyce for} rioullie reioyce together for ^{the saluati-} on of men, them, which receiue the inheritance of saluation : they comfort, furnish, defend, and provide for all. For they desire our comming , because they expect the ruines of their Citie shall be thereby repaired. They diligently enquire , and willingly heare good thinges of the good ; they runne carefully too & fro, in the midst of vs, betweene God and vs, carrying our sighs and grones to him most faithfully, bringing backe againe to vs, his grace & fauour most deuoutlie. They wil not disdain to be our companions , which are made our seruants, we make them to triumph with ioy, when wee are
con-

conuerted to repentance.

Therefore let vs make haft to fulfill their ioy by vs. Woe vnto thee , whosoever thou art , which doest desire to goe againe to thy vomit, and to returne to the mire? Doest thou thinke thou shalt haue them pacified and pleased at the day of iudgement , whome thou wilt depriue of so great, and so long hoped for ioy ? They exceedingly reioyced, when wee came to the profession of true Religion , euen as for them whome they did see called backe, from the verie Gate of Hell.

What will it bee then, when they shall see vs returne from the Gate of Paradise, and that they shoulde goe backwards againe , which had one foote in heauen ? For although we
haue

haue our bodics heere beneath, yet wee may lift vp our hearts aboue. Therefore let vs runne, not with the steps of the bodie, but with the affections, but with the desires, but with sighs of the soule, because not onely the Angels, but also the Creator of the Angels doth waite for vs. God the Father doth waite for vs, as Children and heires, that he may put vs in possession of all his good. The Sonne of God doth waite for vs as Bretheren, and co-heyres with him, that hee may offer vs to GOD the Father, the fruite of his Natiuitie, and price of his blood. The holic Ghost doth wait for vs, for he is loue & benignitie: in which Gods electi-
wee are predestinated from E- on irrevoca-
ternitie, and there is no doubt, cable.
but hee will haue his predesti-

nation to be accomplished. Therefore because all the heauenly Court doth expect, and desire vs, let vs desire it with a great desire as we can.

For he shall come to it with confusion and blushing, whosoever doth not vehemently desire to see it. But whosoever is conuersant in the same by continuall prayer and daily meditation, he doth not depart from hence without griefe, and is also receiued to it with great ioy. Therefore wheresoever thou shalt pray within thy selfe. If thou shalt be farre from the place of prayer, thou thy selfe art in place. If thou shalt be in bed, or in some other place, pray thou: & where the Temple of prayer is, thou mayest pray often, and the body

ing bowed downe, the minde
is to be lifted vp to God. For
ther is no momēt, in which
ma doth not vse, or enioy the
goodnes & mercy of God: So
there ought to be no momēt,
in which he should not haue
him present in memorie. But
you will say, I pray daily, and
see no fruit of my prayer: but
I come to it, so I returne
from it: no body doth answer
me, no body speaketh, none
saith any thing at all, but I
seem to haue laboured in vain.
He speaketh mans foolishnes,
not marking what the *Truth*
afterward promiseth: saying,
truly I say vnto you, that
whatsoeuer yee aske praying,
beleeue that you shal receiue it,
it shal be performed to you.
Do not therefore make slight
count of thy prayer, because

What ge-
sture is to
be vsed of
him which
prayeth.

A foolish
obiection of
a faithles
petitioner.

God giueth
that he
knoweth to
be best for
vs.

he, to whō thou prayest, do
not make slight account of it
but befor it passeth out of thy
mouth, he willet that it shuld
be written down in his Book.
And we must vndoubtedly
hope for one thing of two
that eyther hee will giue vs
that which wee aske, or that
which hee knoweth to be
more profitable for vs. Thinke
therefore the best, whatsoeuer
thou canst of G O D, and
the woorst of thy selfe, that
thou maist; thou oughtest
belecue of him more copiously
and amply then thou canst
think. Make account that thou
hast lost al that time, in which
thou dost not thinke of God.
For all other things are not
of our owne, but the time
ly is our owne. Therefore find
leisure to serue G O D, and
when

wheresoeuer thou shalt be,
there be thou safe without
danger. Do not wholly deliuer
vp thy self to worldly affaires,
but vse the world as if thou
vstedst it not. In what place or
state soeuer thou dost consist,
cast thy thoughts vpon God,
and ponder somthing belon-
ging to thy Saluation, in thy
minde. Therefore with all faci-
lity, gathering thy mind togi-
ther, dwel freely with thy self,
and walke in the latitude and
breadth of thy heart, there pre-
pare, and make readie a large
supping-parlor for Christ. For
the minde of a wise man is al-
waies with God. We ought to
haue him alwaies before our
eyes, by whom we are, liue, &
vnderstand. For we haue him
our Creator, that we shuld be,
we also ought to haue him

We must
rely only vp-
on God.

our Teacher, that we should be wise, and the giuer of inward sweetnes, that we may be blessed ; & in this we know his Image in vs, that is, the Image of the most high Trinity. For as he is, he is both wise and also good ; so also we, according to our small measure, both are, & know that we are, and both loue to be, and to know the same. Therefore vsethy self as the Temple of god, because of that which is in thee like to God. For it is the greatest Honor, which can be performed to God, to worship and to imitate him. Thou doest imitate him, if thou art godly, for a godly minde is a holy Temple to G O D, and the heart of a godly man, the best Altar. Thou dost worship him, if thou art mercifull, and

he is mercifull vnto all. For He worship-
 it is an acceptable sacrifice to peth G O D
 God, to do good to all in re- truely, that
 gard of God, Doe all things doeth the
 as the childe of G O D, that charitie.
 thou maist be worthy of him,
 who hath vouchsafed to call
 thee childe. But in all things
 which thou doest, know that God is pre-
 God is present. Beware there- sent euery
 fore, that neither thy eyes, nor where,
 thy thought, be fixed on that
 which breedeth a sinnefull de-
 light: neither say nor do that
 which is vnlawfull, although
 it like thee, neither offend
 God by any deed, or gesture,
 which being present euery
 where, beholdeth whatsoeuer
 thou doest any where. Thou
 hadst need to watch & looke
 to thy selfe narrowly, because
 thou doest all things before
 the eyes of a Iudge, which see-

God cor-
recteth
them whom
he loueth.

eth all things clearely. Neuer-
thelesse thou needest not to
stand in dread of him, but art
secure with him, if thou pre-
pare thy selfe to be such a one,
as he may vouchsafe in fauour
to be present with thee; but if
he be absent by grace, yet is he
present with thee by reuenge-
ment. But woe be to thee, if it
be so with thee: yea, rather woe
be vnto thee, if he be not so
with thee. For God is angry
with him whom he scourgeth,
not when he sinneth, for he
condemneth him in time to
come, perpetually, whom he
doth not amend by scourging
when he liueth wickedly.

¶

¶ *A Consideration of
Death.*

Motive VII.

IT is certaine that Death
threatneth thee euery wher,
the Diuell lieth in waite, that
he may snatch away thy soule
when it departeth out of thy
body, but feare thou not, for
God which dwelleth in thee,
(if he yet dwell in thee) will
deliuer thee from death, and
from the Diuell. For he is a
faithfull friend, neither doeth
he forsake them which trust
in him, vnlesse he be first for-
saken of them. But he is forsa-
ken, when the heart through
wicked, vile, and vnprofitable
cogitation, roueth hither and
thither with a wandering vn-
derstanding.

God forsa-
keth none
but such as
willingly
forsake him
first.

Nothing in
the world,
more Noble
thē the heart
of man,

How to pu-
rifie the
heart,

Therefore thou must with all carefulnesse and vigilancie watch and keepe it, that God may rest & remaine in it. For in euery Creature, which is busied and toyled in the vanities of the world vnder the Sunne, nothing is more excellent then mans heart, nothing more Noble, nothing is found more like vnto God, wherefore he requireth no other thing of thee, but thy heart. Therefore cleanse the same by pure and sincere confession vnto G O D, and continuall Prayer, that thou maist see God with a pure & cleane heart, by a continuall looking vpon God.

In euery place be thou subiect and intentiue to him, and frame thy manners, that he may be pleased in thee. Love

all men inwardly, & shew thy
selfe louing to all, that thou
maist be a peace-maker, & the
childe of God. So thou shalt be
a good childe like vnto thy
heavenly Father, also holy,
humble, and righteous. And
when thou shalt be such a one
be mindfull of me, to cōmend
me to God in thy prayers. Wo
be to me which say those thin-
ges, and do them not, and if I
do them sometime, I continue
not long in them, I haue those
things in my memory, and do
not obserue them in my life; I
haue them in my words, and
not in my conditions; I rumi-
rate and ponder the Lawe in
my hart and my mouth all the
day, and do things contrary to
the law; I read of Religion in
it, and I loue reading more
then prayer.

Good
words must
be seconde
with good
deeds.

Not.

Immode-
rate reading
must not let
the practise
of charitie,
nor the ex-
ercise of me-
litation.

Notwithstanding, the holy
Scripture doth teach me no
other thing, but to loue Reli-
gion, to preserue Vnity, and to
haue charity. Some body wai-
teth and attendeth for me, de-
sirous to speak to me concer-
ning his want & necessity, but
I take some idle booke or o-
ther, which this man or that
man commends vnto me, I
read in it, and by immoderate
reading, I loose the practise of
the fruits of Charity, the affec-
tions of piety, the lamentati-
on of compunction, & hartie
sorrow, the profit of the holy
Sacraments, and contempla-
tion of heauenly things. Ne-
uerthelesse, nothing is found
more sweete in this life, no-
thing is receiued more delici-
ous, nothing doth so separate
the vnderstanding, from the
loue

loue of the world, nothing doeth so fortifie the minde against temptations, nothing doth so stirre vp man, and further him to euery good work and labour, as the Grace and benefit of diuine meditation, and heauenly contemplation.

The profitable fruits of deuout meditation.

In what manner a man ought to pray Deuoutly.

Motive, VIII.

HAue mercy vpon me, oh God, because I offend there most, wher I ought to amend my sins. For while I pray often, in the place of prayer, I doe not marke what I say, I pray truely with the mouth, but my minde wandering abroad, I am depriued of the fruit of prayer. With my body I am within, but with

with my heart I am without.

And therefore I loose that I say. For it profiteth little to sing, or pray with the voyce onely, without the deuotion of the Heart. Therefore it is great foolishnesse, yea rather great madnesse, when wee doe presume to speake with the Lorde of *Maiestie* in prayer, and being without vnderstanding, do turne our mind from him, and turne our heart, I knowe not to what fooleries and toyes. It is also great madnes, and grieuously to be punished, when most vile and base dust, doeth disdaine to hear the Creator of the whole world speaking to it.

But it is an vnspeakable grace of the Diuine goodnes, which doth daily beholde vs vnhappy wretches, turning
away

It is presumption to pray without hartie and true deuotion.

away our cares, hardning our hearts, and neuerthelesse cryeth out to vs, saying: Returne yee Transgressours with your Hart, attend and see, because I am God.

GOD speaketh to mee in a Psalme, neither yet, when I say a Psalme, doe I consider whose Psalme it is. Wherefore I doe great iniurie to God, when I pray to him to heare my prayer, which I doe not heare my selfe, who doe vtter the same.

I intreat him that hee attend to mee, but I neither attend to my selfe, nor to him, but that which is farre worse, by thinking filthie and vnprofitable thinges within my heart, I bring an horrible stincke before his sight.

The prayer of the wicked is turned into abomination

Of the instabilitie and wandering of the heart.

Mortine IX.

The hart of
man is tof-
sed too and
fro in the
freame of
euill cogi-
tations.

Nothing is more vncon-
stant, instable, and fugi-
tue in me, then my hart,
the which so often as it leaueth
me, floweth and fleeteth away
by euill cogitations, so often
it offendeth God. My heart,
great hart, wandring, vnstable
while it is led by his owne wil,
cannot remaine constant in it
selfe, but beeing more mouea-
ble then any mouable thing, is
distracted and drawn through
infinitt things, & runneth vp &
downe, hither & thither, thro-
rough innumerable matters.

And while it seeketh rest
and content by diuers things,

it cannot finde the same: but continueth in the labour and turmoyle of miserie, voyde of rest and contentment. It agreeth not with it selfe, it iarreth with it selfe, it reboundeth and leapeth from it selfe, it altereth desires, chaungeth Counsells, buildeth newe thinges, destroyeth elde thinges, buildeth againe, things before pulled downe, it altereth, and establisheth the same thinges, againe and againe: now after one manner, and by and by after an other manner, because it will, and it will not, and doeth neuer continue in the same state.

The mutabilitie of Mans heart.

For as a Mill, is turned about swiftly, and refuseth nothing, but grindeth whatsoever it hath put into it, but if nothing be put into it, it consumeth

A similitude

sumeth and wasteth it selfe, so my vnstable hart is alwayes in motion, and neuer resteth: but whether I sleepe or wake, it dreameth and thinketh vpon that whatsoeuer cometh to it. And as sand doth put the Mill out of his course, if it bee put into it, pitche doeth defile it, chaffe doeth toyle it: so a bitter thought doth trouble, an vnclean thought doth defile, a vain cogitation doth disquiet and weary my heart: so my heart, while it doth not regard the ioyes to come, neither seeketh the Diuine succour and assistance; is separated farre from the loue of all heauenly thinges, and is busied and toyled, in the loue of earthly matters.

And when it slideth away from the former, it is wrapped and

and entangled in the latter : *Vanitie* possesseth it, *Cyriositie* leadeth it away, *Lust* inticeth it, *Pleasure* seduceth it, *Concupiscence* polluteth it, *Ennie* tormenteth it, *Anger* doth disquiet it, *Sorrowe* and *sadnes* doth vex and molest it; And so by miserable chaunces it is ouerwhelmed with all Vices, because it hath forsaken, and let goe one *GOD*, who had bene sufficient for it : It is dispersed and scattered through manie thinges, and seeketh here and there, where it may rest, and findeth nothing which may suffice it, vntill it doeth returne to him backe againe, who gaue it.

An enun-
ration of vi-
ces, which
pollute and
disquiet the
heart.

It is ledde from cogitation, to cogitation, and it is altered and chaunged, by diuers imployments and affections,
that

that at least it may bee filled with varietie of those thinges, with whose qualitie it cannot be satisfied.

The hart
reuoiting
from God,
can finde
no rest, vn-
till it returne
to God.

All that wee
haue, is
Gods owne,
let hee
with, giue
us thy
heart.

So the heart is troubled with it's own illusions and fantasies, the Diuine grace being remoued & substracted. And when it is returned to it selfe, and discusseth and examineth that which it thought, it findeth nothing, because it was not a worke, but an vnseasonable thought, which compoundeth and frameth manie things, of little or nothing at all.

And lastlie, imagination deceiueth it, which the illusion of the Diuell formeth and shapeth. God commaundeth mee that I giue him my hart, and because I am not obedient and subiect to God, commaunding

maunding, I am rebellious,
and contrarie to my selfe.
Wherby I cannot be brought
in subiectiō to my selfe, vn-
till I shall bee subiect to him,
and serue my selfe with an euill
will, which would not serue
him with a good will. There-
fore my heart plotteth, ende-
uoreth, and goeth about more
things in one momēt, then all
men are able to performe in a
yeare; I am not vnited with
God, and therefore I am diui-
ded in my selfe. I cannot be
truely vnited with him, but by
loue: neither be subiect to him,
but by *humilitie*: neither can I
be truly humble, but by *truth*.

It is expedient therefore that
I examine my selfe in Truth,
and know, how vile, how frail,
how vnconstant and slipperie
I am. Aftewards, when I shall
know

know all my wants and miseries, it is needfull that I cleave vnto him, by whom I am, and without whom I am nothing, and can doe nothing, and because I haue departed from the Lord by sinning, I cannot returne vnto him but by true confession. Therefore I must now confesse in truth and sinceritie, because I haue neuer confessed my sinnes, in that measure and manner, in which I haue sinned, neither haue I remembred all; either bicause of the antiquitie or multitude of them. But if I haue confessed them, I haue not sincerely confessed them, but haue flattered the flesh in my confession, and haue dealt falsely in casting vp the summe of my great, and grieuous transgressions. And it is a cursed dissimulation,

simulation; to make but a slight and counterfeit confession of our rebellions towards God, and of our iniurious and vncharitable actions towards men; and onely to pare the outside of sinne away, and as it were, to wash our handes with a little water, and not to pluck vp sinne by the rootes, that it may neuer afterwards growe vp in our hearts.

For confession is not profitable, but in the Truth and puritie of the heart, that there may bee three; which may beare vs witnesse in Heauen: The Father, and the Sonne, and the holie-Ghost. And as men haue beene beholders of our manifold trāsgressions, so let vs make them witnesses of our humble repentance, and hartie contrition. And althogh we

Our Confession must be true and sincere.

wee must , and ought to acknowledge GOD alone, to be All-sufficient to graunt vs free pardon and absolution, yet we should not refuse to shew forth manifest testimonies to men, of our true and sincere Humiliation. To which, the Apostle *Saint Iames*, doeth counsel and perswade vs, sayinge *Confesse your sinnes one to another.*

For it is verie conuenient, that we, which haue bene stubborn & rebellious, by sinning against God, should be humble also towards men whome we haue offended , either by the euill example of our wicked life, or else by our wrongfull dealing, and false deeds.

For it is most healthfull to the soule , that a man repent in heart, and acknowledge his fault,

fault with his mouth, so that God, which is present in mercy and *Grace*, may pricke his heart by repentance, and afterward may be also present to giue him pardon of his sins. But if a sinner do truly repent, and yet by some accidentall necessitie be preuented that he cannot make any acknowledgement to such men as he hath offended, we must confidently belecue, that whosoever is defectiue in him concerning such acknowledgement, is fulfilled by *Christ*, who hath made a full satisfaction. For God accepteth that as done, which a man hath bene willing, although not able to performe.

A a

That

¶ *That sinne is not to be excused.*

Motive X.

An vnrelenting
finer
will either
cūing y ex-
cuse or flatly
deny his sin.

IN the account of my sinnes,
where I should haue amended,
I haue augmented my
sinnes, and added sins to sins.
When I haue bene accused of
them, I haue either by some
means excused them, or wholly
denied them, or that which
is worst, I haue maintained &
defended them; and haue an-
swered impatiently, when in
deede there is no sinne with
which I am not, or may not
be polluted. It is iust therfore
all occasion being remooued
that I promise amendement
howsoever, or of whatsoever
am accused, to the end that

may be deliuered from sinne committed or to be committed.

¶ *What a great evil it is, not to correct or reprehend others.*

Motive XI.

I Greatly dreading the multitude of my owne iniquities, haue bene afraide to reprehend the transgressions of others, & therefore haue bene the Authour of death, because I haue not expelled the poison, which I might haue purged, by crying out vnto them.

I haue stormed against others, and haue bene incensed with furie, when they haue reprehended me for my vices, and I haue hated them whom I ought to haue loued: I desi-

By silence we make our censures close, when we ought to admonish or correct them.

red that those things might not be, which did hurt or displease me.

Good
things are
made euill
by abuse.

Neuerthelesse, I did know that in their owne Nature they were good, and made of a good Maker; and therefore they did hurt me, because I was euill, and did vse them euilly. For nothing is contrarie or hurtfull to my selfe but I my selfe. For that is within mee and in mee, whatsoeuer is able to hurt mee, and I my selfe am a burthen to my selfe.

I wished also that God might not knowe my sinne, or that he would not, or could not punish them, & so I would haue god to be foolish, vniuert, & impotēt. Which if he were hee were not a GOD, therefore is no *Pride* about my *Pride*

the

therefore the wordes of my transgressions are far from my saluation. For *Pride* is suspected and hatefull to God, neither can it be, that it may returne into fauour with him. They lodge in diuers Innes, neither doe they dwell together in one & the same minde, which might not dwell together in Heauen. She was borne in heauen, but being as it were vnmindfull, by what way she fell from thence, she hath not bene able to returne thither afterward. When as the ayre was troubled with Raine, or with too much cold or heate, I murmured wickedly against God. For all things which we receiued for the vse of life, we conuert, or rather peruert to the vse of wickednesse. Wherefore it is iust, that we which

Pride and
God cannot
dwell together.

God more
respecteth a
true mour-
ning heart,
then a sweet
melodious
voyce.

haue sinned in all things, be
smitten and wounded in all
things. Oftentime in singing
diuine Psalmes, I was more
delighted with the tune of my
voyce, thē in the compuncti-
on of my heart. But G O D, to
whō nothing is hidden, which
is wickedly committed, doeth
not so much require the sweet-
nelle of the voyce, as the puri-
tie of the heart. For while the
Singer doth tickle & delight
the people with melodious
voyces, he moueth G O D to
wrath, with his euill conditi-
ons. I haue oftentimes extor-
ted of my Gouvernours and ru-
lers licence to speake, or to do
something by ouermuch im-
portunitie, or by craftie subti-
litie, not considering misera-
ble wretch, that he cozeneth
& deceiueh himself, which la-
boureth

boureth priuily, or secretly,
that the Magistrat or Minister
may enioyne him that which
may best sort and most please
his corrupt desire. I haue of-
ten coueted and desired a nec-
dle or a Knife, or some base
thing, and I haue not bene
touched with any sense of sor-
row, for my couetous desire,
because I did not esteeme it a
sinne, by reason of the base-
nesse of the matter. But there
is no great difference, what
substance soeuer be desired,
base or precious, if the affecti-
on be equally corrupted. For
the Knife is not in fault, but
the couetous desire of the
Knife is to be condemned.
Neither is Gold in fault, but
the greedie desire of Gold is
vicious and sinfull.

Concupis-
cence is not
to be iud-
ged by the
estimation
of the thing,
but by the
corruption
of the de-
fire.

In my labour, I haue not

laboured so much as I should,
or so much as I could.

In silence also I haue bene
idle, which is a most great sin.
For in silence no man ought
to be so idle, that in the
same leisure hee thinketh not
on the profit of his Neigh-
bour: nor so busied, that hee
require not the Meditation,
and contemplation of G O D.
For he doth not profit him-
selfe much, which doeth not
profit another when hee may.

I haue boasted my selfe of
my Vices, thinking that to
be a signe of Vertue, which
was a Criminall Trespasse. Of
Vertues also I haue made Vi-
ces. For Iustice, while it excee-
deth due Medyocritie and
measure, ingendreth the Vice
of all bad and hateful crueltie:
and too much pittie, bringeth
forth

forth the dissolution and overthrowe of discipline, and necessarie correction, so oftentimes that is vice, which is supposed to be vertue. So careless remissnesse, is supposed to be gentle mildnesse, and the vice of sloathfulnesse doth imitate the vertue of quietnesse. I fained my selfe to be that which I was not, or that I would not doe that which I would, said one thing with my mouth, and willed another thing in my heart, and so vnder the skinne of a Sheepe, I shrowded the conscience, indeede of a subtill Fox. * For indeede a luke-warme conuersation, and a more naturall and corrupt cogitation, ioyned with a fained confession, a short compunction, obedience without deuotion, prayer

Vices are taken, (or rather mistaken) for vertues.

* Notes of a deceitfull conscience.

without earnest intention, reading without edifying, speech without carefull circumspection, are properties of a Fox-like, and craftie conscience. Oh how hard are these things to me which I speake, because I smite and wound my selfe by speaking them: notwithstanding, because I doe not denie my selfe to be a sinner, but doe acknowledge my sinne, peradventure the acknowledgement of my fault, shall be the obtaining of my pardon with G O D, a mercifull and pittifull Iudge. Therefore I will declare my miserie, if peradventure his kindnesse and pittie may mooue him, I will confesse my sinne, because the acknowledgement of sinne is the beginning of saluation. I carrie my selfe kindly towards

The confession of
sinnes is a
readie way
to obtaine
remission.

wards men, I exceed not in my Garments, I am carefull to obserue Ecclesiasticall Orders, to pray & sing at houres appointed, but my heart is farre from my God. I looking vpon the outward part, thinke all things are safe and well to me, not feeling the inward Worme which gnaweth the inward bowels. As it is recorded in the seuenth Chapter of *Oseas*, *Straungers haue eaten vp my strength, and I knew it not.*

And therefore wholly occupied and imployed about those things which are without, and altogether ignorant of the thiugs within me, I am powred out like water, and brought to nothing, forgetting things past, neglecting things present, not foreseeing things

things to come: I am vnthank
full for benefites receiued,
prone to euill, and slowe to
good.

¶ *How euery man ought to con-
sider himselfe.*

Motine. XII.

IF I do not looke vpō my self,
I know not my selfe, but if I
looke vpon my selfe, I cannot
tolerate or endure my self: be-
cause I finde such great things
in my selfe, which are worthy
of reprehension and confusi-
on: and by so much the more
narrowly and more often I ex-
amine my selfe, by so much
the more are the abhominat-
ions I finde in the secret cor-
ners of my heart. For from
the very first moment I be-
ganne to sinne, I could not
let

let one day passe without sin.

Neither as yet doe I cease to sinne, but from day to day, I adde sinnes to sinnes, & I haue them before mine eyes. I be-

hold them, yet I do not grone nor sigh for them. I see things

to bee blushed at, neither doe I blush: I looke vpon things

to bee griued at, neither am I griued: which thing is a

signe of death, and a token of

damnation. For a member,

which feeleth not the paine,

is mortified and dead: and a

disease insensible, is alwayes

incurable. I am vnconstant,

and dissolute, neither doe I re-

forme my selfe, but I returne

daily to the sinnes I haue con-

fessed: neither doe I take heed

of the Ditch, into which I

wretched creature haue fallen,

or into which I haue made or

scene

When we
sinne with-
out sense of
sinne, our
soule is sick,
euen vnto
death.

seene an other fall into. And when I should haue wept and prayed, for the euills I committed, and for the good things I neglected (oh grieve) it turned to mee, into the contrarie. For I was lukewarme, and I was quite colde from the seruent heat of prayer, and now e haue remained cold with out sense; and therefore I cannot bewaile my selfe, because the grace of teares is departed from me.

Of the presence of the Conscience euery where.

Motine. XIII.

I Cannot conceale my sinnes, because wheresoeuer I goe my Conscience is with mee, carrying with it whatsoeuer I haue layd vp in it, either euill
of

or good. It keepeth the pledge which it hath receiued from mee, being aliue, it will restore the same to mee beeing dead. If I doe euilly, it is present: If I seeme to doe well, and therefore am lifted vp, it is present. Is present to mee being aliue, it followeth mee being dead: there is inseparable confusion to me euery where, according to the qualitie of the pledge it hath receiued So, so, in my owne House, and from my owne familie, I haue mine Accusors, witnesses, Iudge, and Tormentors.

A sinner
hath his ac-
cusers with-
in himselfe.

My Conscience doth accuse mee, my *Memory* is the witnes against me: *Reason*, the Iudge: my *Will*, the Prison: *Feare*, the Executioner: and my delight the *Torment*.

For how manie wicked de-
lights

lights there haue bene to procure my carnall pleasure, so manie Torments there shall bee in my grieuous punishment : For wee are thereby punished , from whence wee were delighted.

*Of the three Enemies
of Man.*

Motive. XIIII.

HElpe me oh my God, because mine enemies haue besieged and compassed my soule round about : namely the *Body*, the *World*, and the *Devill*. I cannot flie from the bodie, nor driue it away from mee. I must needes carrie it about me, because it is fast tyed and bound vnto me, I may not destroy it, I am compelled to nourish

The flesh,
the first enemy of
man,

nourish and sustaine it. And when I make it fatte, I nourish mine aduersarie, against my selfe. For if I shall pamper my selfe, and that I shall bee lustie and strong, the health and strength of it doth trouble and molest me. Likewise the world doth hemme mee in, and besiege mee on euery side, and by five gates (to wit) by the five senses of the body; namely, the sight, hearing, tasting, smelling, and touching, doth wound mee with his Arrowes, and *Death* entreth by my windowes into my Soule.

The world,
the second
enemy of
man.

Mine eye looketh back, and turneth away my Vnderstanding. Mine care heareth, and turneth aside the intention of my heart. Smelling hindereth my deuout cogitation. My mouth speaketh, and deceiucth.

deceiueth. By touching, the burning of Lust is stirred vp, by anie small occasion, and vnlesse it be quenched, it suddainely possesseth, burneth, and inflameth the whole bodie.

First, it tickleth the flesh a little with thoght, afterward it defileth the minde with filthy delight; and at last it subiugateth and Captiueth the minde by consent vnto wickednes.

The Diuel,
he third e-
nemy of
man.

The Diuell
vseth golde
& siluer, for
aliuring
baites, to
procure the
soules haire.

Further, the *Diuell* whom I cannot see, and therefore cannot letse be warie of him, he hath bent his Bowe, and made readie his Arrowes in it, that hee may suddainely wounde mee: Hee hath declared that hee would hide his Snares, and hath sayde, *Who shall see them?* Hee hath layde a Snare in Gold and Siluer, and in all things

things which wee abuse, with them we are euilly delighted, and are ensnared. Hee hath not onely layde a Snare, but also Byrd-lime.

The loue of possessions is Byrd-lime, the affection of kindred, the desire of Honor, and the pleasure of the flesh,

The Diuels
Bird-lime.

by which the Soule is glewed and entangled, that it cannot fliethrough the streets of *heavenly Syon*, with the winges of

Contemplation. The Arrowes and Shaftes of the *Diuell* are,

The Ar.
rowes of
the Diuell.

Anger, Enuy, Concupiscence, and other vices: with which the Soule is wounded. And who is hee which is able to quench his fierie Dartes? Oh lamentable grieve! a faithfull Soule is often wounded with these Dartes, and ouercome with these temptations. Alas for me,

me, because I see warres prepared for mee on euery side, Dartes flie about euery where, on euery side assailements, on euery side dangers, wheresoeuer I shall turne my selfe, there is no safetic, no securitie: I feare both those things which delight mee, and also those things which make me sadde, and molest mee. I feare all things: Hunger and refection, sleepe and watching, labour and resting, doe fight against mee. Ieasting is no lesse suspected of mee then anger: for I haue giuen offence vnto manie by ieasting: Neither doe I lesse feare prosperitie then aduersitie: For prosperous thinges with their sweetnesse make me careles, and deceiue mee: but aduerse and contrarie things, because they haue
some

some bitternes, as bitter Portions, doe make me suspicious and fearefull. I feare the euill more which I do priuily, then that which I doe openly. For the Temptor commeth boldly to the euill, which no man seeth, which no man comprehendeth, and where no man is feared which should find fault with it, and so iniquity is more easilie committed.

Truely, there is Warre on both sides, daunger on both sides, to bee feared on both sides. And euen as they which remaine in the Land of their enemies, must looke on this side, and that side, and must turne their head about at euerie noise: So the Flesh suggesteth pleasant thing to me, the world vaine things, the Diuell bitter things, because so often

as a carnall cogitation doeth importunately mooue and assault my minde, concerning meate and drinke, sleepe, and other like thinges, belonging to the care and prouision of the flesh, the flesh speaketh to me. When a vaine thought is busied in my hart concerning worldlie Ambition, bragging and boasting, it proceedeth from the Worlde: But when I am prouoked to anger and wrath, and to bitterneesse of minde, it is a Duellish suggestion, the which I must resist no otherwise, then the Diuell himselfe, neither must I any otherwise take heede and beware of it, then of damnation it selfe. It is the office of Diuells to bring in false suggestions: it is our duty not to consent to them; For so often as

we resist them, so often we overcome the *Diuell*, we glad the Angells, we honour God. For he doth exhort & encourage vs that we may fight: hee helpeth vs, that we may overcome: hee beholdeth vs fighting: he succoreth vs fainting: he crowneth vs conquering.

*From whence the flesh of Man
proceedeth, and what it
bringeth forth.*

Motue. XV.

MY flesh proceedeth from the clay, and therefore I haue voluptuous thoughts frō it, vaine and curious cogitations from the world, cuill and malicious suggestions frō the diuell. These three enemies do assaile and persecute me, sometime openly, sometime secretly but alwaies malitiouly: For the diuell

Three cruell enemies of man.

Flesh is
corrupted,
by byrth,
nurture, and
cullome.

diuel trusteth most in the help
of the flesh, because a domesti-
call enemy doth most hurt, &
procureth greatest harme. For
she hath entered a league with
him for my ruine, ouerthrow,
& destruction: to wit, beeing
born of sin, & nourished in sin,
corrupted with vices: from the
verie beginning: but made a
great deale more vicious by e-
uill custome. Fro hence it pro-
ceedeth, that she coueteth and
lusteth so eagerlie against the
spirit, that she cōtinually mur-
mureth, and cannot abide good
discipline & wholsome corre-
ction, because shee suggesteth
vnlawful things, wil neither o-
bey reason, nor is bridled with
any feare. That wretched Ser-
pent approacheth to her, he as-
sailth her, hee vseth her beeing
the olde and deadly enemy of
mankinde: who hath no other

desire no other busines, no o-
 ther exercise, but to destroy
 our selues. This is he which The con-
 imagineth mischief continuall
 ally, speaketh subtilly, sugge- practise
 steth artificially, deceiueth of the di-
 craftily. He inspireth wicked uell,
 and vnlawful motions, raiseth
 wars, nourisheth hatred, stir-
 reth vp gluttony, incēdeth lust
 pricketh forward the vnbride-
 led desires of the flesh, & pre-
 pareth baits & occasion of sin,
 & also assaulteth without cea-
 sing, the hearts of men with a
 thousand slights, to hurt & de-
 stroy them. From hence it sal-
 teth out, that hee beateth vs
 with our owne staffe, bindeth
 our hands with our owne gir-
 dle, & cutteth our throat with
 our own knife, so that the flesh
 which is giuē to vs for a helpe,
 becommeth to vs ruine and
 hurt,

hurt, and is as a blocke in our way, to make vs to stumble. It is a grieuous combat, and a great danger to fight against such a Domesticall *Enemie*, especially, seeing we are strangers, and he a Citizen; he inhabiteth his owne country, we are banished men and strangers. It is also great perill and danger to endure so often, yet rather such continuall conflicts of his Diuellish policie, whom, as well subtile nature, as long exercise of his inueterate malice, hath made so politicke and craftie.

¶ *Of the short life of
man.*

Motiv. XVI.

THe day of man is as it
were a shadow, or rather a
shadow vpon earth, it hath
no continuance: and then it is
properly nothing, and more
vaine then any thing, when it
seemeth to stand surest, and to
rest vpon a sound foundation.

Therefore why doth a co- The folly
of rich men.
uetous man heord vptreasure
here vpon earth so greedily,
when both he himselfe must
passe away so suddenly, and al-
so the treasure which he hath
stored vp so carefully. And in
truth (oh foolish man) what
fruit canst thou expect in the
world, whose sweetest fruit is
better ruine; whose end, is death

A notable
description
of the old
man, or sin.

and wofull destruction. Wold
to God thou wert wise, could
vnderstand and carefully pro-
uide in thy short life, against
the day of thy certaine & vn-
certaine death. I knowe one
who many yeares hath liued
familiarily with thee, hath sat
downe at thy Table, hath re-
ceiued meat from thine owne
hand, hath slept in thy bosom,
and when hee would, hath
had priuate conference with
thee.

He by hereditary law is but
thy seruant. But because from
his tender yeares, thou hast
-pampered him Delicately,
brought him vp very Wan-
tonly, and hast spared the rod
foolishly, he is now become
stubborne and rebellious a-
gainst thee.

He hath lifted vp his heele
about

about thy head, hee hath brought thee into slavish bondage, and doth cruelly Tyrannize over thee. But peradventure thou wilt say ; *Who is he ?* It is thy old man which treadeth and trampleth thy Spirit vnder feete, who disdaineth, contemneth, and reputeth lesse then nothing, that blessed Land, which is solely and wholly to be desired, because nothing can giue a sweet tast, or procure a pleasing rellish to his corrupted humor, but only such things as may please the wanton flesh, and her vntemperate desires. This man is blinde and deafe from his *Natiuitie*, dumbe, ancient with daies many and euill, rebellious against vertue, opposite to veritie, an Enemy of the Crosse of Christ. He scorneth,

derideth, and flowteth the innocent, and that man which walketh vprightly in truth & sincerity. He busieth himselfe, and intermedleth with great and wonderful matters, which do farre exceed his weake capacitie, and much surpasse the short reach of his dull & doltish vnderstanding. His arrogancie and impudēt boldnes, is more then all his fortitude and forces: he dreadeth none, nor standeth in awe of any: but saith proudly in his dotting foolishnes, *There is no God.* Hee pineth and consumeth with good things, he is also fed and nourished with other mens euils, he is fatted and cherished with vncleane thoughts, and impure cogitations, he is neuer tyred, nor wearied with them, rebelling
and

and transgressing euen vnto the end : hee disperseth and scattereth abroad his owne, like an vnthriftie and wasting Prodigall: he coueteth and raketh to himselfe other mens goods, like a couetous and greedie Mizer ; he heapeth vp to himselfe Ignominie and foule reproach, by his odious fraud and dissimulation, and through his malicious subtilty, kindleth the wrath of God against him, and daily addeth more fewell to augment the flame.

This man was conceiued, bred, and borne in sinne, and so being nurtured, and nuzled in sin, is become a friend of iniquitie, the childe of death, the vessell of wrath, exposed to contumelious reproach, and finall destruction.

B b 4 Who,

Who, although he be so corrupted with wicked manners, depraved with vile conditions, and deprived of all commendable vertues, yet hee vttereth forth the sacred Iustice of G O D, with his dissembling words, and taketh his holy couenant in his prophaned mouth. He hateth discipline, and scorneth Correction, he dishonoureth his soueraigne Lorde, and casteth his commaundements contemptuously behinde his backe.

When he spieth a Theefe, he entereth a league of societie, and runneth to mischief with him, he shareth and hath his portion with filthy & vnclean Adulterers, hee is wholly delighted with their scandalous amitie, hee alwaies frequen-
teth

teth their damnable societie. He forgetteth many false accusations and criminall Objections against the son of his owne & onely mother; he also treasureth wrath vpon thee against the day of wrath and vengeance, to worke and contriue thy wofull and eternall perdition: he would rob and quite deprive thee of thy rich and royall inheritance, and would banish thee for euer from thy heauenly and most happie Countrey, to dwell in a land of perpetuall darkenes, full of euerlasting woes and lamentations.

Yet thou art so blinded with selfe-conceited folly, and so be sotted with thy doting affections, that thou wilt not lift vp so much as thy little finger, to reuenge so

great, so notorious, and grievous an iniurie, but art content to dissemble thy hurts, & to put vp all his wronges hee hath done vnto thee, to holde thy tongue, and so to let them passe away in silence; neither doest thou speake an vnrind or froward word, nor shewe him a frowning or soure look, but thou smilest vpon him with a ioyfull face. When he flattereth & sootheth thee in thy dangerous follies, thou doest sport, play, dally, and solace thy selfe with a scornfull mocker, thou knowest not that it is a deriding *Ismael*, which sporteth and playeth with thee.

This is no Childish sport acted in simplicitie, and qualified with harmeles innocencie: but the beginning of it is bloody.

bloody persecution, and the end of it euerlasting death and damnation : he hath tumbled thee down headlong into the deepe pit which hee digged and made for thy eternall destruction : now thou art become an effeminate Coward, and hast lost the vigour of thy manly forces: now thou being a Wretched Captiue, pressed downe with the greeuous yoke of most miserable and slauish bondage art basely dejected, trampled, and trod vpon vnder his feete.

O wretched, wofull, and miserable man, who shall deliuer, rescue, and redeeme thee, frō the heauy band & bōdage of this ignominious, & oprobrious Nick-name? Let God arise, and let that armed man fall downe to the ground, let him

If God be
on our side
we need
not care
who be
against vs.

him fall flat on the ground, & let that direfull foe, and bloody Tyrant be beaten into peeces, as small as the dust, to be scattered abroad, with the violence of the stormy winds: A proud contemner of God, and all that are good; a worshipper of himselfe, a friend of the world, a seruant of the diuell. What thinkest thou? What is thy opinion? How inclineth thy minde and affection? If reason be thy *Pilot* to direct the course of thy opinion, and wisdom the *Maister*, to stirre the helme of thy vnderstanding, thou wilt say with me, He hath committed most vile and horrible treason against the highest Maiestie, he is guiltie of death, let him be crucified, and let him suffer, (as he hath well deserved) the

the extreame rigour of most bitter and painefull Torments of the flesh.

Doe not therefore play the *Hypocrite* & maske thy counterfetting affections with the vizard of dissimulation, defer not his execution from day to day, by a fond repriual, spare him not for foolish pittie, but speedily, boldly, and instantly crucifie that sinfull and guiltie Traytor.

But on the Crosse of Christ, by whose death wee are restored and raised to life, made coheyres with him of his glorious Kingdome, and of euerlasting Saluation: to whome if thou shalt crie with a sorrowfull compunction of a groaning heart, and with the deepe sighes of a grieued & penitent mind: then thy crucified Christ will

will heare thee speedily, answering thee kindly. To day thou shalt bee with mee in *Paradise*. Oh wonderfull pittie of Christ, a most louing Sauour! oh vnderferued, nay vnexpected Saluation of a great and grieuous Sinner ! So bountifull , so gracefull , and so delightfull is the exceeding loue of God: so admirable is his sweetnes, so farre beyond our opinion is his fauourable kindenesse, so immeasurable is his meekenes, that his eares are alwaies open to heare the complaints of his people : hee is alwaies at leisure to receiue with kindnesse, and to answer with speedinesse, the humble petitions of those which in time of their distresses, will faithfully call vpon him, and with contrite and relenting hearts, will reuerently

uerentlie approach neere vnto him, because his mercie towards vs is without measure, and his tender compassion knoweth no bounds.

Oh how great, worthie, and wonderful is the mercie of our gracious God! Oh how vnutterable is the powerfull alteration of the right hand of the highest? Yesterday I was fast fettered in the Prison of darknes, vnder the checke of a cruel and mercilesse Murtherer: to day I am in the hand of a pittifull and mercifull Mediator. Yesterday I was in the gate of deuouring hel, on euerie side affrighted with feare, and afflicted with miserie: To day I am in the pleasant *Paradise* of eternall delights & pleasure, totallie replenished with neuer-decaying ioy, endlesse

How pleasant is the freedome of sinne.

de

delight, and euerlasting felicitie. But how may these Letters of admonition preuaile? how may they profite? vnlesse thou race out of the Booke of thy conscience, the blacke letters of thy bloodie death, and sinfull debt? How can these sentences affoord thee any solace, procure anie profite, or bring any comfort when they are read and vnderstood, vnles thou read thy selfe truly, know and vnderstand perfectly? Do thy best diligence, affoorde thy chiefest indeuours to internall and mentall reading: that thou maiest read thy selfe truly, looke into thy selfe circumspectly, and knowe thy selfe throughly.

The true
ende and vse
of reading
bookes.

Reade, that thou maiest loue
God vnfainedlie, that thou
maist fight, and holde out vn-
till

till the end of the battell courageously, and that thou maist overcome the world, and euery cruell enemy victoriously: so that thy toiling labour may be turned into eternal rest and quietnesse: thy wofull mourning, into mirth and gladnes, thy streames of teares, into rivers of cōfortable waters: and that when Death hath quite put out the twinckling Lampe of thy daylie consuming life, thou maiest see the bright and glorions appearing of that euer-shining Morning; whose euer-glistering Sunne shall neuer set, nor his golden beams bee euer obscured with anie cloudie Euening.

And that thou mayest also see with thy cleere-sighted eyes, neuer wearied in beholding, to thy Soules eternall
So-

Solace, to the infinite ioy of thy triumphing minde, and constant delight of all thy purified senses, the resplendant and Radiant beames of the glistering Sunne of conspicuous righteousnesse, in which thou maiest behold the bountifull, the beautifull, the glorious *Bridegroom*, the Lord *CHRIST IESVS*, vnited with his Euerlasting, most deere, best, and onely beloved Spouse, whome hee hath decked with his rich and royal Robes, adorned with super-excellent and admirable beautie, hauing with his owne pretious Bloode, yea, his Heart-blood, washed, cleansed, and rinsed her from all the foule stains, spottes, and blemishes of her former sinfull deformitie: Hee that is
 one

Wee are
 cled by
 Christes
 blood.

one, and the same Lord of Eternall glorie, who liueth and raigneth, by Times which are without anie bounds of measure, and whose euer-durable continuance shall neuer haue anie ending.

*The Authors Deprecation,
or Petition, for him-
selfe.*

DEliuer mee from mine enemies, oh my God, and from them which hate mee, because of their multitude I dread them, & because of their might I am too weake to encounter them. And I, which euē vntill this day haue liued against my selfe, will euen now beginne through thy Grace, to liue to my selfe.

For we ought to liue so here
in

Wee ought
to seeke af-
ter the hea-
uenly Ieru-
salem,

in this Worlde, that when the
bodie shall be deuoured of the
Wormes in the Graue, the
Soule may reioyce with the
Saintes in Heauen. The Spi-
rit is to be directed towards
that place, to which it shall go
and wee ought to make haste
thither, where we may alwaies
liue, and neuer stand any more
in feare of our loue.

If wee so deereely loue and
highly esteeme this flyding,
fickle, and fraile life, in which
we liue with toyle and labour,
and yet by eating, drinking,
and sleeping, can scant satisfie
the necessities of the flesh, and
supplie her daily wants, wee
ought farre dearer to esteeme
and feruently to desire, to at-
taine to eternall life in the Ha-
uen of rest, where we shall su-
staine no labour, where is al-
waies

waies the chiefeſt pleaſure ,
greateſt happineſſe, happie li-
bertie, and endles bleſſednes ;
where men ſhall bee like vnto
the Angells of God , and the
righteous ſhine like the Sunne
in the Kingdome of their Fa-
ther. How wonderfullie and
gloriously doeſt thou thinke,
that the ſoules of the iuſt ſhall
excell in brightneſſe, when as
the light of their bodies ſhall
equall the ſplendour of the
Sunne , when as his golden
beames doe ſhine cleereſt ?

There ſhalbe no ſadneſſe, no
penſiuenes, no paine, no feare:
there ſhall bee no labour , no
death : but perpetuall health
dwelleth there, & abideth for
euer : there breedeth no ſpite-
full malice, no miſeric of the
fleſh , no dolefull calamitie.
There is no grieuous ſicknes,
no

no pinching want, no carefull
necessitie. There is no hun-
ger, no thirst, no cold, no heat,
no wearisomnesse of Fasting,
no temptation of the enemy:
neither is there any will to sin,
nor facultie to offend, but ioy
and gladnesse ouer-spreadeth
all, reioycing and exultation
possesseth all. Men there also
associated with the Angels,
and freed from all fleshly infir-
mitie, shall remaine and conti-
nue for euer. There shall bee
infinite pleasure, euermlasting
blessednes, in which whosoer
shall once bee happily in-
uested, hee shall surely and se-
curely liue, possessed with it
for euer. There shall be quiet
rest, from our toyling and ty-
ring labours, perpetuall peace
without any dreadfull feare of
our enemies, delightfull plea-
santnesse,

sanctnesse, proceeding from
flourishing & continuall new-
nesse : securitie arising from
Eternitie: delectablenes and
sweetnesse, flowing from the
glorious vision of GOD, our
Omnipotent Creatour. And
who doth not hourly long,
and daily desire, to dwell and
remaine in this heauenlie *Pa-
radise*, and celestiaall *Pallace*, of
true and euerlasting pleasure,
both in regarde of that perpe-
tuall peace, delightfull plea-
santnes, neuer-decaying eter-
nitie? and also in respect of the
glorious Vision and sight of
God; who shall replenish vs
with infinite ioy and immea-
surable gladnes. No man shall
be there a Pilgrime and stran-
ger, but whosoeuer shall bee
admitted, as worthie to come
and enter into this celestiaall
Citie,

Citie, they shall dwell there for ever in their owne Countrey, secure from all feare of any dreadfull danger, alwayes ioyfull, alwayes satisfied with the most delightfull sight of God their Creator.

And by how much the greater obedience any one shall performe towards God heere by so much the more bountifull reward hee shall receiue of him there: and by how much the more entierly and deerely hee shall long after GOD, by so much the nearer hee shall approach vnto him, and see him, whom so exceedingly hee conuicteth to view, and desireth to behold.

*A most zealous and deuout
lamentation of blessed Ansel-
mus, sometime Archbishop
of Canterbury, for the losse of
his soules virginitie appliable
vnto the soule of enery mortifi-
ed Christian.*

OH my soule, sorrowfull
Soule ! Oh miserable
soule, of a miserable, wret- *Iob 14. 1.*
ched, and contemptible Cre- *5. 7. Eccl.*
ature ! Arise out of the bed of *1. 13. & 3.*
senselesse securitie, and nar- *10.*
rowly examine the particulars
of thy great and grieuous
transgressions, roue vp thy *Great sins*
drouzie vnderstanding, let the *dele and*
sense of thy hainous sinnes *deleue*
wound thy heart with such a *great sor-*
dolefull compunction, that *row.*
thy deepe fecht sighes may
pierce the skies with the sharp
accent of thy sorrowes. Let

b Ezech.
18.4.5.

The terror
of a wic-
ked con-
science.

c Eph.2.22.
Rom.3.25.
and,5.10.

d Mat.19.
15.&25.
1.5.6.

e Wis.17.1.
Mat.16.27.
Rom.2.1.

the greatnes of thy b wicked-
nesse affright thee with dis-
mayning horroure, and deeply
wound thee with intollerable
doulour. Thou, I say, which
some-time beeing made as
white as snowe with the c ce-
lestiall fountaine & lauer, en-
dowed with the holy Spirit
bound by a sacred oath to
maintaine thy Christian pro-
fession, being a virgin hast
bene obedient, espoused to
Christ thy glorious d *Bride-
groom*.

Alas! too well I remember
it. Oh whom haue I named
verily not so kind a Spouse,
my chaste Virginitie, as a terri-
ble c Iudge of my odious im-
puritie! Alas, wofull is the re-
membrance of my decayed
pleasure. Why dost thou
more and more increase thy
sorrows

sorrow of the possessor? How miserable is the lot of wicked and hainous offences, to whō both good and euill, do breed nothing else, but torment and torture. For an euill f Conscience doth trouble and vex me, and horroure of that vnquenchable fire doth terrifie me, in which I feare I shall burne continually, and neuer be consumed. The remembrance of a good conscience, & of the rewards of it, doth afflict and affright me, which I know I haue lost, and shall neuer repofsefle or recouer.

Woe is me to lose, to lose that without hope of recouerie, which should haue beene carefully g preserved for euer. g Acts. 23.

Oh comfortlesse sorrowe, to lose that which doth not onely deprive me of good things,

but doth also multiply my torments? Oh Virginitie, now not beloued of me, but lost and departed from me, thou art not now my onely solace, & felicitie, but alone my onely sorrow, and incurable miserie; how is thy former beautie changed into disdainfull deformitie? Into what deepe pit of calamitie hast thou deiced me?

Oh thou hatefull Fornication, which hast defiled my mind with thy contagious uncleanness, & infected my soule with deadly diseases; how and from whence didst thou creep into my wretched bosome, to vex and molest me? From what glorious and delightfull state of Felicitie hast thou tumbled me headlong, to languish

guish in continuall miserie?
 On this side bitter sorow doth
 sting me, on the other side, ex-
 treame pangs & terrible feare
 doth torment me, while my
 mind is distracted with heauie
 meditations, vpon my vnre-
 couerable losses.

And as my losses are voyd
 of hope and consolation, so
 my torment wil admit no mo-
 deration; and a Sea of woes
 doth ouerflowe me. But if that
 which is good, and that which
 is euill doe both a like punish,
 and iustly afflict me, so that I
 oftē feele the horror of death,
 while I liue in this wretched
 life, my guilty cōscience doth
 tell mee, and my perplexed
 thoughts teach me, that I haue
 worthily deserued it

For thou my Soule, disloy-
 all, periured against God thy

Creator, and become a filthy strumpet, to the dishonour of Christ thy louing Lord and Redeemer; art woefully thown downe from thy glorious and high estate of vnspotted Virginitie, into the bottomlesse Lake of loathsome Adulterie. Thou, some-time espoused to the King of Heauen, art now become an impudent Harlot to the tormentor of Hell.

Alas, for thee that art cast out of the fauour of GOD, who did so kindly regard thee, and art exposed to the malice of the diuell, who will most cruelly torment thee! Nay, rather thou which hast cast away God, and embraced the diuell. For thou being chāged most miserably from a vertuous Virgin, to a vitious strumpet, & an impudent Harlot;

Harlot; thou first hath offered
an vnkind refusall of thy first
loue to G O D, thy gracious
Creator: and wilfully and wil-
lingly hast prostituted thy
selfe to the lust of the diuell, a
cunning deceiver, and thy
cruell murtherer.

Oh damnable exchange,
most miserable, & more then
most miserable alteration! A-
las, from what high seate of
blesseddnes art thou throwne
downe? into what deepe dun-
geon of cursednes art thou o-
uerwhelmed? Alas, how kind
& louing a husband hast thou
treacherously reiecte? how
malicious, mercilesse, and
dreadfull a Tyrant hast thou
accepted! Ah what hast thou
done, thou furious madnes of
my doting vndeſtāding, thou
doting vncleanes, & vncleane

impiety, what hast thou done? Thou hast vtterly forsakē thy chaste & faithfull Spouse, who gloriously raigneth in Heauen, and hast eagerly followed the Authour of thy odious vncleanenesse into hell: And in that deepe gulfe of euerlasting darknesse, hast not prepared for thy selfe a Bride-chamber, to solace thy selfe with thy true and chaste beloved; but a filthy Brothel-house, where thou maist be defiled, and polluted with incurable vncleannes.

What wonderfull horroure doth attend vpon thee? what peruerse will and lustfull desires hath bewitched thee? Oh horrible wonder, oh voluntarie madnes!

How, oh G O D, am I fallen into the corruption of
such

such great impietic? How oh
Lord G O D, shall I make sa-
tisfaction vnto thee for my
griuous iniquitie? Throw thy
selfe downe, thou miserable
and cursed Creature, into the
depth of immoderate mour-
ning and misery, who hast wil-
lingly cast thy selfe downe in-
to the Gulfe of immeasurable
and horrible iniquitie. Let the
waight of thy wickednesse o-
uerwhelme thee, let the heavy
burthen of thy vnsupportable
sorrowe wholly depresse thee
which art willingly tumbled
into the filthy Mire of infernal
stinke, and hellish saouours:
be thou ouerwhelmed with
the horrible darkenesse of cō-
fortlesse and inconsolable sor-
row, which hast wittingly cast
thy selfe downe, into a gulfe
of such beastly and luxuri-

ous pleasure. Wallow thou in the whirepoole of bitternesse, which hast sported & delighted thy selfe in the puddle of lasciuious filthinesse. Oh ye horrible terrour, terrible sorrow, vncōfortable mourning, muster your selfe against me, assault, ouerwhelme, vexe, couer, trample vpon me. It is iust, it is iust, my wicked deeds haue deserued it.

I haue with impudent boldnesse disdained and contemned your forces, and with shameful sensualitie haue procured your displeasure: yea, rather I haue prouoked God, and not you, and now with lamentable repentance I desire you to poure your ful measure of vengeance vpon me. Tormēt & torture the guiltie, that my soueraigne Lord may
be

be auenged, whom I haue so highly offended. Let the vitious fornicator feele before hand the Torments of *Hell*, which he hath deserued: let him taste before hand, that which he hath prepared: let him haue som smack of those tormenting panges and passions, which he shall abide and suffer hereafter. Extend and augment, (thou immoderat & vnsaciabie sinner) thy sorrowfull and dolefull repentance, which hast so farre enlarged the leprous vncleannes of thy odious and detestable vices. Tumble thy selfe, and throwe thy self again into the whirlepoole of ceaseles sorrow, bitterness, and dolefull distresses, which hast so oft throwne downe thy selfe into the filthy pit of thy lustfull desires, and
carnall

carnall pleasures. Consolation, securitie, delightfull pleasure, and ioy, doe ye now no more approach nere vnto me, I hate and loath your delectable company, vnlesse pardon of my sin shall reconcile & restore you. Let heuy pēsiuences and bitter mourning, be still at hand, like cruell Tormentors, and bloody executioners, to vex me in my growing youth, and to trouble me in my wearisome age. Would to God, would to God it may be so, I wish, pray, desire it may be so. If I be not worthy to lift vp my eyes towards *Heauen*, when I put vp my humble supplication, truely I am not vnworthy to obserue them, & to put out their light with the streames and fountaine of teares, and lamentable weeping.

ati. If my minde bee confoun-
lea. ded, with great shamefulness of
no my guiltie Conscience, that it
ne, cannot pray & craue for mer-
sta. cie : it is meete that it should
on bee ouerwhelmed with the
re. tempest of exceeding sorrowe
nes and dolefull sadnesse. If it
lat feare to come in the sight of
ors, God grievously offended : it is
to iust, that the vn-sufferable tor-
th, ments prepared for rebellious
ea. sinners, should alwayes ap-
od, peare, and be presented before
, I it. Therefore let my heart
so. thinke, and think againe, what
vp hainous treason it hath com-
the mitted, what endles torments
ca. it hath deserued.

or. Let my vnderstanding def-
put. cend into it selfe, and make a
rea. priue search in euery corner,
res, before it goe downe into the
land of darknes, which death

obscureth with his grosse and mystie vapours, and meditate who doth attend & wait there for my wicked soule : let it behold and view, see and be troubled. What is it, oh God, what is it, which I beholde in the Land of miserie and darknes ? Horror, Horror. What is it which I doe viewe, where no order, but wofulll confusi on inhabireth ?

Wofull are the out-cries of some, howling out with lamentable voyces ; Woefull is the noise of others, gnashing their teeth, tortured with intollerable torments. Lamentable is the sight of the confused multitude , sobbing, and sighing out, woe, woe ! How many, and how many woes ? Woe for that fire , which burneth with brimstone , whose flame

is neuer extinguished: & woful
is that obscure & darke Dun-
geon, where there dwelleth e-
uerlasting darknes! With what
terrible roaring doe I see you,
oh Wormes, tossed & turned
about, living in that flaming
fire, which continuallie bur-
neth. What direfull and gree-
dy desire doth inflame you to
return out of it, whom yet that
fire of fires cannot so burne,
as that euer yee shall be con-
sumed? Oh yee Diuels, bur-
ning together with them? roa-
ring with burning, and raging
with furie; wherefore are yee
so terrible and cruell to them,
which are tumbled, and row-
led vppe and downe among
you? Oh torments intollera-
ble! oh extreame sentence of
Iustice insupportable, shall no
meane, no remedie, no ende
mit-

mitigate or allwage you? Are these the things, oh great and powerfull God, which are prepared for filthy Fornicators, & wicked contemners of thee, of which I am one? I, I am verilie one of those.

Oh my soule, tremble thou with terrour: fainte and faile thou my vnderstanding, with quaking feare; and thou, oh my heart, cut and wound thy selfe with immoderate sorrow. Whither do yee hale and tug mee yee cruell Tormentors, while you execute your furie and wrath against mee, for my great and grieuous offences? Whither doest thou deliuer mee, oh my sinne? Whither doest thou deliuer me, oh my God? whither doest thou deliuer mee? If I haue effected by my hainous and detestable

rebellions, that I should bee
thy guiltie offendor, could I
also bring it to passe, that I
should not bee thy creature?
If I haue robbed my selfe of
my chastitie, haue I also rob-
bed thee of thy mercie? Oh
Lorde, Lorde, if I haue lost
that, for want whereof thou
maiest condemne mee a grie-
uous offendor, hast thou also
lost that, whereby thou art
wont to saue a penitent sinner?
Doe not, oh Lord, doe not so
narrowly attende to my wic-
kednes, that thou forget thy
wonted goodnesse. Where is
it true, oh true God, where
is, *as I liue, I will not the death
of a sinner, but rather, that hee be
conuerted and liue?*

Oh Lord, thou which doest
not lye, Lord, what is, *I will
not the death of a sinner:* If thou
doest

doest burie in Hell a sinner, which crieth vnto thee ? or is it to throwe a sinner into the Lake of neuer-ceasing Torments, *I will not the death of a sinner ? Or is this, I will that a sinner be conuerted and liue ?*

I am a sinner, oh Lord, I am a sinner. If therefore thou wilt not the death of a sinner, what doeth compell thee (which thou wouldest not) that thou deliuerest me to death and destruction ? If thou wilt that a sinner be conuerted, and liue, what doeth lette thee to performe that which thou wilt ; namely, that I bee conuerted, liue, and be saued ?

If the enormitie of my sinne doth constraîne me to do that which thou hatest, doth it also hinder thee to doe that which thou desirest, when as thou art

a GOD omnipotent? Farre
bee it, oh God, farre bee it oh
Lorde my God, that the wic-
kednes of a repenting and la-
menting Sinner, should pre-
uaile more, then the sentence
of the Omnipotent.

Remember, oh iust, holie,
and mercifull God, that thou
art mercifull, & also my Crea-
tor, and Recreator. There-
fore good Lorde, remember
not thy Iustice against thy sin-
ner, but remember thy won-
ted clemencie, towards thy
poore creature. Remember
not thy anger against a guiltie
offender, but bee mindfull of
thy accustomed commiseration,
and mercie towards a mi-
serable sinner.

It is true, that my conscience
doth merite damnation, and
that my repentance doth not
suf-

suffice for satisfaction ; But it
is certaine, that thy exceeding
mercie, doeth surpasse all my
vile iniquitie. Therefore good
Saviour, spare that of which
thou art the Salvation ; yea,
thou that desirest not the
death of a Sinner : Spare, oh
spare, my sinfull Soule ; for it
beeing vtterlie dismayed, fly-
eth from thy terrifying Ju-
stice, to thy comforting mer-
cie, that because the reward
of her Virginitie beeing cor-
rupted, (oh heart-wounding
sorrow) is vnreouerable : the
punishment of hatefull Forni-
cation, to her repenting, at
least may not be vneuitable,
because it is not a thing im-
possible to thy Omnipoten-
cie, neither vnseemely to thy
Iustice, nor vnaceustomable
to thy Mercie : Both because
thou

ut in
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my
ood
nich
yea,
the
oh
or it
fly.
Tu-
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thou art good , and because
thy infinite Mercie endureth
for euer. . Which art blessed,
world without ende,
Amen.



*A Meditation of S. Bernard,
concerning the
Passion of Iesus
Christ.*

Diuided into twentie
and one Sections.

Section. 1.

LEt vs who are true Christians, graced with so noble a name, so high a stile, and so glorious a title, honour & celebrate, with true, sorrowfull, relenting, and repenting hearts, the *Funerall Obsequies* of our noble Lord, *Iesus of Nazareth*, that meeke, spotlesse, innocent, and harmlesse *Lambe*, who did not so much as open his mouth, beeing vnder the hand of the Shearer; maliciously

ously accused, odiously reuiled, innocently and wrongfully condemned of the furious and bloodie *Jewes*, extreameely tortured, spitefully disdained, shamefully spitted vpon; and lastly, cruelly crucified, by the barbarous & brutish *Gentiles*.

It is an exployt full of honour, full of renowme; it is most healthful and wholsome for our sickly soules, that wee *Christians*, dayned worthie of such a gracious and honourable Name, should reuerentlie adore, louingly imbrace, valiantly imitate, the weake infirmities, scornfull disgraces, base pouertie, painfull labors, sore and sorrowfull agonies, the deadly pangs of the bitter Passion of our louing Redeemer, and sweete Saviour, *Christ Iesus* the righteous. For these
are

are the powerfull instruments,
and most strong weapons, by
which the omnipotent vertue
and the infinite, investigable,
and vnsearchable wisdom of
God, hath mightily and won-
derfully effected, and wrought
the restauration, and renou-
ation of the decayed Worlde
the eternall Saluation of vi-
men; yea, of vs most misera-
ble and wretched men, and the
endlesse and vtter destruction
of *Hell, Death, and the Diuell.*
Hebr. 2. 14. Luk. 1. 71. And
in the working of this great
worke, and admirable myste-
rie of our Saluation, the Lord
Christ was made lesse then the
Angels, that hee might make
vs equall with the Angells, he
descended from his *Throne* of
glorie, that hee might deliuer
vs from ignominie. *Heb. 2.*

He being Lord of Lords, took
upon him the shape of a ser-
vant, that he might make vs
honourable: he willingly dis-
possest himselfe of all his
Royalties, that he might eter-
nally possesse vs with the e-
uerlasting treasure, and full in-
heritance of his heavenly
Kingdome. 2 Cor. 8. 9. And
who is he if he could tast his
infinitt kindnes, (but alas, who
is able to sound the bottom-
lesse depth, of this more then
meruailous, yea miraculous
loue?) but would willingly
forsake his goodly earthly
possessions, leaue al his world-
ly honours and dignities, sub-
iect euery moment to decay
and vanitie, as soone gone as
they are gotten, disrobe the
out *Bride* of her gay and gor-
geous apparell, and strip her
Dd naked

naked from all her borrowed
feathers; cloath himselfe with
the sackcloth of lowly humili-
tic, cut off his curled locks
and sprinkle his head with
ashes, that hee might truly
humble, prostrate, and debase
himselfe; cast downe his high
lookes, curbe his broud aspi-
ring and vntamed thoughts
for Christ Iesus, his meeke and
mercifull Sauour, who came
downe from Heauen, out of
the bosome of his Father, be-
ing coeternall, and coequall
with him in euerlasting glory,
leauing the ioyfull societie of
blesed Angels aboue, to con-
uerse heere belowe amongst
cursed men; nay to abide and
patiently to beare, the curses
and bitter taunts of blasphem-
mous and fiery-minded men.

Section

Section. I I.

THis Lord Christ, was tyrannically tortured, and cruelly crucified for our, yea rather for my sinnes, and hath sweetned his bitter crosse to all that zealously loue him, and faithfully beleeue in him. He died a most shamefull, cruel, and cursed death, on the Crosse, that he might deliuer vs from the curse of the condemning and killing Law, and taken vs out of the iawes of the deuouring Lyon, redeemed vs from Hell, from infernall fire, and euerlasting perdition.

He shed, yea powred out his most precious blood, spouting out the same from all the vaines of his pearced & martyred body, that with his precious & soueraigne Balme, he

D d 2 might

might saue all our deadly wounds, and saue our dying soules. He died, and by his death, killed death, that we might liue eternally in him, and by him.

And who may not amazedly admire, the incomparable loue, of so mild, so mercifull, so potent a Sauour? Who cannot? at least, who ought not, with rauished affections to loue (& like ioyfull *Simeon*, with both armes to imbrace) so magnificent, but for vs sinfull men, and for our sakes, made so humble and lowly, and yet a most powerfull Redeemer. The dulcet taste of whose loue, doth farre exceed the Hony, & the Hony-combe in sweetnesse.

And although the least drop of it, be sufficient to fill all, and
euey

every part of a hungry Soule,
yet it hath in it such a sauorie
relish, & an appetite procuring
qualitie, that the more the de-
lirious Soule cateth, the more
it coueteth, the more it fee-
deth, the more eagerly it lon-
geth & thirsteth after it. Why
should we not patiently suffer,
& constantly endure whatso-
ever the inueterate malice of
the diuell can imagine against
vs, or the furious madnesse of
wicked men, (his wilfull Mi-
nisters) can lay, or impose vp-
on vs, for Christ Iesus his
cause, for the honoring of his
truely and honorable name, &
for our constant profession of
a true Christian Faith? Christ
passed thorow the ignominie,
shame, and contempt of the
Crosse, to supernall dignitie,
infinite Maiestie, and endlesse

Dd 3 glory,

glory, and all power and authoritie was giuen vnto him, for the aduancement of his euerlasting Dominion, both in Heauen aboue, and in earth beneath, by God his heauenly Father: all the Angels, Gods heauenly Herraldes, with ioyfull humilitie, melodious Harmony, and with continuall laud and thankes giuing, doe worship and adore his incomprehensible, exceeding-glorious, and eternall Maiestie, and at the honourable name of Iesus, let euery knee be bowed of things in Heauen aboue, and things in the darkest Caues of Hell below. Where is thy glory (Oh Christian?) Where is thy reioycing? Where is thy boasting? not in Nobilitie, honour and riches, but in the glorious name of thy crucified

au. fied Lord, thy eternall God,
him, and euerlasting Sauour, and
his in the gracious, gracefull, and
both sweete name of *CHRIST*,
arth which is a name aboue all
enly names, farre surpassing all No-
ods ble, honourable, and glorious
oy. earthly titles, and the highest
Har- stile of worldly Maiestie. And
uall whosceuer is blessed in this
doe name, shalbe truely blessed
om. here vpon earth, and afterward
ori. shall be eternally happie in
nd Heauen.

le. Let vs glory, reioyce, and tri-
of umph in the blessed Name of
nd our mightie Redeemer, and
of giue all honor, iurisdiction,
lo- Dominion, & Maiestie, to our
is mercifull Sauour, which hath
hy done great, maruailous, and
o- admirable things in vs, and for
he vs, Exalt, extoll, and magnifie
ci- his glorious name, together

D d 4 with

with me, and let our tongues
tuned with one Harmonicall
concord, like Golden Trum-
pets, sound forth his merito-
rious, immeasurable, still in-
creasing & neuer-diminishing
praises, saying ; we adore and
worship thee, oh Christ King
of *Israel*, & also of all the Na-
tions, Prince, and Monarch of
Kings, LORD of the Earth,
GOD of the Sabaoth, the
most powerfull power of God
Omnipotent. We adore thee
being the precious Price of
our Redemption, the all-suffi-
cient Sacrifice of our peace,
attonement, and peaceable re-
conciliatiō, which alone with
the inestimable, most pleasāt,
and fragrant sweetnesse of thy
odoriferous saour, hast mo-
ued and induced the Father of
eternitie, which dwelleth and
resideth

resideth in the highest Hea-
uens, to turne his eie of provi-
dence, & compassion towards
base, vile, and contemptible
things vpon earth, and hast re-
conciled and pacified him to-
wards the Sons of wrath, Hell,
& Damnation: to enter a new
covenant of Grace with them,
to forgiue and forget all their
rebellious trespasses, and trea-
cherous transgressions, and to
extend the tender bowels of
his most desired & euer-vnde-
serued mercy towards them.

We ioyfully proclaime, oh
Christ, the worthinesse of thy
merrit, the multitude of thy
mercies, and magnificence of
thy commisseration, we sound
and eccho forth; we record
the sacred memorie of thy
care-delighting and hart-plea-
sing sweetnesse.

D d 5 We

We cleerly offer vnto thee,
 oh Christ, the Sacrifice ofe-
 uerlasting praise and heartie
 thanksgiuing for the innumerable multitude, & immeasurable magnitude of thy goodnesse, which thou hast vouchsafed, shewed, manifested, and extended to vs, as a wicked seede & gracelesse generation, sons of wickednes, & heires of hell & damnation.

Section. 3.

VHen as yet, oh gracious Lord, wee were thy cruell enemies, by our treasonable practises, & monstrous vngratefull vnkindnesse, daily kindling thy consuming wrath against vs, & when as deuouring death exercised his rage, fury, and dominion against all mortall flesh,

flesh, and vpon euery miserable Creature, to which all the Seed of *Adam* was obnoxious and subiect, tainted with the Leporous infectiō of his first deadly transgressiō: thou diddest kindly remember the most infallible word of thy infinite mercy, when we were readie to be drowned & swallowed vp (like proud hard-hearted *Pharo*) in the bloody Sea, of our swelling, and ouer-flowing iniquities. Thou diddest looke from thy holy and high habitation, & cast downe the pittifull eye of thy sauing, tender, & Mellow-harted compassion, vpon this vally, streaming with Riuer of teares, shewes of ceaselesse weeping, & deluge of our ouer-flowing miserie. Thou sawest the heauie afflictiō, afflicted cōdition,
imminent

imminent danger, nay the instant destructiō of thy distressed people, and touched with a true-delicious sweetenelle of thy inward loue, & bountifull charitie, did thinke & ponder, to medicine, heale and recure the deadly-diseased state and desperate cōdition of thy forlorne, and languishing people. Mat. 9. 13. 1. Tim. 15. moued & incited towards thē with amiable thoughts of a new perpetuall peace and eternall Redemptiō. And thou being the onely & dearely beloued Son of God, the very true God, co-eternall and substantiall to God the Father, and the Holy-ghost, inhabiting the light to which no man may approach, dazeling the eyes of euery mortall creature with the super-excellent lustre,
and

and governing all things with the Creating word of thy omnipotent power;thou hast not despised to subiect thy selfe to the close and noysome prison of our base estate, where thou mightest tast, and also swallow vp our miserie, and so restore vs to glorie. It was enough, oh sweete Sauour, to demonstrate thy incomprehensible and vnspeakeable mercie, it was too little. Oh thou Mirror of mercie, to coole the ardent heat of thy burning loue.

It was not sufficient for thee, our gracious *Redeemer*, to appoint a *Cherubin*, *Seraphin*, or one of the Angels, to consummate and finish the worke of our Saluation: thou thy selfe being King of Kings, and God of Eternall glorie, hast vouchsafed to come to vs, thy poore

Vas.

Vassals, and Captiue creatures,
by the commandemēt of thy
supernall Father. *Psal.* 40. 8.9.
Actes. 2. 24. Whose vnlimited
mercie, bottomlesse bountie,
immutable loue, we now plen-
tifully enioy in thee, and here-
after shall ioyfully, fully, and
euerlastingly possesse by thee.

Thou cam'st vnto vs I say,
not by chaunging the place,
but by yeelding thy presence
vnto vs by the flesh.

Thou cam'st from the Re-
gall *Throne* of thy most high
Glorie, into an humble, lowly,
and abiect Mayden in her own
eyes, although indeed she was
most honorable for her chaste
vertues, & of the blood Roy-
all by her Noble byrth, whose
life was adorned with the pre-
cious Iemme of vndefiled vir-
ginitie; in whose sacred womb,
the

the sole, wonderfull, and vn-
speakable power of the Holy-
Ghost, caused and effected thy
sanctified and blessed concep-
tion, and that thou should'st so
be borne in the very nature of
true Humanitie, that the occa-
sion and manner of thy pure
Natiuitie, should neither vio-
late the Maiestie of *Diuinitie* in
thee, nor the integritie of vn-
defiled Virginitie in thy bles-
sed Virgine Mother. Oh ami-
ble ! Oh admirable fauour !
Thou being God of immeasu-
rable glorie, infinite power, &
most magnificent Maiestie,
hast not disdained, nor despi-
sed to become a contemptible
worme, & to put vpon thee the
ragged Garment of our fraile
& miserable nature. Thou be-
ing God of all, didst appeare as
a fellow-Seruant of Seruants,

vn-

vnto all. It was too little to satisfie thy louing affection, and to quench the thirfty desire of thy loue towardes vs, to bee a kind Father vnto vs, & a gracious Lord, but thou hast vouchsafed to be our deere and welbeloued brother. What mind is not ouer-ioyed with the delectable meditatioⁿ of thy wonderful fauour? What hart is not rauished with the sweete sense of thy admirable Humilitie? And what soule can euer be satisfied with the sweetnes of thy exceeding mercie? When all our obediēce towards thee, be it neuer so great, or our praises, be they neuer so many, cannot parralell & equall the least iote of thy infinite goodnesse towards vs.

Section. 4.

AND thou Lorde of all
things, possessor of the
highest heauens, and sole
Commaunder of the whole
earth, which hast no neede of
any thing, because the Fowles
of the ayre, Fishes of the Sea,
Beasts of the fielde, are all at
thy prudēt and prouident dis-
position: yea, the greatest
worldlie Monarch, is but thy
poore slaue & submissiue Vas-
fall: at the beginning of thy
byrth, and first entrance into
this transitory world (the swee-
test ioyes whereof are soone
sowred with sudden miserie,
and the chiefeſt treasures lia-
ble euery momēt, to wauering
mutabilitie) thou diddest not
abhorre to taste the bitter gall
of

of pinching necessity, & to feel the irksome discommodities of beggarlie, base, and abiect pouertie: so ill was thy entertainment, so bad was thy welcome, and vile was thy estimation amongst vngrateful men.

For as the thrise-holie, and Diuine Scripture testifieth, when thou wert borne, there was no roome in the Inne to receiue thee, nor any Cradle, wherein they might repose thy tender bodie, but thou wert thrust vnkindely into a noysome Stable, in stead of thy Princely Chamber, and layde in a homely Manger, for thy bedde of honour, wrapped in swatheling clouts, and fettered like a prisoner, whose greatness cannot bee contained of the heauens, and whose hand, in the Palme of it doth comprehend

prehend the whole earth. And thy blessed Mother did borrow this homely chamber and hard bed, of brute beasts, who were more willing to shew her a kinde fauour, then any hard-hearted men, though hee came to bee their seruant.

Comfort your selues, cheere vp your dismayed mindes, and bannish away all pensiue thoughtes, whosoeuer haue had your drinke mingled with teares, and haue bene long fed with the bread of affliction, beeing scorned, disdained, reiected of the proud and wealthy, because you haue beene pined and pinched with needy pouertie, when as Christ, who is the neuer-dryed Fountaine of euerlasting plentie and abundance, did willingly vndergoe, & patiently beare the heauie

uie burden of needie want and grieuous necessitie.

In the time of his blessed birth hee did not take his rest in a sumptuous Chamber, adorned with carued Wainscot, or furnished with gorgious & costly hangings, neither was he found in the land of them, which solace themselves with varietie of pleasant delightes, and spend their dayes in continuall sport and pleasure.

Why doest thou boast, oh thou wanton rich man, when thou stretchest thy selfe vpon thy bed of Iuory, painted with the choysest colours that may please the eye, beautified with the rarest deuices that Arte can ingent, and garnished with the most delicate Furniture that may breed wanton and carnall delight: when as the King of Kings

Kings did rather choose a no-
some Stable, then a Princely
Pallace ; a homely Manger,
then a statelie Cradle ; rather
harde strawe to lay his tender
bodie vpon, then a bed stuf-
fed with Downe, or softe fea-
thers. *Luk. 2. 7 8.*

Why art thou then so proud
that thou scornest to lie vpon
straw, with contented humili-
tie? when as this tender Infant,
who had all things vnder his
hand and iurisdiction, prefer-
red harde strawe, before thy
costly silks, and soft feathers.

Section. 5.

But this thy tender & weak
infancy, oh Christ, was not
safe frō the malice of thy
furious Foes, nor murthering
swords of bloody persecutors,
who

who craftily plotted, greedie sought, and would haue most grieuouſly wrought, thy cruell, bloodie, and ſuddaine death, ſo ſoon as thou beganſt to draw thy breath. For as yet thou werſt ſucking the ſweete breſts of thy louing Mother; when as an heauenlie Meſſenger appeared to *Ioseph* in his ſleepe, ſaying: *Arise, and take the Childe and his Mother, and flie into Egypt, and tarry there untill I shall bring thee word: For it shall come to passe, that Herode shall seeke the Childe to destroy him.* Mat. 2. 13. 14. 15.

Since that time, oh sweete Iesus, thou beganſt to taſte of the bitter cup of humane miſerie, to be touched with ſenſe of our ſorrowe, and patientlie to beare the heauie burden of our infirmities. For whē bloo-

die

die *Herode* had heard vnwel-
come newes of the birth of an
other King, dreading he shuld
be forced to forgoe his royall
dominiōs, goodly kingdoms,
and goldē Crown (for Tyrants
dreame alwaies of their down-
fall, at the surmised noyse of a-
ny little rumor) he quickly vn-
sheathed his cruell Sworde, to
make a speedy ende of thy be-
ginning daies, and to cut asun-
der the slender threed of thy
Infant life, plaide the bloodie
Butcher, and made a most cru-
ell slaughter of manie thou-
sands of Innocent Babes, suc-
king the nourishing breasts of
their louing and lamentable
mothers. *Math. 2.16.* so that
hee dyed the streetes with the
streams of their guiltles bloud
mingled with the teares of la-
menting Mothers: *Mat. 2.18.*
thin-

thinking to murther thee in this great slaughter of so many harmelesse sucklings.

Oh miraculous immanitie! monstrous murther! more then brutish, yea, hellish Tyrannie! And when thou haddest escaped the sting of this Tyrants malice, being appointed to be transported into *Egypt*, to bee safe there, without the bounds of his bloody mischief, and not without care of thy Father, and sorrowe of thy Mother, wert deliuered from stormes of thy persecuted Infant-age: thou diddest meekele giue vs an example of truth, worthy to be praised of vs, and to be seriously practised by vs: for thou diddest not sit in the counsell of idle vanities, nor followe the vile and wilde affections of vnbrideled desires,

but

but wert found in the middest
of the Doctors, propounding
questions to them, and atten-
tively hearing their discour-
ses, although in thy breast did
euer flow a continuall Spring
of infinite knowledge, being
the Lord of all hidden scien-
ces, and the most perfect and
absolute wisdom of God the
eternall Father.

Also thou hast shewed vs a
perfect patterne of due obedi-
ence, to be truely performed,
and duely obserued of Chil-
dren towards their Parents,
when thou being the great
commander of the whole
World, and Supream head in
all causes, and ouer all persons
within thy boundlesse Domi-
nions, didst yet humbly obey
the commandement of thy
parents, in performing the

E c

deeds

deeds of willing obedience to thy
wards them, in whatsoeuer thy vn-
dutie of a Childe might in In-
ioyne thee, or the iust com- req-
mandement of thy earthly 3. r
Parents impose vpon thee fro
But when by the course of tie,
Nature thou camest to the tie,
fulnesse of a stronger age, a tie,
bout to take in hand things of fles
greater weight, to be acted nat
with greater might, thou didst nue
come forth for the saluation And
of thy people, like a valiant ters
and stately Gyant, to runne thy
the way of all our miserie, and doe
passe through the race of hu the
mane calamitie. test

And that thou mightest
make thy selfe like vnto thy
bretheren in all things, and
thy selfe make a resemblance
of their depraued nature, thou
as it were a sinner, didst goe
tude

thy Seruant, baptizing sinners
vnto true repentance, thou, oh
Innocēt Lambe of God, didst
require to be Baptized. Matt.
3. 13. 14. 15. who euer wert free
from the least staine of iniqui-
tie, & neuer subiect to any lit-
tle spot of our sinfull infirmi-
tie, but hauing put on thee the
fleshly garment of our weake
nature, thou didst still conti-
nue pure, clean, and vndefiled.
And being baptized in the wa-
ters, thou doest not sanctifie
thy selfe with the waters, but
doest sanctifie the waters by
thee, that by them thou might-
est sanctifie vs.

Section. V I.

After thy Baptisme by the
spirit of inuincible forti-
tude, thou didst enter into the

solitarie defart. Mat. 4. 1. that
 by thy example thou mightest
 teach vs, to depart as it
 were, out of the World, when
 we giue our selues to diuine
 Meditations, that worldly im-
 pediment being remooued
 from our outward senses, the
 zeale of our Spirits might the
 better be inflamed, our pray-
 ers haue freer passage, and the
 deuotion of our willing hearts
 lesse hindred. Thou didst con-
 stantly endure, and patiently
 beare what discommodities
 soeuer the vnconouth wilder-
 nesse might bring, or the bit-
 ternes of fasting for the space
 of fortie daies & fortie nights,
 breed vnto thee. Mat. 4. 2.
 Thou didst mildly suffer the
 temptations and illusions of
 the Diuell, and at last with thy
 holy word, didst put him to
 shame.

shamefull foyle, & forced him like a coward to flie the field. Mat. 4. 10. 11. to make such bickerments more tollerable and easie vnto vs, & to instruct vs, that whensoever Christian warriours shall manage this double-edged sword aright, that their common enemy wil soone be danted, take himselfe to flight, and they alwaies obtaine a glorious conquest.

Section. VII.

AT length thou camest to the lost sheepe of the house of *Israel*, lifting vp the bright lamp of thy diuine word, openly to giue light to the world, which was obscured with thicke clouds of sinfull darknesse, that men seeing their sinnes, might
Ec 3 then

then sigh for their forepassed iniquities, and seeke by speedie and true repentance to saue their soules. Mat. 5. 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. &c. And thou also proclaiming the Kingdome of G O D, to all obeying the word, didst confirme the veritie of thy infallible words, with many wonderous and miraculous deedes, thou diddest plainly declare the vertue of thy diuinitie, and manifest the incomprehensible essence of thy *God-head* in all things, to those which were diseased, and were affected and grievously afflicted with many infirmities. Luk. 5. 12. 18. Performing all things of thy free mercy, without any merits, to all Nations, that by thy gracious words, and mercifull workes, thou mightest gaine the

the Saluation of all, truely repenting for their sinnes, and seeking by thy onely mercy to saue their soules. But their foolish heart, oh Lord; was darkened, their reason infatuated, and their vnderstanding blinded, they maliciously despised, proudly contemned, and carelessly reiected thy blessed words behind them, neither did they, Oh LORD, admire, no, not so much, as regard thy wonderous works, which by the Finger of thine owne hand, thou haddest powerfully wrought among them, except a fewe Noble Champions, which thou diddest chuse among the weak & abiect things of the World, that by them thou mightest batter downe strong holds, and throw downe high Tow-

ers, that thy inuincible power might appeare in their weaknesse, and so the glory of thy Maiestie might shine the brighter. Neither were they onely vnthankfull to thee, for thy gracious benefits and great kindnesse, but they did very spitefully reproach thee, oh LORD of LORDS, and spit out the Gall of their malice against thee, plotting in their Diuellish mindes, and performing with their desperate hands, whatsoeuer their vnbrideled lust did command them. For thou doing the workes of God, which no other hath done, how malignant were their words? How malicious were their speeches? For they said in their mad moode and furious folly, *This name is not of G O D, hee*
casteth

*casteth out Devils by the Prince
of Devils, he hath the Diuell, he
seduceth the people, he is a Glut-
ton and a Drinker of Wine, a
Friend of Publicans and sinners.*

Math. 11. 9. Why dost thou
weepe, (oh man) why are thy
thoughts perplexed, and the
peace of thy minde disturbed,
when thou dost seele the
sting of venemous tongues,
or endure the stormie tem-
pest of iniurious words? Do-
est thou not heare what mon-
strous slanders, bitter raunts,
and opprobrious speeches
were belched out against the
Lord thy G O D, onely for
thy cause and thy sinnes, yet
hee did patiently digest the
extreame bitterness of their
cruell malice, and did alwaies
seeke by gentle mildnes, and
workes of mercy, to mollifie

E c 5 their

t heir hard hearts, and to inducethem to true repentance
If they haue called the Maister of the house Belzebub, how much more will they call them of his household? Math: 10. 25. Luke. 11. 15. But thou, oh righteous and innocent Iesus, diddest patiently heare, and constantly sustaine their blasphemous words, spightfull derisions, and taunting speeches; although oftentimes, they were carried with such a violent streame of raging furie against thee, that they assailed thee with stones, hating nothing so much as thy blest life, and hasting nothing so much as thy cursed death. And thou becamest before them as a man which heareth not at all, and as one that is dumbe, hauing no word of reproofe

prooffe in thy mouth.

Section. VIII.

LAstly, they valued thy
righteous and precious
blood, but at thirtie pec-
ces of filuer, betrayed vnto
them by thy vnkind Disciple,
the son of Perdition; greedily
desiring with extreame hate,
without any shadow of iust
cause, to hasten thy cruell
death.

It was not a strange thing,
or a concealed secret exclu-
ded from the search of thy
knowledge, (because the most
couert cogitations of euery
heart, are open vnto thee,)
that one of thine owne Dis-
ciples should proue disloyall,
trecherously conspire against
thee, and like a Traytour,
sell

sell thee his gracious Lord and
kind Maister, for a small
peece of money. When as at
the Supper, where thou didst
wash thy Disciples feete, thou
didst not disdain to handle,
wash, and wipe with thy most
holy hands, the cursed feete of
that damned Trayter, swift to
shed blood, kneeling downe
before him, Iohn. 13. 4. 5. Oh
wonderfull example of humi-
litie, oh patience most wor-
thy of continuall admiration!
But why dost thou walke with
thy out-stretched necke, oh
earth and ashes? Doth Pride
still lift thee vp? Doth fretting
anger euermore molest thee?
Behold & looke vpo the Lord
Iesus, the mirror of Humilitie
& Meeknes, the Creator of e-
very creature, the fearful Iudg
of the quicke and the dead,
bow.

bowing his knees before the feet of a man, that should traiterouslie betray him into the hands of his deadly Foes, who long thirsted for his innocent blood, loathed his godly life, and could neuer quench the raging flame of their furie, vntill they had acted the lamentable Tragedie of his most cruell death.

Learne therefore of him, because hee is meeke in minde, and lowlie in heart, debase thy high and loftie lookes, and let the feeling sense of thy scornfull Pride, confound and cast downe thy haughty thoughts, and blush at thy furious madnesse, and sigh at the inward sight of thy impatient follie.

This also (oh louing Lord) was a plaine argument of thy meruailous kindnesse, and extraordinary

traordinary fauour, that thou wouldest not publikely detect the mischieuous malice, and openlie disclose the horrible Treason of thy gracelesse Disciple, and odious Traytor, but diddest only in the assemblie of his bretheren, verie slightly admonish him to hasten his intended purpose.

Iohn 13. 27. Neuerthelesse, neither the sweete streames of thy mercie could quench the burning fire of his furie, nor the graces of thy Humilitie, stay the rage of his madnesse: but hee departing out of the house, laboured diligently, to bring his wicked designement into acte, which as yet lay couered in his trecherous heart.

Iohn. 13. 30.

Section. IX.

HOw didst thou fall from
heaven, oh cleere-shy-
ning *Lucifer*, which didst
appeare so bright at thy rising
in the morning? Thou once
wert bewtifull with exceeding
glorie, placed in pleasant *Para-
dise*, where all thinges were a-
bounding which might breed
delight, whose happie state did
stand still at a stay, subiect to
no contrary chaunge, hauing
the Citizens of Heaven for thy
louing companions, and pure
Manna of the Diuine Word,
for thy daily foode: How art
thou now tumbled downe, and
consorted with the sonnes of
darknes?

Why hast thou refused
sweete Hony, to feede on gall,
and

and wholsom food, to cloy thy
stomack with stinking dung?

At that time, oh sweet *Christ*,
thy Familie was cleared, & thy
houshold purged, when such a
leaperous person, and deadlie
diseased creature, went out in-
to the world, from the compa-
nie of thy Angells societie.

For then at last were the
thirstie soules of that blessed
companie, plentifully filled
with sweete flowing streames
of thy Diuine word, and with
the most pleasat liquor of thy
true celestiall Nectar, (which
thou art alwaies able, and euer-
more willing to giue vnto thy
faithfull Seruants,) when hee
was worthily cast out from thy
most holie and blessed Fami-
lie, whom thou didst know to
be vnworthy, to taste one drop
of that *living-water*, which que-
cheth

cheth the thirst of all sinfull
soules for euer : when thou of
thy free loue, doest affoord
them to drinke of that blessed
Fountaine, bee their thirst ne-
uer so great, or the people ne-
uer so manie, which resort to
receiue refreshing by it.

Section. X.

NOW when thou hadst giue
a new Commandement
to thy louing Disciples, that
they should knit their harts to-
gether, with the true vnion of
perfect loue, *Iohn. 13. 34.* and
arme theselues with patience,
against the approaching day of
their fiery triall; and also had-
dest disposed the Kingdome
of thy Heauenly Father to thy
faithfull Brethren, thou cam-
mest to the place with them,
well

well known vnto couetous *Indas*, that Traytor, which did betray thee into the hands of the cruell Iewes, who were as greedy to buy, as hee was couetous to sell thy innocent and precious blood.

Yet thou diddest not audaciously obiect thy selfe vnto suddaine danger, or desperately throwe thy selfe into perill, but thou wert willing to offer and lay downe thy owne life, to deliuer vs poore condemned vassalls from the heauie doome of eternall death; knowing all thinges which should come vpon thee. *Iohn.*
18. 4.

Oh vnsearchable profunditie of thy infinite loue ! Oh glorious beames of thy gracious mercie ! For like a tender-hearted Father, thou haddest
wil-

willingly cast thy self into sud-
daine daunger, to haue deliue-
red thy Children from some
imminent perrill : or if thou
haddest aduentured thy life, to
haue rescued thy friends from
threatned death, this without
doubt had bene a deed of true
naturall affection, and excel-
lent loue. But that thou shoul-
dest of thine owne accord of-
fer thy selfe to death, to saue
thy deadly enemies, and wil-
lingly shed thy blood, to ran-
some thy mortall foes : This,
oh sweete Saviour, is a miracle
of superadmirable kindnesse,
beyond the compasse of all
vnderstanding.

Section. XI.

WHen thou wert come to the place, where wretched *Iudas* had bargained to betray thee into the hands of the wicked Iewes, thou wert not ashamed to confesse the heauie panges which thou didst sustaine by thy approaching Passion, in the audience of thy Bretheren, which thou wert willing to endure, not for thy own desert, but by thy owne desire, for our sakes, and our sinnes, saying; *My Soule is heauie euen vnto Death.* Math. 26. 38. So ponderous was the burden of our iniquities; so heauie was the weight of mine, yea, of all our sinnes, layd vpon thy shoulders. And there bowing thy knees on the ground,

ground, and falling down with thy face on the earth, thou diddest in thy bitter agonie, offer vp thy humble petition to God thy Father, saying : *My Father, if it bee possible, let this Cuppe passe from mee :* *Matth.* 26. 39.

Indeed that Cuppe contained a deepe draught to bee taken of thee, for the health of our languishing soules ; more bitter then *Colloquintida* to the mouth, or gall in the maw.

And no doubt but the bloodie sweat, which trickled down on the earth by droppes from thy most holie flesh, did plainlie declare the sorrowes of thy perplexed minde, and the anguish of thy sorrowfull Soule. *Luke* 22. 44.

Oh powerfull Lord Iesus, what meaneth, or what is the cause

cause of thy lamentable Supplication ? Diddest thou not wholly of thine owne accord, offer vpthy selfe, for a Sacrifice to thy Father, and willingly shead thy blood, to pay the price of our ransome?

Yes verelie , oh gracious Lorde, it was thy exceeding great loue, and onely mercie, that did moue thee, so patientlie to vnder-goe the wrath of thy Father, that thou mightst deliuer vs cōdemned sinners, from his iust and heauie displeasure , that by thy stripes wee might bee healed, and that by thy free and voluntarie death, wee might be restored to a second and euerlasting life.

But wee thinke , that thou diddest willingly taste the bitternes of our miseries, and in
thy

thy self expresse vnto vs, a true passion of our weaknes, for the comfort and consolation of all thy feeling members, that no man might dispaire, or let goe the Anchor of stedfast Hope, when our weake flesh fainteth, and our naturall faculties faileth; but yet the spirit is ready to abide the painefull panges of anie passion, and to suffer the conflicts of any affliction whatsoeuer. Truely thou diddest expresse the natural weaknes of the flesh in thy selfe, by those tokens vnto vs, that wee might the sooner bee prouoked to embrace thee with more loue, and gratefullie to yeelde thee greater thanks. Whereby also wee are taught, that thou diddest truely beare our diseases, & infirmities, and that thou hast not runne thorough

rough the thornes of grieuous
passions, without the sense of
painefull afflictions. For that
voice seemeth to be the voice
of the flesh, not of the Spirit,
by that which thou hast added
*The Spirite indeed is willing, but
the flesh is weake: Marke 14.38.*
And thou diddest openly de-
clare, that the Spirit was wil-
ling to suffer the deadly pangs
of thy grieuous passion, when
thou diddest go forth of thine
owne accord, to meete those
bloodie minded persons, con-
ducted by their damnable Ge-
nerall trayterous *Indus*, in the
night time, furnished with lan-
ternes, torches, and weapons,
seeking without any cause, ra-
ging with malice to destroy
thy harmles life, and cruelly to
shed thy innocent blood, and
there didst opely discover thy
selfe

selfe to their eyes, and offer
up thy selfe to their bloodie
hands, least they might think
themselves beholding to their
bloodie guide, and that by his
craftie pollicie, thou haddest
bene suddenly and vnwillingly
apprehended. For thou diddest
not repell, or put backe
that cruell monster, comming
to kisse thy most holy mouth;
but diddest gently put thy
mouth, in which there was
found no guile, to his mouth
abounding with venome, and
filled with malice, who vnder
token of loue, pretended nothing
but deadly hate; and
with a dissembling kisse, to betray
thee into the hands of
those, who were readie armed
to kill thee.

And although desperate
Indas became his owne hang-
F f man,

man, Math. 27. 5. yet many doe follow his steps, and desperately runne to their wilful and wofull destruction. Oh innocent Lambe of G O D, how couldest thou endure that such a rauinous Wolfe should come neere vnto thee, that came so greedily to deuour thee?

What fellowship hath light with darknesse? What agreement hast thou with *Beliall*? But this, oh Lord, was a deed of thy gracious benignitie, and an act of thy exceeding bountie, that thou mightest shew vnto him all tokens of thine accustomed fauour, which might mollifie the hardnes of his wicked heart, and quail the malice of his couetous minde.

For, thou not forgetfull that
once

once hee was sorted among
thy Friends, and had tasted of
the sweet fruite of thy former
loue, admitted into the holy
societie of thy faithfull Disci-
ples, diddest kindly admonish
him, saying ; *Friend, wherefore
commest thou ?* Mat: 26.50. And
thou wouldest haue smitten
the guiltie conscience, and
wounded the hardned heart
of that odious dissembler and
damnable Traytor, with the
horreur of his hellish deed,
and detestation of his execra-
ble fact, when thou spakest to
him, saying: *Iudas, dost thou
betray the Sonne of man with a
kiss ?* Luk. 22.48. And behold,
*the Philistines are upon thee
Sampson.*

Section. XII.

IT did nothing mitigate the
rage of their furious minds,
nor stay the audacious at-
tempts of their bloodie hands,
when in the houre of thine
apprehension, thou diddest
throw them flat on the ground
with thy omnipotent arme,
and make them to fall back-
ward with the breath of thy
mouth: yet it was not done to
defend thy selfe frō the edge
of their malice, or to make an
escape out of their cruel hāds,
but that humane presumption
might knowe, that it could
deuise nothing, nor act any
thing against thee, but what-
soeuer was permitted by thee.

And who can restrain his
eyes from shewers of teares,
and

and his heart from the overflowing waues of sorrow, when he heareth how violently they were carried against thee, and how furiously they laide their murdering hands vpon thee; and how quickly binding thy tender and innocent hands, they currishly haled thee, a most meeke Lamb, not once opening thy mouth against them, to bring thee (who neuer had offended,) to a most bloodie slaughter: As if thou haddest bene (most innocent and louing Iesus) a cruell Theefe, a cursed Traytor, or a bloodie murtherer. Their outragious vsage towards thee, was so farre out of measure, and their mischieuous deeds so farre voyde of reason.

And then (oh Christ) thou

F f 3 didst

didst not cease to powre down
shewers of mercy, and to let
the hony-deaw of thy aboun-
dant sweetnesse, to distill vp-
on the head of thy cruell ene-
mies, when thou diddest with
milde words and gentle spee-
ches, calme the burning zeale
of thy forward Disciple, who
drew forth his sword and be-
gan to lay about him in the
defence of his louing Maister.
Luke. 22. verse. 49. 50. For he
had no sooner giuen a wound,
but thou diddest miraculously
heale the hurt. Luke. 22. verse.
51. willing him to put vp his
sword, keepe the peace, and
make no resistance.

But such cursed furie had
blinded their eyes, such stub-
borne grossenes ouercrow-
ded their vnderstanding, and
such stonie hardnes had ouer-
growne

growne their hearts, that neither the Maiestie of the miracle, nor mercy of the benefite, could chase away the hellish vapours of their franticke furie, or soften the extreame hardnesse of their hearts; that seeing their bedlam follie, they might haue relented with pittie.

Section. XIII.

THou wert brought before the High-Priests, Iohn 18. 24. who maliced and hated thy vnblameable life, wickedly imagined, and cruelly sought thy bloodie death.

When thou wert churlishly examined, and falsely accused, thy modest reply was voyde of bitterness, and

Ff 4 thou

thou didst confesse the truth with much humilitie and mildnesse: yet they cried out in their raging madnesse, He speaketh blasphemous words; What neede wee stand vpon further tryall; He is worthy of a shamefull death.

Oh most louing Lord, how shamefully wert thou handled, how despightfully wert thou scorned, how cruelly wert thou abused of thine own people? They polluted thy amiable Face with their noysome spittle. Math. 26. 67. which the Angells doe alwaies desire to behold; and which hath filled the heauens with ioy; and shall be desired of the most rich and Noble of the people: And which not long before, shined more bright, then the Sunne, and
appea-

appeared most beautifull in glory, they did beate, & strike it with their sacriligious hâds. They couered it with a vaile, to floute and deride thee, and did cruelly buffet thee with their fists, being Lord of eue-ry Creature, like a base & contemptible seruant. Yea they deliuered thee to be swallowed vp and deuoured of the vn-circumcised.

Section. XIIII.

FOr after they had railed vpon thee with reuiling words, and buffeted thee with store of blowes, they brought thee bound like a theefe before the face of *Pilate*, Mark. 15.1. requiring in their franticke fit, and heate of their furie, that he would pronounce

lence of death against thee,
And they would neuer cease
their clamorous voyces, nei-
ther were their outragious
out-cries appeased, before
thou wert condemned, to suf-
fer a most cruell and cursed
death of the Crosse, which ne-
uer knew sinne, or thought a-
ny euill.

And although that wicked
Iudge had certain knowledge,
and his owne conscience did
testifie vnto him that thou
wert falsely accused, brought
like an innocent Lambe to
the slaughter, and that al these
things were forged of enuie
against thee, when those hard-
harted *Jewes* earnestly desired,
that a Murderer might be gi-
uen them, & haue pardon for
his bloody offence, and that
thou mightest vniustly be
con-

condemned, to suffer a most
cruell death, preferring a deu-
ouring Wolfe, before an in-
nocent Lambe, & dirtie drosse
before pure golde: yet his
words towards thee, were
without any mildnes, and his
deeds quite without mercy,
filling thy Soule with gall and
bitternesse, when as he could
finde no cause, or ferrit out
any occasion, whereby hee
might iustly reproc thee.
Luk. 23. 4. 14.

Hee receiued thee at their
hands, after they had taun-
tingly flouted, bitterly deri-
ded, and scornefully disgraced
thee, and commanded thee to
stand in the midst of those
malicious scoffers, who had
vsed thee for a foole, to cause
their mirth, and to increase
thy sorrow. Neither did he
spare

spare to teare thy vndefiled
flesh with most bitter blowes;
multiplying stripes vppon
stripes with excessiue crueltie,
and bleeding wounds vpon
wounds, without any humane
pittie. Math. 26. 67. Oh thou
beloued Sonne of my God!
what haddest thou committed
worthy of such barbarous im-
manitie? What haddest thou
done worthy of such wofull
and bitter confusion? In very
deed nothing at all. I wretched
man, I alone a most horrible
sinner, haue bin the sole cause
of all thy painefull sufferings:
my grieuous sinnes haue har-
dened their hearts, and armed
theyr bloody hands against
thee. I oh Lord, haue eaten a
sower grape, and thy teeth
are set on edge; because then
thou didst make satisfaction,
when

when thou hadst done no iniurie, and payd my infinit debt, with thy most innocēt death. But all these iniurious deedes, proceeding from malicious hate, and acted with cruell hands, could not satisfie the vnsatiabie impietic of the perfidious and vnfaithfull Iewes, against thee, most righteous and innocent Iesus; who diddest neuer cease to doe them good, but euermore healed their incurable diseases: making the lame to walke, the blinde to see, the dumbe to speake, and the deafe to heare.

Thou didst cleanse lothsome Lepers, cure dead Palsies, and raise from death to life. *Math. 4.24. Iob. 7.23.* Yet for all thy paines, kinde benefites, and store of good workes, some for feare of their imperious Ru-

Rulers, durst not, and the greatest sort would not scarce afford thee a good word ; For they that of late sung ioyfullie, *Hosanna, Hosanna*, calling thee happy and blessed: soone chaunged their note, and blasphemously termed thee *Beelzebub*, Prince of Diuells.

Section. XV.

ANd lastly, thou wert hurried and haled, with the murtherous handes, of the bloodie vncircumcised Souldiers, to die on the Crosse, a most shamefull, cruell, cursed death.

But it was not enough for those vnbelieuing miscreants, and bloodie wretches, to torment thee without anie pittie, and to naye thee to the Crosse
with

with most hatefull crueltie,
but before hand, they vexed,
and filled thy heauy soule with
blasphemous speeches, outra-
gious railings, and despight-
full disgraces.

For what saith the Scripture
concerning them? *And they
gathered about him the whole
Bande: And they stripped him,
and put vppon him a Purple gar-
ment, and a roabe of Scarlet, in
their mad merriment, to flout,
deride, and scoffe him.*

*And platting a Crowne of
Thornes, they put it vppon his
head, in steede of a Golden
Diademe, that beeing pressed
downe with their buffetting
hands, might enter the flesh,
and make the veines to spout
out bloud.*

And then they put a feeble
Reede in his right hand, (in
stead

stead of his Royall Scepter
and bowing their knees before
him, saying: *God saue the King
of the Iewes.* And they did buf-
fet him, and spitting vpon him,
tooke a Reede and smote him on
the head. And when they had
mocked him, they put his owne
rayment vpon him, and ledde him
away to Crucifie him, bearing his
owne Crosse. And they brought
him to a place named Golgatha,
and they gaue him Wine tempe-
red with Myrrhe, and mingled
with Gall. And when hee had
tasted of it, hee would not drinke.
Then they crucified him, and also
two Theeues with him, one on the
right hand, and another on the
left, and Iesus in the middle. But
Iesus saide, *Father forgine them,*
for they knowe not what they doe.
Afterward Iesus knowing that
all thinges were finished, that
the

the Scriptures might bee fulfilled, hee said, *I thirst* : And one of them running, tooke a sponge, and filled it with Vineger, and put it on a Reede, and they gaue it him to drinke. When hee had receiued the Vineger, he said, *It is finished*. And crying with a loude voyce, hee saide, *Father into thy hands I commend my spirit*. And bowing his head, hee gaue vp the Ghost. Then one of the hard-hearted Souldiers with a Speare pierced his side, and forthwith there came out blood and water, for the redemption of our Salvation : *John 19*. Christaline water, to wash away the staines of our sinnes, and pure blood, to nourish our soules.

Awake now my soule, rise out of the dust, stirre vp all thy faculties, and behold this memorable man in the Christall
Hall

stall-Looking-glasse , of the Euangelicall word, as it were present before thee.

Consider (oh my soule) who hee is, which commeth, ha-ving the Image of a King, and neuerthelesse, is filled with the scornfull reproaches of a most base & contemptible seruant: Hee goeth with a Crowne, but that Crowne of his is his cru-ell Torment , and woundeth his beautifull and blessed head, with a thousand sharpe-pointed prickles.

He is cloathed with a royall Roabe of purple, but is rather flouted and despised, then honoured by it.

Hee beareth a Scepter in his hand, but his blessed head is cruelly smitten with it. They adore him , bending their knees to the ground, and with
loud

loud voyces call kim King ,
but they doe disdainefully de-
ride him , and proudlie con-
temne him , with their coun-
terfeite worship, for by and by
they spit vppon his amiable
face, buffet his louely cheekes
with their mercilesse handes,
and loades his necke with their
cruell blowes.

Beholde(oh my soule) with
what extreame crueltie , im-
measurable impietie, and bar-
barous inhumanitie, that most
holie and sacred person is vex-
ed , tormented, and despised,
of that irreligious people,
who in all their odious acti-
ons, belched out the Gall of
most bitter malice against him
with their venomous mouthes:
& inflicted the most grieuous
torture of their damnable mis-
chiefe vppon him, with their
blood-

blood-thirstie hands. He seemeth to fainte, & his Legges to faile him vnder the burthen of his heauie Crosse, which they had vnmercifully without any compassion imposed vpon him, while hee beareth the burthen of thy shame, and is pressed downe, with the weight of thy ignominious reproches.

Being brought to the place of execution, they gaue him *Myrrhe*, mingled with Gall to drinke, in stead of a comfortable *Cordiall*, hee is lifted vp on the Crosse, and saith: *Father forgive them, because they know not what they do.* Luke, 23. 34.

Sect.

Section. XVI.

WHat admirable spectacle of rare mildnes, doth hee affoorde to our eyes? with what courageous magnanimitie doth hee animate our hearts? which in all the horror of his intollerable torments, and in the midst of his painefull Agonies, and moste bitter afflictions, did not open his mouth, to vtter foorth so much as one word, either to complaine against them for their beastlie crueltie, to speake in his owne defence, iustifying his innocencie, or to vse anie bitterness of commination, or Malediction against those cursed Dogges, for all their monstrous and bruitish immanitie?

But

But lastly, he powreth forth
 such sweete wordes of blessed
 Benediction, for the good of
 his deadly and diuellish foes,
 as were neuer heard since time
 had a beginning, or the world
 a foundation.

What may bee conceiued,
 more milde then this blessed
 Martyr, and our louing Sau-
 our, the true Mirrour of won-
 derfull meekenes? Didst thou
 euer see, oh my soule, a more
 rare exāple of excellent boun-
 tie? Or was there euer presen-
 ted before thine eyes a more
 liuely Image of exceeding be-
 nignitie? And this may teach
 thee to beare thy Crosse with
 patience, and to followe the
 steps of Christ with constant
 perseuerance, to forgiue and
 pray for our bloodie persecu-
 tors. For God will reiect our

petitions, if they bee sowed
with the Leuen of malicious-
nes, & our sacrifices of thankf-
giving, can send vp no sweete
smelling saour into his no-
strils, if we dare approach neere
his holy Sanctuary with harts
infected with hate, or mindes
infected with malice.

As yet, oh my soule, turne
with thine eyes, and more
steadfastly beholde him, how
worthie he appeareth of won-
derfull admiration, and most
tender compassion. Beholde
him naked, beate, bruised, and
mangled with stripes, nailed
to the Crosse with iron-nailes,
most shamefully between two
Theeues, hauing Vineger gi-
uen him to drinke without a-
ny compassion, in the extream
tormentes of his bitter Passion on
the Crosse. Oh hard-hearted
wret-

wretches, to giue such a sower
Potion, to so milde a Pati-
ent!

Section. XVII.

LOoke vpon him, my wee-
ping Soule, beeing wound-
ed after his death with a
sharp-pointed speare, thrust in
to his side, by the hād of a vio-
lent Souldier, *Ioh. 19. 33.* Vict-
him, powring out plentiful
streams of blood, gushing out
frō the five wounds of his rede-
hands, feete, and side, pittifully
wounded, and cruelly pierced
so that in thy serious Medita-
tion, thou mayst bee touched
to the quicke, with a patheti-
cal compunction, and bathe
his bleeding wounds with thy
streaming teares of thy true
and zealous repentance.

Weepe

forth shewers of teares, and
melt thou also my soule with
the fire of compassion, and
sigh with hartie contrition,
and make deepe wounds in
thy selfe with a sharpe point
of sorrowfull compunction,
when thou dost meditate of
the bitter passion of this loue-
ly and worthy Person, whom
thou seest afflicted with such
terrible torments, and woun-
ded from the crowne of the
head, to the sole of his feete,
that with the plentiful streams
of his most precious blood,
he might wash away the mul-
titude of thy sinnes. And now
my perplexed Soule, thou
hast scene the sorrowes, dis-
resses, weakenesse, and mise-
rie of thy louing Sauour, as
he was the Seede of the Wo-
man, ordained to breake the

head of the Serpent : who clothed with the base Garments of our fraile Humanitie, was subiect to all our infirmities, (the infection of our sinnes onely excepted) and seeing him lāguishing on the Crosse, tormented, flouted, scorned, and villainouslie handled by the barbarous multitude, thou hast had cause to groane, sigh, and sob, mooued with a sensible pittie, and touched with a feeling and wofull compassion.

Section. XVIII.

BUT now direct thine eyes from his lamentable miserie, and seriously contemplate the mightie power of his magnificent Maiestie,
and

and then all thy senses will be amazed with suddaine feare, and thy selfe astonished with wonderfull admiration.

For what saith the Scripture?

Now from the sixt houre was there darknesse over all the land, untill the ninth. And the Sunne was darkened. And the vaile of the Temple was rent in twaine, from the topp to the bottome, and the earth did quake, and the Stones were clouen. And the graues did open themselves, and many bodies of the Saints which slept, arose. Math. 27.

What manner of man is he? what kind of Person? Because Heauen and Earth hath such a Sympathy of his Passion: The Sun mourning with his darknesse, for his wofull miserie, and denying the light of his beames to the cruell tormen-

tors, at the execution of their bloody Tyranny.

How powerfull? how potent? how auailable was his death? which opened the Graues, raised and reuiued the dead, conquering Sunne, death, hel, and the diuell? Oh worke of more then admirable wonder! Oh honourable conquest and glorious victorie! For in the thickest Clouds of his darkest miserie, there appeared cleere beames of his brightest Maiestie.

Christ perfect
God,
and perfect
man,

Know my soule, know thou my soule, this is the Lord our GOD, Iesus Christ thy Saviour, the only begotten Sonne of GOD, true God, true man, who alone vnder the Sun was found pure from the spots of sinne, and onely cleare from the staines of iniquitie, among
the

the Sons of men. And behold how he is sorted in the damnable ranke of the wicked, excluded like a loathsome Leaper from the fruition of common societie, reputed as an abiect, and one of the worst among the basest people; cast out from the Wombe of the unhappie Synagoge his Mother, like an abortiue, protected out of the womb of a Woman. How is hee that was so beautifull aboue the Sonnes of men, become so deformed and vncomely to the eyes of them that behold him? How are the Ornaments of his amiable feature diminished? How is his Royall dignitie disgraced? How is he become a subiect of nothing else, but of sorrow and calamity, and a wofull obiect of lamentation and pit-

tie? He is wounded for our iniquities, he is bruised for our wicked offences, and is made an acceptable Sacrifice of a most sweet smelling saour in thy sight, oh G O D of eternall glory ; that thou mightest auert thy indignation from vs, and reuerse the sentence of thy heauie displeasure gone out against vs, and to make vs Co-heires with him for euer, in his heauenly Habitation.

Looke downe, oh Lord, holy Father, from thy holy Sanctuary, and from the high throne of thy infinite maiestie, and behold this holy Sacrifice, which our great high Priest doth offer vnto thee, thy holy Childe the Lord Iesus, for the sinnes of his bretheren, and let thy wrath be appeased, which our iniquities haue
most

most iustly procured against vs, remoouing farre out of thy sight, the multitude of our innumerable transgressions.

And let his innocent death, pay the full summe of our heauy debt. Behold the voyce of the blood of our Iesus, doth crie vnto thee from the Crosse, begging mercy at thy hands for our many misdeeds, pardon for all our haynous sinnes, and speaking better things then the blood of *Abell*. What meaneth this, Oh Lord? Doth he still hang naked and nailed on the Crosse? Are his veines newly lanced, will his bleeding wounds neuer be stanchèd? Shall his side remaine euermore pierced, and his skin alwaies died with blood? Did not his Disciples behold him with their eyes,

ascending about the Cloudes,
really and royally, into the
Mansion of eternall glorie,
and now hath he not his resi-
dence in heauen, sitting at the
right hand of thy Omnipotent
Maiestie, leading Captiui-
tie Captiue, and giuing gifts
vnto men? We know, oh Lcrl,
and are certainly assured, that
our blessed Sauour ruleth
and raigneth with thee in e-
uerlasting glorie, and yet he
remaineth fixed on the crosse,
his wounds still streaming out
precious blood, to wash away
our sinfull blots, because his
paine full passion, with thee is
euermore in action, & things
long past, are alwaies present
before thee.

And we daily see him cru-
cified, paying the price of our
Redemption, in our spirituall
contem-

All times
are present
with God,

contemplation, and diuine Meditations. Know thou, Oh heavenly and louing Father, the Coate of thy true Sonne *Ioseph*. Alasse, a most cruell Beast deuoured him, and hath trodden his Garment vnder feete in his furie, and hath stained all the beautie, and disgraced all the glorie of it, with spots of gore-blood.

Behold, that rauencous beast hath left fīue pittifull rents in it. This, Oh LORD, is the Garment which thy Innocent Childe left in the hand of the *Egyptian* Harlot, chusing rather to loose his Cloake, then to forgoe the precious Iewell of his vnspotted Chastitie, by polluting his vndefiled body with filthy adulterie, choosing rather being spoiled of Garment of the flesh, to def.

ccnd into the Prison of death,
then to obey that adulterous
voyce, by which it was very
well said: *All these things I will
giue thee, if thou wilt fall downe
and worship me.* Mathew. 4. 9.
As Ioseph did willingly forgoe
his Cloke when he was allured
to haue committed folly
with his adulterous Mistris.
And now omnipotent Lord,
and gracious Father, we know
that thy Sonne liueth and
raigneth ouer all the land of
Egipt, and in euery place of
thy vniuersall Monarchie,
for hee is brcught out of the
Prison of death and Hell, in-
to thy glorious Kingdome,
crowned with the Emperiall
Crowne of eternall immor-
talitie, and hauing changed
his Garment of the flesh,
immortalitie flourisheth for
cue

euē, being receiued of thee
with exceeding glorie. For
hee hath subdued and con-
quered the kingdome of
Pharo, and with his owne no-
ble valour, with an honoura-
ble tryumph hath entred the
heauens. And behold, he be-
ing crowned with glorie and
honour, sitteth at the right
hand of thy Maiestie, who
being our Aduocate, maketh
continuell intercession for vs,
that wee being the children
of wrath, and disobedience by
Nature, may be reconciled
vnto thee for euē, by the ex-
ceeding riches of thy grace :
For he is flesh, and hee is our
brother. Looke, oh Lord,
vpon the amiable face of thy
sweete Christ, which became
obedient vnto thee, euē vn-
to death, that thou being well
pleased

pleased in beholding him,
maiest send downe the com-
fortable dew of thy mercy vp-
on vs: neither let his scars de-
part for euer out of thy sight,
that thou maiest remember
what a great satisfaction thou
hast receiued of him for our
sins. I wish it might please thee
to ballance the sins, wherwith
wee haue deserued thy wrath
and indignatiō, together with
the calamitie & sorrow, which
thy innocēt Son hath suffered
for vs. Certainly the waight
of his heauie miserie, will
more then counterpoise the
waight of all our iniquities, &
it hath rather deserued, that
thou shouldst Raine down the
sweete shewers of thy mercy
vpon vs, then that our sinnes
haue demerited to kindle the
fire of thy deuouring wrath
against:

against vs, that wee should vtterly bee deprived of thy wonted clemencie, which should flake the furie of thine incensed ire, and put out the flame of thy burning indignation.

But oh gracious and mercifull Father, let euerie tongue proclaime immortall thanks vnto thee, and sound foorth aloud thine eternall praises; for the exceeding largenesse of thine immeasurable bountie, which hast not spared thine onely Sonne, which was as deere, and neere as thine own heart vnto thee, but hast delivered him vp vnto Death for vs all, that we might haue him as a faithfull Aduocate, and louing Mediator before thee in Heauen.

And to thee, oh Lord Iesus, a most couragious and
con-

constant Louer, and my grati-
ous Redeemer, what thanks
be they neuer so manie, can I
returne, or what prayſes, bee
they neuer so great, may I vt-
ter, which might counteruaile
the least iote of thy woorthie
merite? when as I am but a
base creature, made of dust, &
shaped out of the clay, whose
breath is in my Nostrills, and
I subiect euerie moment to
forgoe it, (although I com-
monly forget it) and to return
again into the wombe of the
earth, from whence I was ta-
ken.

Section. XIX.

FOR what, oh sweet Sauour
shouldest thou haue done,
which thou hast not wil-
linglie done, to finish the great
worke

worke of my saluation? Thou hast diued and cast thy selfe ouer head & eares into the troublesome Ocean of thy stormy Passions, that thou mightest drawe mee whollie out aliue, from those perrilous Waters, and the waues haue entered euen into thy Soule? For thou diddest willingly subiect thy selfe to the paines of Death, that thou mightest restore my soule vnto mee, which I had so wilfully lost. *Luke. 1. 71.*

And now behold, I am obliged vnto thee, by a double debt, because thou hast twise giuen mee my soule, once by creation, & once by Redemption: what haue I, that I may more iustly giue thee then my soule? But for thy precious soule, vexed, perplexed, and troubled with so manie, and such

such heauy tribulations, I find not, what recompence man can bee able to render vnto thee, in any sort to gratifie the worthines of thy desert. For if I should be able to giue thee Heauen and earth, and all their beautifull furniture, and the glorious ornaments of them, I could in no wise attaine the measure, or discharge the infinite summe of such an euerlasting debt: But that I may render both that which I owe, and also that which is possible for mee, is a matter wholly belonging to thy liberall bountie, and must only flowe from the sweete fountaine of thy beneficiall goodnes.

Thou art to bee loued, oh Lord, with all my heart, with all my strength, I must tread in thy path, and followe thy steps,

steps, which hast endured all the extremities of thy bitter Passions, with exceeding patience, and beeing Lord of life, hast of thine owne accord, vouchsafed to yeeld thy selfe vnto death, to redeeme me, and all faithfull repentant sinners, to the ioyes of eternall life. And how shall that thing bee effected and wrought to mee, but onely and wholie by thee, through thy mightie power, which is able to worke all things in heauen aboue, and in the earth beneath?

Let my Soule cleaue vnto thee, let it be vnited vnto thee, with the bond of euerlasting love, because all the vertue and faculties of it depend only vpon thee, and because it must needs sinke into a bottomlesse pit of endles misery, if it be but

a moment debarred from thy
louing mercie.

And now, oh Lord, my graci-
ous *Redeemer*, I worship thee
as true God, I trust in thee, I
hope in thee, I couet and long
to approach so neere vnto thee,
as the feeble winges of my
mouing desires will carry me;
Let thy strong hand support
my weaknes: Let the rich trea-
sure of thy mercie supplie the
wants of mine infirmitie. Let
the greatnes of thine vnsearch-
able goodnes, neuer depart out
of my remembrance. Let a
memorall of thy bitter passiō,
by which thou hast wrought
mine euerlasting Saluation, be
perfectlie written within the
palmes of my handes, so that
mine eyes may still be viewing
it: and let it be deeply ingra-
uen in my heart, that mine in-
ward

ward thoughtes and cogitations may euermore be meditating and musing vpon it.

Let thy Crowne of thornes, thy red bloody nailes, thy pierced side, thy grievous wounds, thy precious blood, thy death and buriall, be euermore presented before the eyes of mine vnderstanding, that I may water my Couch, and make my bedde to swimme, with teares of true sorrowfull repentance, that I may duely and truly bewaile the multitude of my hainous sinnes, which haue bene like so manie Iron-nailes, to enter through thy harmlesse hands and innocent feete, and like so manie sharpe Speares, to pierce thy blessed side, to make thy wounded heart send forth prentifull streams of thy deere and precious blood.

Lastly,

Lastly, let the fresh remembrance of thy most glorious & victorious Resurrection, and the blessed memorie of thy triumphant Ascention, comfort the fainting Spirits of my drooping soule, and with sweet taste of ioy, mitigate the sorowes of my perplexed mind. For in all these, the sweet odour of life doth ascend vp into my nostrills. Raise thou, (oh Lord) my spirit, with their reuiuing odor, from the death of sinne, and out of the Graue of perpetuall darknes.

Touch my heart, oh Christ, that I may touch thee: yea, although it be but the hemme of thy Garment, that Vertue may come out of thee: *Matthewe, 14. 32. Marke, 6. 56.* Which may keepe mee from the snares of Sathan, and comfort

fort mee in the houre of tribulation, so that the yoake of thy commaundements may bee made easie vnto mee, and the burthen of the Crosse, which thou commandest mee to carrie after thee, may bee light to my soule.

What am I a sillie worme? What is my strength? What are mine vnited forces, to sustaine so heauie a burthen of worldly miseries, with such an invincible minde, and peaceable patience as thou hast commaunded? How can I saile in this troublesome Ocean, but I must needs runne against the rockes of wofull Desperation, vnlesse thou be my Pilot, and guide my sterne?

It is fond to put anie confidence in men; It is vaine to put any trust in Princes. For although

though thou hast called them Gods, to teach them how high thou hast exalted them, (and they indeed are truly honorable, that remember thee to be the author of their exaltation) yet by and by thou hast given them a cooling Card, to quail & qualifie their haughty pride, telling them plainely, that for all that, they shall die like men, and returne, and be turned into dust, as well as the meanest of the people.

Section. XX.

ARe my feete (oh Christ) like vnto the feet of a swift Hart, that I should be able to follow thee, so swift a runner, thorough the thornes and pricking bushes of thy painefull Passion? Do I not walke vpon
the

the *water*, alwaies ready to sink
with fearfull *Peter*, vnles thou
put foorth thy powerfull hand
to succor me? *Math.* 14. 29. 31.
But heare my voyce (oh thou
Sonne of David) my mercifull
Saviour, infuse the precious
Quintessence of thy celestiall
Graces into my bosom, & then
lay thy sweet Crosse vpon thy
seruant, which is the Tree of
Life, to them which apprehēd
it, then (as I hope) I shall run
forward cheerfullie, and I shall
carrie that Crosse after thee
with great willingnesse, which
thy cruell enemies did malici-
ously impose vpon thee.

Lay that most hard Crosse,
(I say) vppon my shoulders,
whose breadth is Chastitie,
whose lēgth is Eternitie, whose
height is Omnipotēcie, whose
deapth is vnsearchable Wise-
dome.

dome. Naile my handes and my feete vnto it, and make thy seruant, oh Lord, in all things conformable to thy passion.

Graunt mee (oh Lord) to abstaine from the workes of the flesh, which thou hatest, and to doe righteousness, which thou louest, and in both to seek thy glorie. Naile my lefte hand with the naile of Temperancie, and my right hand with the naile of Iustice, vpon that high Crosse.

Graunt my minde continually to meditate on thy holie Law, and to cast all my cogitations vpon thee; and fasten my right foote, to the same tree of life, with the naile of wisdom. Grant, that the vnhappy hap-pines of this life, sliding away euery momēt, may not allure me like an enticing Harlot, to
yeeld

yeeld to the wanton inducements of carnall sensualitie, and to weaken his vigour, by the intemperate abuses of vnlawfull pleasures. Neither let pynning cares, pēliue thoghts, and suddaine vnhappy chances trouble the peace of it, or procure any turbulent motions: but let my Spirit, as well in the Sunshine daies of calme prosperitie, as in the blustering weather of stormie aduersitie, bee fastned to thy Crosse, with the nailes of prudent moderation, and Christian fortitude, that neither in prosperitie I may soare too high, with the wings of aspiring pride, nor in the aduersitie be depressed too lowe, with the weight of dispairefull care.

But that there may appeare

H h some

some similitude of the pricking thornes, which pearcing the vaines of thy head, made a passage for thy precious blood, to runne downe to the skirts of thy cloathing; grant I pray thee, that my minde may be so deeply wounded, with the forcible compunction of healthfull repentance, that mine eyes may shewre downe plentie of teares, to wash away the spots of my defiled Conscience: So mollifie the hardnes of my heart, that it may be pliable to receiue the impression of tender pittie, so that it may still haue a feeling compassion of other mens miserie.

Let an earnest zeale, to emulate and imitate that which is righteous before thee, so pricke forward my minde, that

I may alwaies place thy perfect Lawe before mine eyes, and walke in the way of thy Commaundements; and that in the extreamest fits of my greatest sorrow, I may turne vnto thee for my consolation and comfort; and that dispayring of my owne merit, I may be relieved by thy Mercie.

I am well pleased, that thou put a Sponge by a Reede to my mouth, and that thou giue sowre Vineger to my taste. It liketh me, that thou shouldest teach my reason by thy holy Word, that the glorious pride of the World, is nothing else but an emptie Sponge, which appereth more in shew then it is in substance, and that the sweetest taste of it, is more sowre then vineger, which exceedeth in sharpnes,

and all the concupiscence of it, more bitter then gall or worme-wood.

Euen so, oh heauenly Father, let the cup of *Babylon* be bitter vnto me, let not the pleasant colour of the wine allure me to tast of that poysoned liquor, neither let the deceitfull sweetnes of it, ouercome my vnderstanding, nor drowne my reason, as it hath done theirs, which thinke darkenes to be light, and light to be darkenes, bitter to be sweete, and sweet to be bitter. I dare not drinke of the wine tempered with Mirrhe, and mixed with gall, because thou wouldest not drinke of it. Marke. 15. 23. For thereby appeared the bitterneisse of the enuie and malice, which thy furious Foes did beare against thee,

thee, who would affoord thee
no humane pittie in thy grea-
test extremitie, no not so
much as to giue thee a cup of
sweet water. Fashion thy ser-
uant, oh Lord, like vnto thy
quickning death, that accor-
ding to the flesh I may die dai-
ly, crucifying my carnall lusts,
alwaies loathing the thing
that is euill, and that accor-
ding to the Spirit, I may daily
be reuiued, imbracing and lo-
uing the thing that is righte-
ous and good. And that I may
reioyce to carrie in me the
perfect Image of thee my
Lord and crucified Sauour,
expresse also a similitude of
that in me, which the vnsacia-
ble crueltie of the euill ones
acted against thee, after thy
cursed and yet most blessed
death: Let thy liuely & power-

full Word pierce into my side,
and wound my hart: For thy
Word, oh Lord, will sooner
enter then a double-edged
sword, and penetrate deeper
then the sharpest speare, euen
to the diuision of my soule,
and the marrow inclosed in
my bones, that in steede of
blood and water, there may
issue forth continual streames
of loue, towards thee and thy
bretheren. So that as thou hast
not spared to shed thy heart
blood for me, I may alwaies be
willing to expresse my gratui-
tie towards thee.

Lastly, wrap my Spirit in
the pure linnin cloth of thy
righteous garment, in which
I may safely rest, comming
out, and going into the place
of thy holy Tabernacle, and
wherewith thou maicst hide

me vntill thine anger be appeased, and thy heauie displeasure remooued. But the third day, after the day of labour and punishment, early in the dawning of the Sabbath, raise mee euerlastingly amongst thy children, that in my flesh I may see thy brightness, and be filled with the ioy of thy countenance.

Section. XXI.

OH my Sauour and my God, let the time come, I pray thee, let that blessed time come, wherein I may see that with my inward eyes, which now I beleue by faith, which now I enioy by hope, and apprehend a farre off.

And that I may embrace that with mine armes, & kisse that

H h 4 with

with my ioyfull lippes, which I now long to haue, with such thirstie desires, as will neuer be satisfied, vntill they be wholly possessed of it, and that I be swallowed vp, in the deepe Sea of thine infinite goodnes, oh my Sauour and my God. But praise thou, oh my Soule, my God my Sauour, and magnifie his Name. For it is holy, replenished with store of most holy delights, whose quantitie is stinted with no measure, nor qualitie subiect to any mutabilitie.

Oh how good, how sweet art thou, Lord Iesus, to the soule that seeketh thee? Oh Iesus, the Redeemer of those which were lost, the Sauour of those which are redeemed, the hope of the banished, the strength of those that are troubled,

troubled, the libertie of a Spirit afflicted with bondage, the comfortable solace, and sweet refreshing of a sorrowfull Soule, which sheadeth teares, & sendeth forth sweat, while it runneth after thee; the Crowne of the Tryumphing, the onely reward and ioy of all celestiaall Citizens, the most plentifull Fountaine of all Graces, the glorious Sonne of the highest God, and also the highest God. Rom. 3. 25. Math: 9. 12. Zach. 13. 1. Psalm. 16. 5. Iohn. 10. 7. 9. Let all things praise thee, which are in Heauen above, and which are in earth beneath. Thou art great, and thy name is wonderfull. Oh exceeding glorie of the high God, and most pure brightness of eternall light; oh life

Hh 5 quick-

quickning euery life; oh light illuminating euery light, and preseruing them in eternall brightnes. A thousand thousands of glistering lights are before the Throne of thy Diunitie for euer.

Oh eternall & vnaccessible substance, the most cleere and sweete streame of a Fountaine hidden from the eyes of all mortall Creatures, whose water is without beginning, profunditie without any botome, depth without any end, amplitude vnsearchable, puritie vncorruptible. The heart of the highest GOD hath sent thee out from his bottomles deepenesse; life hath sent forth life, light hath sent forth light, the Eternall hath sent forth the Eternall, the incomprehensible, hath sent forth

forth the incomprehensible
and coequall to himselfe in
all things ; all of vs receiue
from thy fulnesse. For thou
a most plentifull Fountaine,
doest send out from thy Treas-
ures, a precious Riuer of eue-
ry good thing of thy seauen-
fold Graces ; with whose plea-
sant sweetnes thou dost vouch
safe to sweeten the saltnesse, of
the salt Sea of our infirmities.
A Riuer of the oyle of glad-
nes, a riuer of pure Wine, a ri-
uer of fierie corage. The holy
spirit, the comforter, is poured
forth from thee & the Father
into the world, equal to both,
filling all things, cōtaining all
things, the Spirit proceeding
from thee, proceeding from
the Father; one Spirit procee-
ding from both, vniting
both; to wit, the vnseparable
con-

connexion; the glewe of perfect Vnion; the Cymment that can neuer be dissolued; the euerlasting knot of eternall cōiunction of both; and peace passing all vnderstanding.

This is the flood, oh Lord, of abounding and exceeding pleasure, wherewith thou doest water continually that pleasant, and glorious Citie *Ierusalem*, which is aboue, so that the furrowes thereof are filled with the streames of eternall delight: Where the bright and glistering Organs, sound out sweet songs of continuall reioycing, whose melodie exceedeth in sweetnesse, neuer ceaseth, but hath an euerlasting continuance. With the sweet droppes of this pleasant Riuer, the thirstie iawes of thy banished people, oh Lord,
doc

doe wait continually to be refreshed by thee. Suffer, oh Lord, the whelpes to drinke vp the droppes that fall from the Table of their Maisters.

Let the Heauens send down from aboue, the comfortable deaw, and let the clouds poure forth a gracious raigne, oh Lord, of that righteous Spirit, which thou diddest cause to streame downe vpon the famous first fruits of thy people; an euident demonstration of our future tryumphing.

With the heauenly distillation of those fierie droppes, we pray thee, oh Lord, that thou wilt vouchsafe to purge, renew, illuminate, inflame, to make ioyfull, confirme and vnite the hearts of them which belecue in thee, that they may be one, saour one thing, require:

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require, and apprehend one
thing, with one minde, that
they may see & laude thee the
GOD of Gods in Sion. Glo-
rie, thank-giuing, honour, &
dominion be ascribed to the
inseparable Trinitie, now and
for euer, Amen.

*Damona non armis, sed morte
subegit Iesus.*

FINIS.



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Other

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Other Additions.

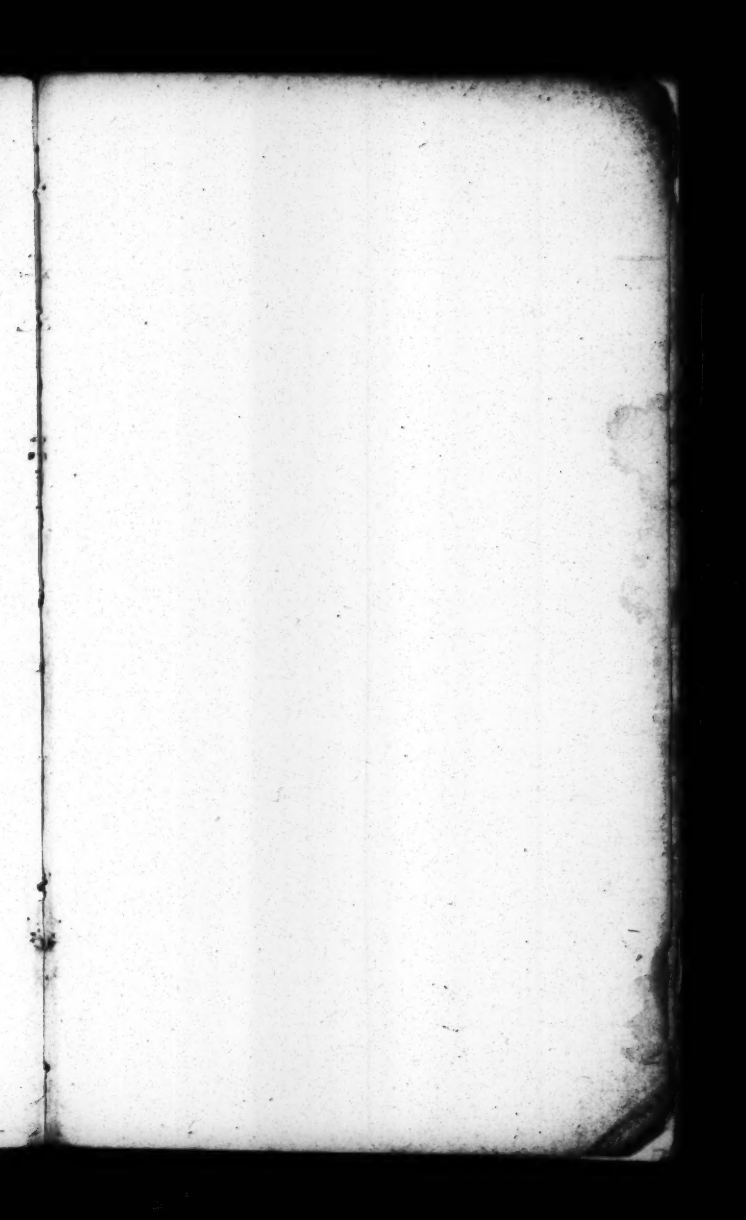
A Most zealous lamentation of blessed Anselmus, (sometimes Archbishop of Canterbury) applyable to the Soule of euery mortified Christian.

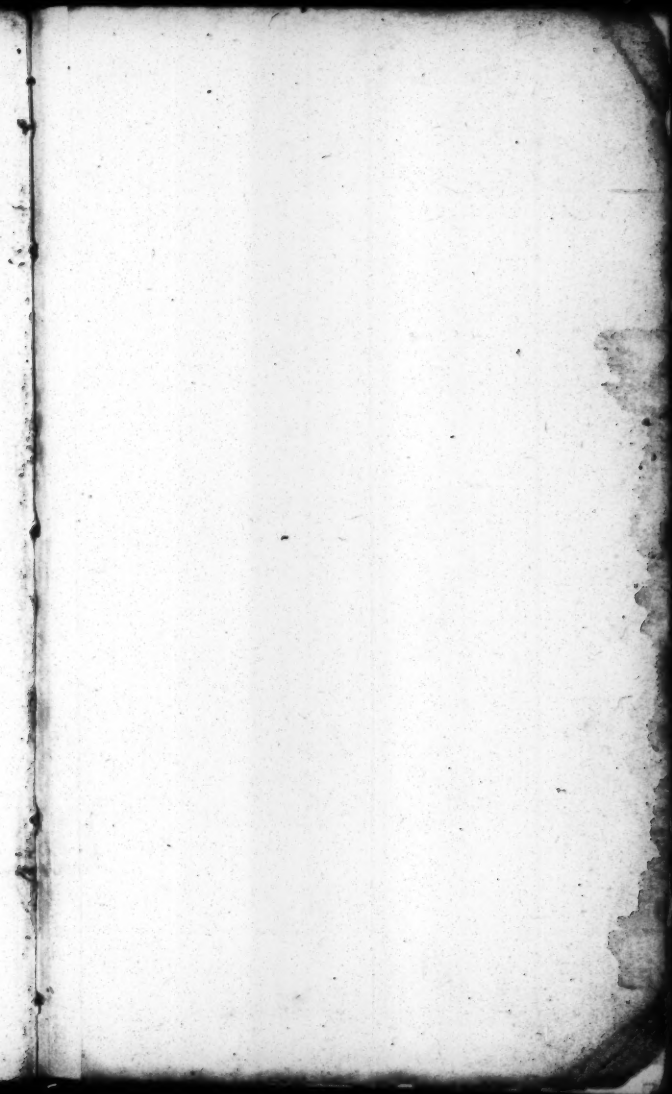
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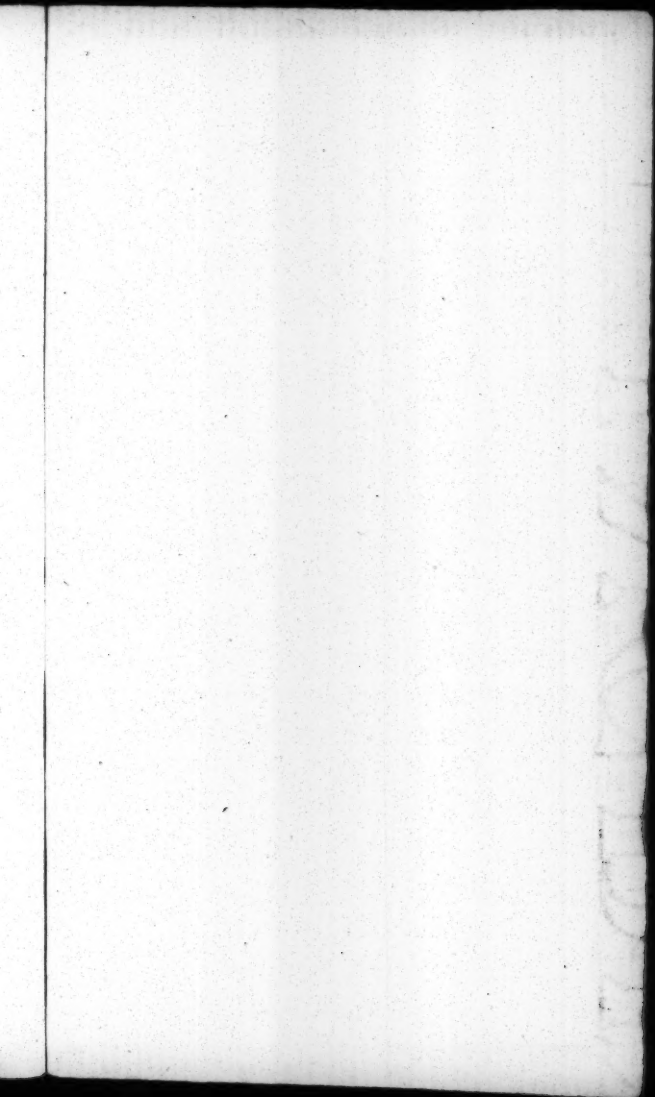
A meditation of S. Bernard, concerning the Passion and sufferings of Iesus Christ, diuided into twentie and one Sections.

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